The Technical

WOODWARD TECH
TOLEDO, OHIO

1923

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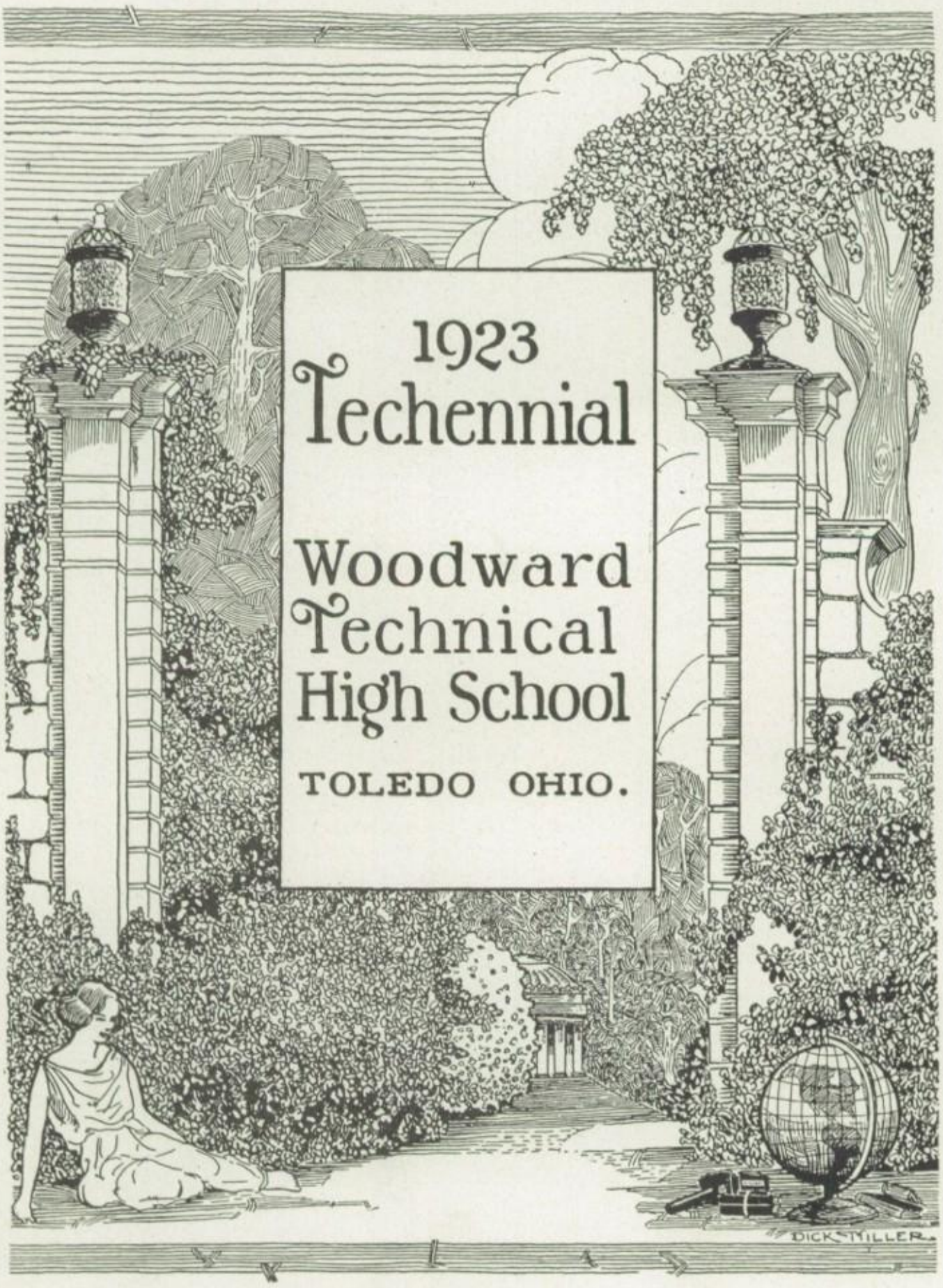
MELVIN LIPPINCOTT
Editor-in-Chief


1923
Techennial
Woodward
Technical
High School
TOLEDO OHIO.
DICK STILLER

WOODWARD

Words by H. E. Williams.

We pledge our hearts and lives to thee,
Oh, Woodward School eternally!
Truth and Love and Friendship rare
Are blazoned on thy banner fair.
Reverently we speak thy name
And give to thee renown and fame,
We accept thy sovereign rule,
Dear Woodward Tech, dear Woodward School.

FOREWORD

The underlying and fundamental reason for issuing this **Techennial** is to crystallize and perpetuate the ideals, aims, and efforts of the school we love so dear. What a wealth of happy memories are associated with its name.—incidents and friendships that will live forever. And it is to this end that we have endeavored to relate the events during the course of the year, to instill in the following pages something of the true spirit of Woodward with the genuine hope that on some day later it will help you to recall with pleasant sensations those memorable and glorious days at Tech.

THE EDITORS.

DEDICATION

To our dear teacher and friend
EUGENE R. HUNT

To offer our admiration without reserve
The Staff of 1923
Respectfully dedicates this volume of
THE TECHENNIAL

EUGENE R. HUNT

Eugene R. Hunt was born in Ottawa County not far from the County seat, Port Clinton. A few years later his parents moved to East Toledo, where Mr. Hunt attended the grade school. Before he had completed his high school course, the family returned to Ottawa County and here Mr. Hunt taught his first term of school. The next year, he came to Toledo, resumed his studies in Old Central High, and graduated with the class of 1893.

After his graduation he returned to Ottawa County to teach and remained there until the fall of 1910. While teaching in the rural or village schools he found time to study law, and in the spring of 1909, passed the Ohio Bar Examination and was admitted to practice in the courts of Ohio.

About this time he was offered a position in the Toledo schools, and feeling that the call of the teaching profession was stronger than that of the Law, he accepted, and became the Principal of the Ironville School. He served here until the fall of 1913 when he was transferred to the newly organized Woodward Manual Training School. Thus Mr. Hunt became one of the Pioneers in the founding and the developing of the great organization that is loved, honored, and respected under the name of Woodward.

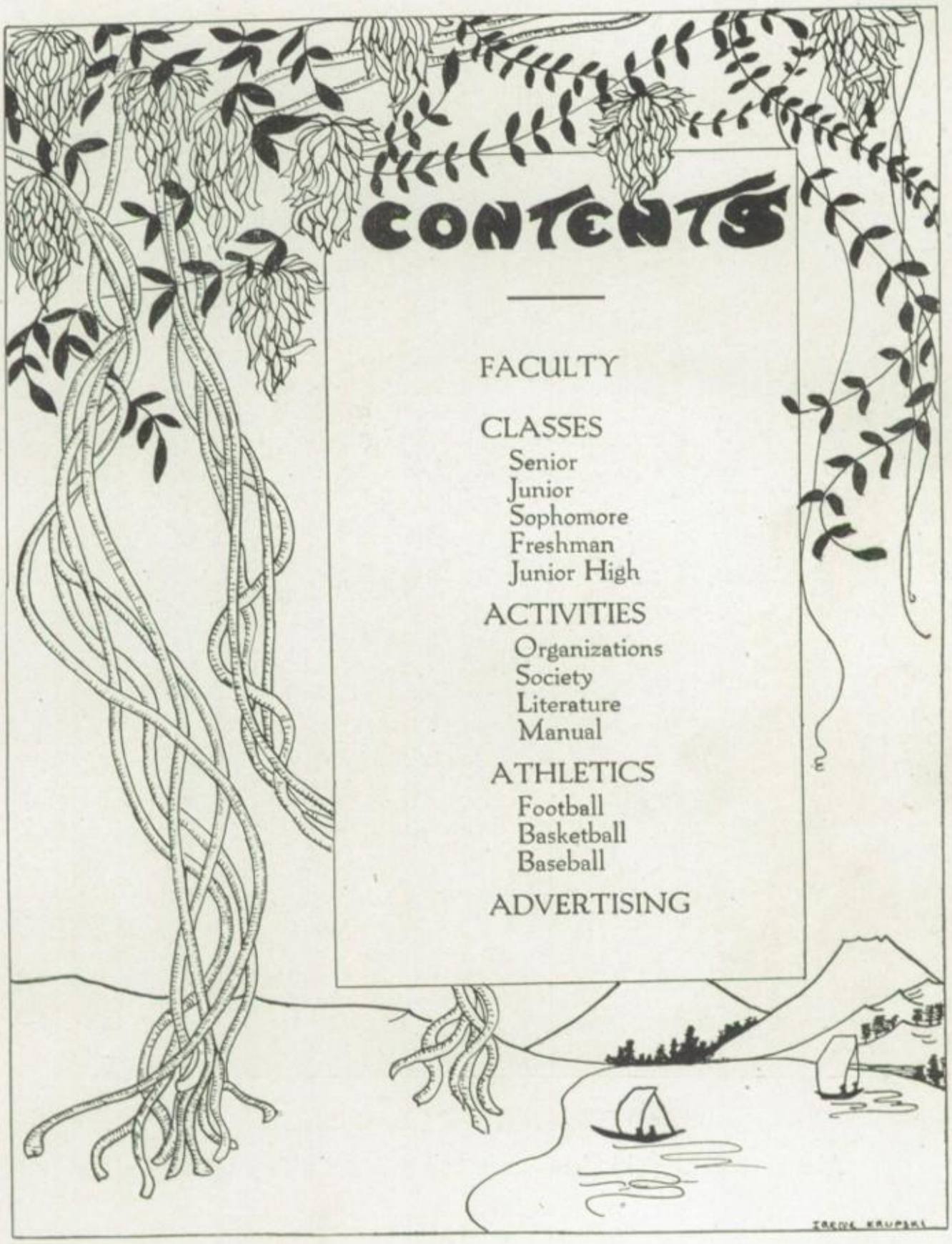
His influence at Woodward has always been of the finest and noblest. His unfailing good humor, his keenness of wit and practical common sense have been an inexhaustible source of satisfaction and pleasure to the students that come to really know him.

The boys and girls of Woodward who have been in his classes know that he taught them more than books; his is a teaching finer than anything of that nature. It is a knowledge of the true meaning of Character as exemplified by his own life.

MELVIN LIPPINCOTT ---------- *Editor-in-Chief*
WILLIAM BAHRS ---------- *Assistant Editor*
BERNARD COUSINO ---------- *Business Manager*
FLORENCE HENGEL ---------- *Literary Editor*
RICHARD MILLER ---------- *Art Editor*
HARRY STAPLETON ---------- *Athletic Editor*
BENJAMIN HIRSCH ---------- *Humor Editor*
MILDRED GILSON ---------- *Society Editor*
GERTRUDE PAYNE ---------- *Photograph Editor*

FACULTY ADVISERS

MR. CHAS. C. LARUE
MR. WILLIAM MOFFATT
MR. HAROLD E. WILLIAMS



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ADVERTISING

Principal Harold E. Williams

A man who loves his fellowmen and proves his love by service.

ONWARD WOODWARD

The close of the school year of 1923 finds Woodward Technical High School one of the leading schools in Toledo. It has grown from a one room grammar school to a school of seventeen hundred pupils. It has written its name large in the Athletic history of Ohio and of Toledo. It has developed and maintained a high scholastic level and is a member of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. It has given much attention to debating and public speaking. It has produced many excellent plays under the able direction of Eugene Miller. Its social life has been well directed and a splendid spirit of fellowship has resulted. Woodward has tried to stress character and our students have striven hard to be fit representatives of their Alma Mater.

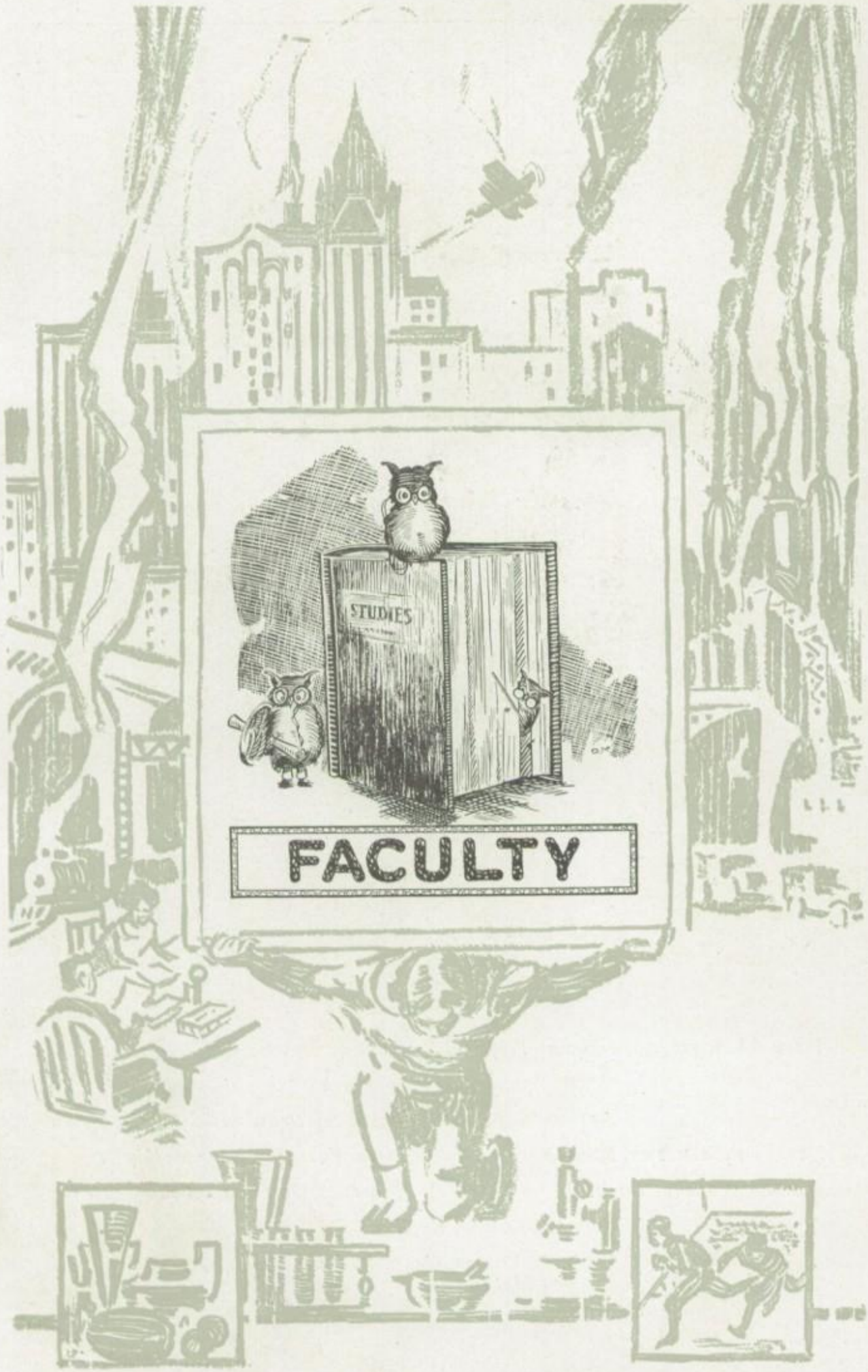
During all these years of humble effort, Woodward has endeavored to lift itself to the highest level of high school life. Our efforts have won. Today, Toledo recognizes Woodward Tech as one of its real agencies for the development of the highest type of educated manhood.

It is for you, the Students of today and of tomorrow, to maintain the splendid records made in the past. You are the Sons and Daughters of Woodward. Our school can raise itself only to your level. It can be no greater than its individual pupils. Its living, breathing soul must ever be its boys and girls. It is for you to do well its work, to lift high its banner, to carry afar its message, and to live each day as fit representatives of so great a school. We, who are leaving, will never forget you. We will try to do our share for you. But we expect you to work hard, to strive earnestly and to give your all that Woodward Tech may go onward to greater achievements.

Harold E. Williams.

The purpose of the traditional high school of the past has been to prepare students for college. To prepare for college is yet an important part of its obligation to society, but, a very inconsiderable minority of students attend college. Woodward High School is committed to preparing students for service in life as well as for college. It assumes an obligation toward all the children of all the people. It attempts to offer adequate training to the boy who hopes to enter the plumbing trade or the girl who hopes to become a retail saleswoman. Just to the extent to which it realizes the objectives will it become truly democratic, the peoples' university.

Charles S. Meek, Sup't.


STUDIES
FACULTY

JAMES M. STERLING, *Assistant Principal*

RUBY E. BACON, *General Science*

W. R. ALEXANDER, *Shop Work*

ARTHUR S. BACKUS, *Mechanical Drawing*

MRS. EDNA BENEDICT, *Spanish*

DORIS BOOTHBY, *Salesmanship*

ELMER L. CLARK, *Chemistry*

FLORENCE GERDES, *English*

THERESA COEHRS, *English*

PHILIP H. CONSER, *General Science and Mathematics*

HOPE CORNWELL, *Business Forms*

RUTH DUSHA, *English*

S. B. CROUSE, *Manual Training*

PHILO C. DUNSMORE, *Modern History and Community Civics*

WILBUR ETTER, *Mathematics*

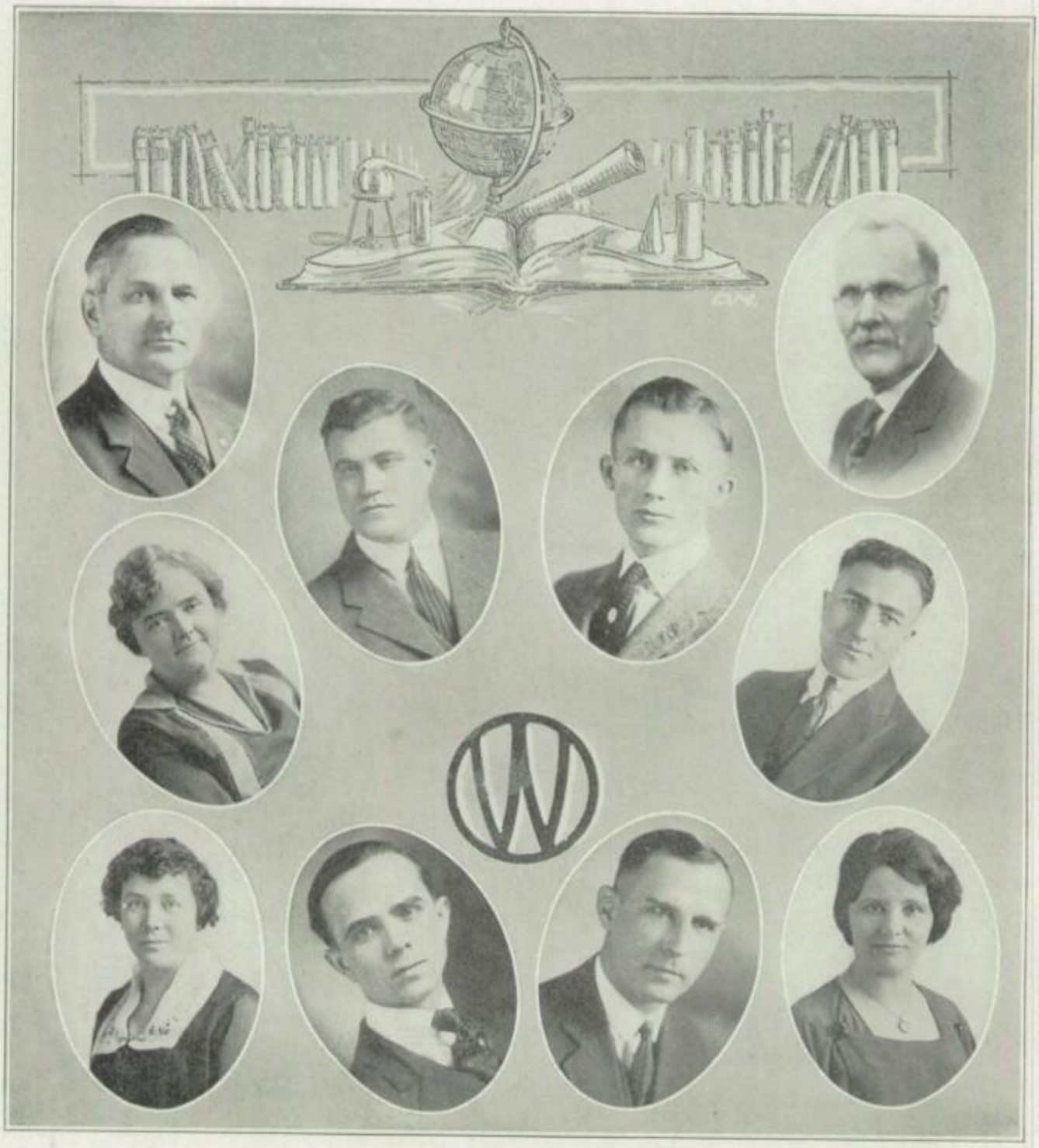
IRENE FRENCH, *Sewing*

HENRY GERBER, *Arithmetic*

KARL E. HAYES, *Stenography*

ERNESTINE GILLESPIE, *English*

ARTHUR GRAVES, *English*



EUGENE R. HUNT, *Commercial Law*
Economics, Business Arithmetic

G. F. LOK, *Bookkeeping*

CHARLES C. LARUE, *English*

GEORGE N. LAWSON, *Arithmetic*

MARY E. MCGUIRE, *Commerce and Industry*

CHARLES E. MCINTYRE, *Mechanical Drawing*

EDNA MCLAUGHLIN, *French and History*

ISABELLE MAY, *French*

STEVEN MATERNY, *General Science*

DANIEL MATTHAEI, *English*

C. M. Meek, *Arithmetic*

William E. Moffatt, *Business English*

R. O. Merrill, *Electricity and Auto Mechanics*

Amie Miller, *Business Arithmetic*

Hugh Montgomery, *Printing*

Alfred B. Muir, *English*

Theodore Nissen, *Sheet Metal Work*

Howard Phipps, *Latin*

Gertrude I. Payne, *Geography*

Leo H. Petree, *Physics and General Science*

E. R. RIKE, *Mathematics*

M. T. SKINNER, *Bookkeeping, Business Psychology and Ethics, Business Organization and Management.*

WILLIAM ROHR, *Mechanical Drawing*

HANNAH SHAW, *English*

JOSEPH W. SMITH, *Commercial Subjects*

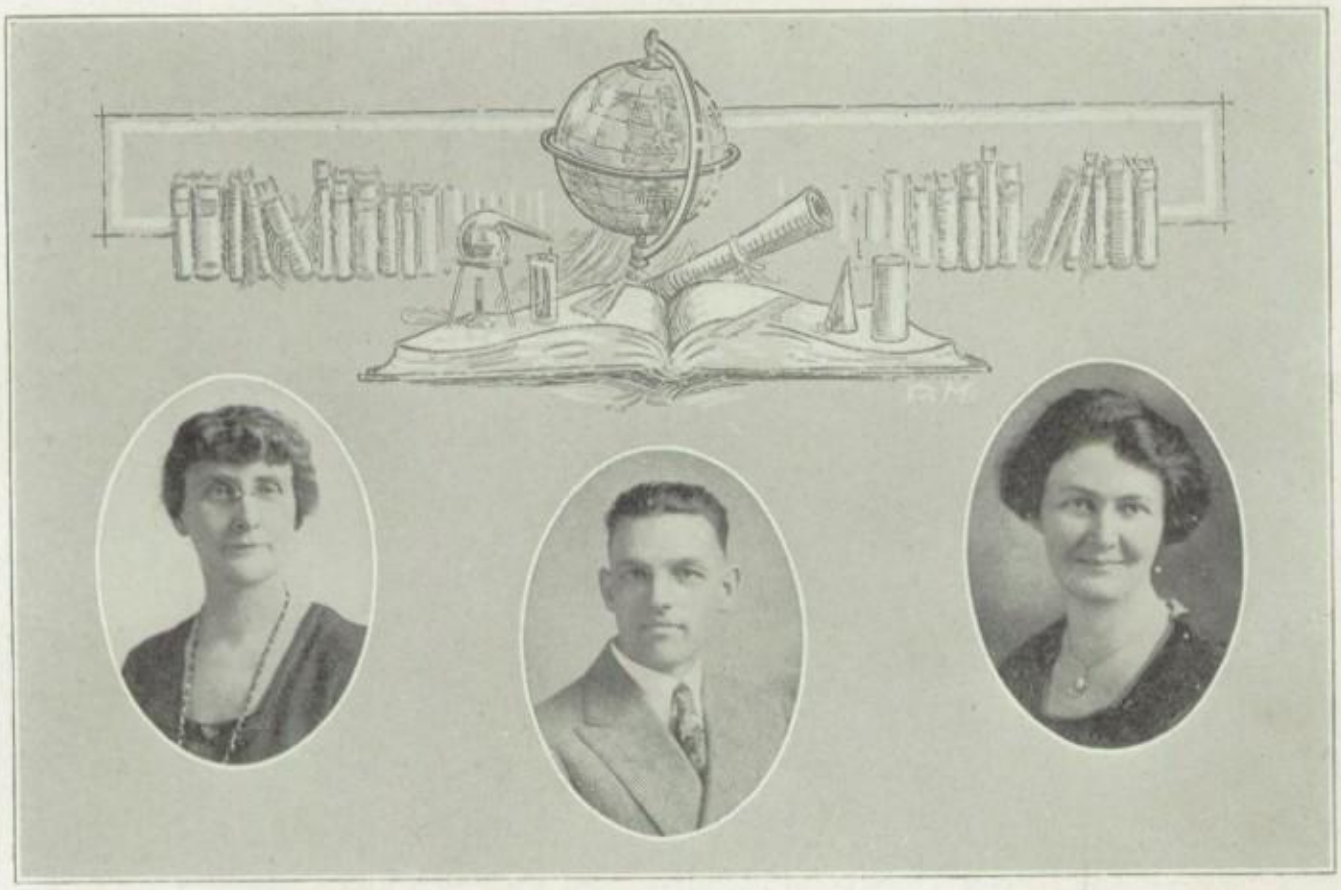
HAROLD I. SLOCUM, *Shop Work*

RALPH M. SPRAGUE, *Mathematics*

O. M. THOMPSON, *Mechanical Drawing*

CHARLES STANEART, *Chemistry*

HELLA STEIN, *History*



MRS. FRANCES C. VALENTINE, *History*

ETHEL WILLOUGHBY, *English*

F. J. VOLGER, *Joinery and Pattern Making*

CLARENCE BALL, *Chorus*

EUGENE MILLER, *Oral Expression*

G. V. SUTPHEN, *Band*

HARRY BAUMKER, *Shop Mathematics*

MARY E. CADY, *Stenography and Typewriting*

ALMA LOK, *Stenography and Typewriting*

A TRIBUTE

The success of any institution depends upon the character of the guiding personnel of that institution. Without the integrity of individual and collective character, there can be no real success, achievements or accomplishments. Woodward is a successful school for two reasons, namely; it has the proper leadership in Mr. Williams and it has the integrity of collective character in its Faculty.

Woodward has been particularly fortunate in having a sympathetic Faculty. In all school activities we find some members taking an active part, furnishing ideas and encouraging students.

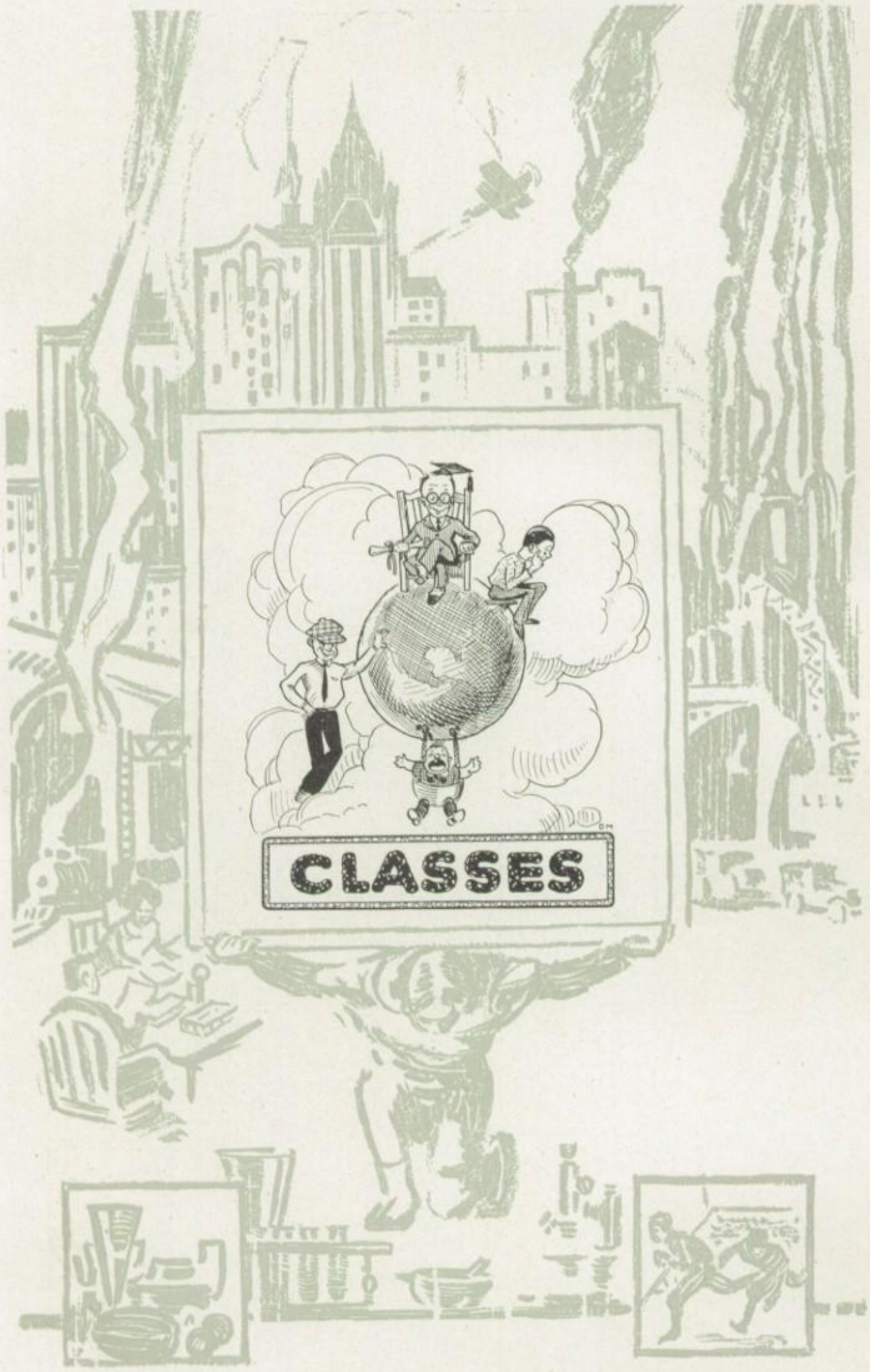
In our instructors the students find an exponent of real unselfish service and sacrifice to the future generations. Many of them could give up their present low salaried commissions for a high salaried position elsewhere. However, their sense of duty appeals to them. They realize that after all it is not the profession that you lead or the position you hold in business that marks you as a success in life, but the basic contribution to humanity that you leave while having your allotted time of three score years and ten. What a noble ideal!

Upon looking over the successful year of 1923 there is a responsive thrill of something deep in the students of Woodward to take this opportunity to express our appreciation to our Faculty. We think of them not only as competent instructors, but also, as friends and helpers in the common aim of life.

AT PARTING FROM WOODWARD

The melancholy days are here;
The saddest time of all the year
'Tis for us, because now we find
We must leave Woodward's joys behind.
With a sad, a profound sigh
Memory recalls the years gone by—
Our first bright year at Woodward school,
And when on selfish pleasures bent
Our Freshmen year was quickly spent,
As is a springtime, sweet and cool—
Our second happy year at school,
When we took our place among the great,
Working for Woodward, long and late,
All bending to her sovereign rule—
'Mid the peaceful charms of our third year
We passed our days at Woodward dear,
With quiet and efficient ease
We worked and strove our best to please,
So that our Tech, our Woodward school
Might be among the first to rule.
Not so cheerful or bright, yet very dear
Are the sad, sweet joys of our last year;
Our love of Woodward vanquishes its foes
And in our aching hearts, it sows
Small seeds of joy and service too,
Which reap the best in all we do.
With Woodward's spirit fused in our veins
We've vowed to reach the highest planes.
In all our hours at Woodward school
We did not find a better rule
Than one we learned in this long quest
He loves the most who serves the best.

Doris Brown.


CLASSES

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

MERLE YOUNG ---------- *President*
BERNARD COUSINO ---------- *Vice President*
MARGARET METCALF ---------- *Secretary*
MILDRED HOSTETTER ---------- *Treasurer*
JOSEPH HERTZBERG ---------- *Sergeant-at-Arms*
DONALD WRIGLEY ---------- *Reporter*

SENIOR COMMITTEES

DANCE

Bernard Cousino, *Chairman*
Henry Derscher
Donald Wrigley
Irene Krupski

PICNIC

Florence Hengel, *Chairman*
Vernon Dobson
Edwin Davy
Doris Brown
Rolland Boldt

BANQUET

Harold Shapiro, *Chairman*
Verna Davis
Hallie Cardwell
John Albright

RING

Richard Miller, *Chairman*
Melvin Lippincott

GRADUATION

Hartwell Greening, *Chairman*
Chester Zyktus
Rolland McMasters
Kathryn Schenk
Ralph Sager

ANNOUNCEMENT

Harold Hein, *Chairman*
Margaret Metcalf
Elinor Pyle

MEMORIAL

Orris Brown, *Chairman*
Mary Anderson
Naomi Stoffs
Robert Matheson
Myrtle Hubert

WANYE ADAMS, *Elective*
Anybody see a five dollar bill around here?
Hi-Y Club '20, '21, '22, '23; Senior Basketball Team '23.

JOHN EARL ALBRIGHT, *Elective*
Unless someone chokes him first,
He'll talk himself to death.
Sophomore Committeeman '21; President Nautilus Literary Club '21; Gold Medal debater '21, '22, '23; Tattler Staff '23; Latin Club '23.

HELEN ALCOCK, *Long Commercial.*
Owe no one anything, but to love one another.

MARY E. ANDERSON, *Long Commercial*
Modesty seldom resides in a heart that is not enriched with noble virtues.
Friendship Club '20; Bronze Medal '23.

BERNARD BATES, *Long Commercial*
There's a brave fellow,
There's a man of pluck,
A man who's not afraid to say his say
Tho the whole town's against him.
Nautilus Literary Club '22, '23; Band '22, '23.

MILTON BEAT, *Manual Training*
The Frontiersman needs courage, what else than a frontiersman is he who goes fearlessly onward into the future?

SAM BERKMAN, *Elective*
Is this a dream? O! if it be a dream, let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet.
Peiuper Club '22, '23.

LUCILLE BISHOP, *Long Commercial*
Thought alone is eternal.
Friendship Club '20, '21, '22; Welfare Club '23, Bronze Medal '21.

LAZARRE BLATT, *Long Commercial*
There's always a smile on his lips,
And worry—seems he has none.
If smiles have anything to do with success,
Lazarre will sure be a great man.
Bronze Medals '20, '22.

ADOLPH BROWN, *Elective*
Give me a prop strong enough,
A lever long enough,
And I will move the world.
Alchemists; Reporter Peiuper Club; Latin Club.

HELEN G. BROWN, *Long Commercial*
Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.

ORRIS DURELLE BROWN, *Elective*
Let every man be fully persuaded by his own mind.
Hi-Y Club '20, '21, '22, '23; French Club '23.

DORIS LABELLE BROWN, *Academic*

She's not a flower, she's not a pearl, but just a noble all around girl.

Woodward Literary Society '20, '21; Vice-President French Club '23, Bronze Medal '20; Gold Medal '22; Welfare Club '23.

ALFRED BUCHIN, *Manual Training*

His eyes twinkled in his head aright,
As do the stars on a frosty night.

Secretary and Treasurer Hi-Y Club '21, '22, '23; Nautilus Literary Club '20; Engineering Society '22, '23; Sergt-at-Arms Spanish Club '23.

HALLIE CARDWELL, *Long Commercial*

Dear me! There's so much to say and so little space to say it in, but I'll just tell you she's a very excellent girl.

FLORENCE CHEVALIER, *Long Commercial*

I think it is well to be a little reserved.

HERBERT COON, *Manual Training*

Men still had faults, and men will have them still,
He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
Must be an angel.

Hi-Y Club '20, '21, '22; Varsity Football '21, '22.

DONALD FREDERICK CORBETT, *Elective*

When you get to the end of the rope, tie a knot and hang on.

BERNARD COUSINO, *Manual Training*
All ready, boys. A Looo—Coo—Moo—Tive Woodward Tech. Let's go. Barney is a hard worker—Tech will miss him (the girls too).
Hi-Y Vice President '20, '21; President '22; Business Manager '23, Techennial; Vice President Senior '23; Treasurer Junior Class '22; Alchemists '23; Engineering Society '22, '23; Students' Council '23; School Plays '21, '22.

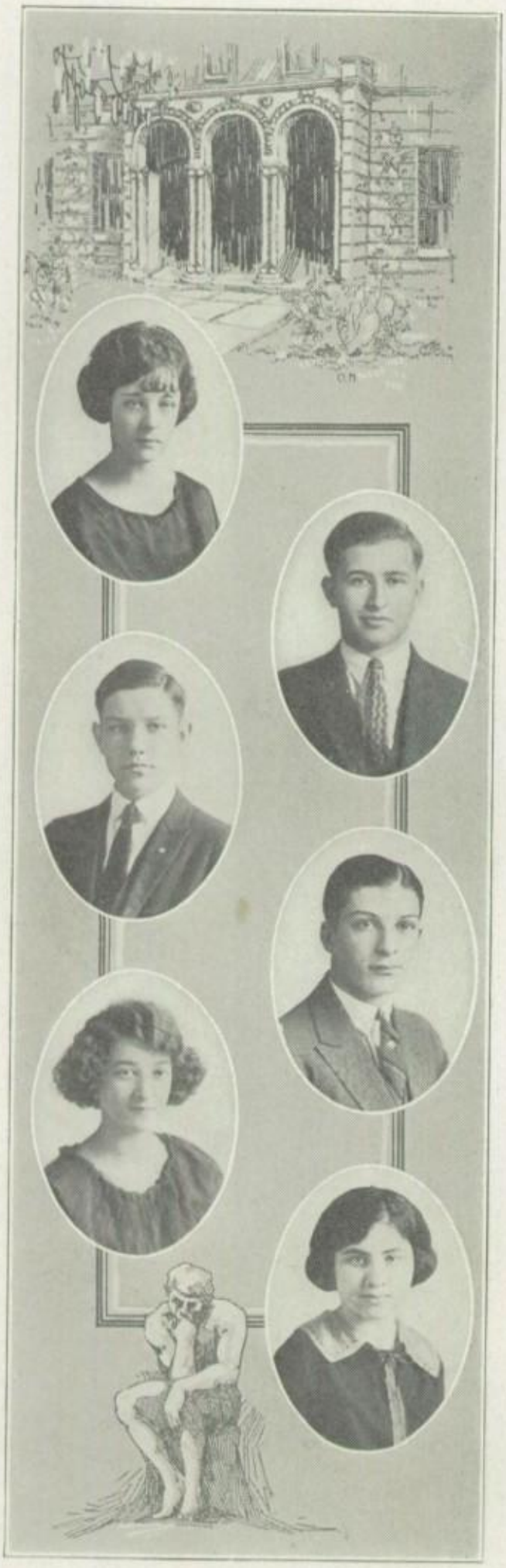
MILTON DAVIDSON, *Elective*
Don't wait to be cranked.
Be a self-starter.
Hi-Y Club '20, '21, '22; Alchemists '22; Peiuper Club '23.

DOLLY MAYWOOD DAVIS, *Long Commercial*
I re-uire no guard but the affection of people.
Friendship Club '20, '21; Welfare Club '22, '23.

VERNA ISABELLE DAVIS, *Long Commercial*
I do not hunger for a well stored mind.
I only wish to live my life and find,
My heart in unison with all mankind.
Welfare Club '22, '23.

EDWIN K. DAVY, *Long Commercial*
No sinner and yet no saint.
Bronze Medals '21, '22.

GRACE DEAN, *Long Commercial*
She refuses to make capital the faults of others.



LURA DEHN, *Short Commercial*
To see her is to love her,
And love her but forever;
For nature made her what she is
And never made another.

HENRY DERSHER, *General*
That what he will he does and does so much,
That proof is called impossibility.
Hi-Y Club; French Club '23; Latin Club '23.

VERNON J. DOBSON, *Elective*
He burned his eyes with books.
Gold Medals '20, '21, '22; Spanish Club; Senior Class Oration '23; Exchange Editor Tattler '23; Nautilus Club; Alchemists '23.

WILLIAM H. EBERLIN, *Elective*
Could I love less, I should be happier.
School Orchestra '20; Woodward Band '22, '23.

BESSIE E. FEDER, *Long Commercial*
Then she will talk
Good Gods! how she will talk.

LILLIAN FELDSTEIN, *Long Commercial*
She who does not think too much of herself,
Is much more esteemed than she imagines.

BESSIE IONA FELTIS, *Long Commercial*
A cheerful word
A winning smile
What could be better
O'er life's long mile.
Friendship Club; French Club.

ANNABELLE FISHER, *Long Commercial*
In her experience all her friends relied,
Heaven was her help and nature was her guide.

OPAL FOULKE, *Long Commercial*
Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are.

BEATRICE C. FOX, *Long Commercial*
Severe and calm and very sweet,
But never you mind still water runs deep.

LEO PAUL FRANKOWSKI, *Elective*
Come what may
I am here to meet it.

MILDRED A. GILSON, *Elective*
More precious than jewels—that lasting modesty.
Alchemists '22; Friendship Club '21; '22; Woodward Literary Society '22; Welfare Club '23; Spanish Club '23; Tattler Staff '22; '23; Society Editor of '23 Techennial.

SAM GOLDBERG, *Elective*

My mind is filled with higher things,
Than foolish schoolwork brings.

Vice-President Peiuper Club '23; Sergt-at-Arms Peiuper Club '23.

HARTWELL MELVIN GREENING, *Long Commercial*

Life lives only in success.

Nautilus Literary Club '20; Hi-Y Club '20, '21, '22, '23; Techennial Accountant '23.

ELINOR GERTRUDE GREINER, *Long Commercial*

First in work, first in play, and first in the hearts of her classmates.

Friendship Club '19, '20; Welfare Club '22, '23.

MARGARET HAYS, *Long Commercial*

Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self.

HAROLD ANDREW HEIN, *Elective*

Hold the fort!—I'm coming.

Vice-President Student Council '23; Treasurer Nautilus Literary Club '22; President Nautilus Literary Club '22, '23; Secretary Junior Class '22; Treasurer French Club '23.

FLORENCE HENGEL, *Elective*

Grant me fame or grant me nothing.

President Woodward Literary Society '23; President French Club '22; Gold Medals '20, '21, '22; Tattler Staff '22, '23; Techennial Staff '23; Gold Medal Debater '22, '23; Welfare Club '23; Spanish Club '23.

JOSEPH M. HERTZBERG, *Long Commercial*
Do four years at Tech make a man? I'll say they do.
Serg't-at-Arms Senior Class '23; Reserves Basketball team '20, '21.

BENJAMIN HIRSCH, *Elective*
A fellow of infinite jest.
Sergeant-at- Arms Alchemists '21; President Alchemists '22; Tattler Staff '22, '23; Humor Editor 1923 Techennial.

MILDRED HOSTETTER, *Long Commercial*
Be merry if you are wise.

MYRTLE E. HUBERT, *Elective*
Simplicity is an exact medium between too little and too much.
Alchemists '23; Woodward Literary Society '23.

SAM ISENSTEIN, *Long Commercial*
Keep cool and you command everybody.

VIOLA JACOB, *Long Commercial*
I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.
Friendship Club '20, '21, '22; Welfare Club '22, '23.

DONALD E. KILLIAN, *Elective*
The World moves from east to west.
If you don't like it, get on the moon—
it goes the other way.
Nautilus Literary Club '21, '22; Engineering Society '22, '23.

SIDNEY KLEIN, *Long Commercial*
Out of the west came young Lochinvar.
Senior Basketball Team '23.

IRENE KRUPSKI, *Long Commercial*
She was liked by all who knew her.
And the whole school knows her.

HENRY F. A. LANGE, *Long Commercial*
He trembles when a girl draws near.

GWENDOLYN PEGGY LAUMAN, *Long Commercial*
Her presence makes us rich.
Friendship Club '22; Lookout Committee Welfare Club '23; Bronze Medal '22.

HERBERT LEHMAN, *Manual Training*
Remember the times when Lehman ran for a touchdown, 'n we nearly went wild, 'n threw our hats in the air, 'n hugged each other?
Oh boy! You bet we do. Best of luck to Herbie.
Football Varsity '21, '22; Basketball Varsity '23; Basketball Reserves '21.

MARJORIE LEONARD, *Long Commercial*
Oh, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

MARGARET LEOW, *Long Commercial*
Today, whatever may annoy,
The world for me is joy,
Just simple joy.
Welfare Club; Woodward Literary Society; Vice President Friendship Club '22.

ROSE LEWIS, *Long Commercial*
Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others,
Cannot keep it from themselves.
Welfare Club.

FRANK R. LIGHTFOOT, *Elective*
Lovin' Sam. The Sheik of Alabam.

MELVIN N. LIPPINCOTT, *Long Commercial*
Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.
Hi-Y Club '22, '23; Secretary Nautilus Literary Club '22; Censor of the Nautilus Literary Club '23; Assistant Editor of Tattler '23; Editor-in-chief of the 1923 Techennial; Bronze Medal '21; Nautilus Championship Debating team '22, '23.

SALOME CAROLINE LIPSKI, *Long Commercial*
A good heart's worth gold.
Friendship Club '21, '22; French Club '22, '23; Welfare Club; Bronze Medal '21.

ELLEN VELERA MATHESON, *Long Commercial*

Cheerfulness is an offshoot of goodness and of wisdom.

Secretary Friendship Club '23; Welfare Club '23.

ROBERT BERNARD MATHESON, *Elective*

His heart was in his work, and the heart giveth grace to every art.

Basketball Reserves '20, '21, '22; Varsity Basketball '23.

LENORE N. MCELHENIE, *Long Commercial*

Woman is a conundrum, yet man never wants to give her up.

Woodward Literary Society '21, '22, '23; Friendship Club '20, '21, '22, '23; Welfare Club '23.

MARGARET METCALF, *Long Commercial*

Who climbs a grammar tree, distinctly knows,
Where noun, and verb, and participle grows.

Woodward Literary Society; Class Historian; Treasurer of the Senior Class '23, Sophomore Committee '21; Silver Medals '20, '22; Gold Medal '21.

LUCILLE MILLER, *Long Commercial*

She is anointed above her friends with the oil of good-feeling.

BURTON L. MAHLER, *Elective*

The agreeable man is the man who agrees with me.

LIBBY MILLER, *Long Commercial*

I have no other than a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Alchemists '22; Welfare Club '23.

RICHARD MILLER, *Elective*

Oh! midnight oil,
Oh! midnight oil,
I burn it often, but not for toil.

Hi-Y Club '20, '21, '22, '23; Art Editor Techennial '20, '21, '22, '23; Chairman Senior Ring Committee '23.

HARRY H. PARISKY, *Long Commercial*

To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first.

Peiuper Club '22, '23.

LETHA PETERS, *Long Commercial*

So diffident to claim,
So forward to deserve.

BARBARA POPP, *Long Commercial*

She was a scholar and a ripe and good one, exceedingly wise, fair-spoken, and true.

Silver Medals; Bronze Medals.

DONALD PRAGER, *Elective*

Greater men than I have lived—
But they're all dead.

Secretary Peiuper Club '22, '23; Latin Club '23.

ELINOR PYLE, *Elective*
I take life easy and find it quite worth while.

SADYE REITER, *Long Commercial*
Let me have audience for a word or two.
Friendship Club '20; Bronze Medal '21.

EDWARD RESTEMEIER, *Manual Training*
There are more men nobled by study than by nature.
Engineering Society; Vice President Spanish Club '23.

CLARICE BURDELLA RODGERS, *Elective*
Sunshine and good humor always the world over.

JOSEPH HENRY ROHWEDER, *Elective*
Well versed was he in scientific lore
For every why he had a wherefore.
Hi-Y Club '20, '21, '22, '23; Swimming Team '21, '22; Senior Basketball Team '23.

BERNICE ROSSBACHER, *Long Commercial*
The deepest rivers flow with the least sound.

HAZEL E. RUNNELS, *Long Commercial*
Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.

ERNEST L. RUTTER, *Elective*
Joking decides great things,
Stronglier and better oft than earnest can.

KATHRYN ROSE SCHENK, *Long Commercial*
Two-fifths genius,
Three-fifths fun,
A small problem.
Dramatic Club '20, '21; Friendship Club '20 '21.

HAROLD SHAPIRO, *Elective*
Shapiro is a true Tech man, and here's wishing him many touchdowns in that long game of life.
Hi-Y Club; Spanish Club; Latin Club; Silver Medal '20; Bronze Medal '22; Gold Medal '23; Varsity Football '21, '22.

MARGARET SHEASLEY, *Long Commercial.*
A confidence from everyone defend;
Your friend too, has a friend, who has a friend.

HAROLD SIVERS, *Elective.*
Send the hand to drag the step uphill;
Earn your right to know the coaster's thrill.

JULIA MARIE SKURZYN, *Long Commercial*
The pleasant things in the world and pleasant thoughts, and the great art in life is to have as many of them as possible.
Friendship Club '22; Welfare Club '22, '23.

THELMA M. SOLOMON, *Long Commercial*
When love and duty clash,
Let duty go to smash.
Spanish Club '23.

BERNARD ELMER SQUIRES, *Manual Training.*
And to his eye there was but one beloved face on earth, and that was shining on him.
Spanish Club '23.

HARRY STAPLETON, *Long Commercial*
Nowhere so busy a man as he was.
Hi-Y; Friendship Club Plays '22; Student Manager Athletics '22, '23; Tattler Staff; Athletic Editor, Techennial '22, '23; Vice-President Hi-Y Club '22, '23; Sophomore Committeeman.

ELVERA ROSE STEIN, *Long Commercial*
My greatest treasures are my friends.
Friendship Club '22.

ESTHER STEWART, *Long Commercial*
Talent made a poor appearance,
Until she married perseverance.

NAOMI STOFFS, *Long Commercial*
A woman sometimes gets what she wants, and—it isn't what she wanted.

LUCILLE THORLEY, *Short Commercial*
Yet graceful ease and sweetness void of pride
Might hide her faults if belles had faults to hide.
Welfare Club '23; Friendship Club; Woodward Literary Society.

MARGARET TIETELBAUM, *Long Commercial*
Ever full of fun, yet considerate of everyone.
Silver Medal; Bronze Medal; Friendship Club '20-'22; Woodward Literary Society, '20.

ROSALYN URBAN, *Long Commercial*
Believe it or not, the least fatiguing thing in life is work.
Welfare Club '22, '23.

ARNOLD WARNKE, *Long Commercial*
Work well and wait;
Impatience spoils the sewing.
Don't dig up seeds to see if they are growing.

RUTH WENGROW, *Long Commercial*
And though she likes the man that's true.
She's a practical lady through and through.
Bronze Medal '21; Friendship Club '20.

DUDLEY WILLIAM WEST, *Manual Training*

A man to have friends must show himself friendly.

Hi-Y Club '22, '23; Secretary and Treasurer, Engineering Society '23; Hi-Y Publicity Committee '21-'23.

FLORENCE M. WHITAKER, *Elective*

The woman who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life is done.

Alchemists.

SARAH ETELKA WHITE, *Long Commercial*

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.

Woodword Friendship Club '20-'23; Woodward Literary Society '21-'23; Welfare Club '23.

FLORENCE WILKINSON, *Long Commercial*

Worry and I have never met.

Friendship Club '20-'23.

ROGER WILLIAMS, *Long Commercial*

I'll find a way or make one.

JEANETTE B. WINKLER, *Long Commercial*

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill,
To turn the current of a woman's will.

CHESTER WLODARSKI, *Elective*
If I can't make the goal,
I pick my man,
And pass the ball on to
Some one else who can.

ISADORE WOLMAN, *Elective*
Isadore is endowed with that quality which has enabled him to come to the history class unprepared and make historical guesses which are absolutely correct.
Peiuper Club '21, '23; French Club '22; Bronze Medal '21.

DONALD K. WRIGLEY, *Elective*
Me thinks I am becoming a God!

MERLE YOUNG, *Elective*
A giant in mind, as well as in body.
Editor-in-Chief Tattler '22, '23; President French Club '23; President Junior Class '22; Gold Medals '21, '22; President Student Council '23; President Senior Class '23; Vice President Nautilus '23.

SIDNEY M. YURO, *Elective*
Wise men should spend their time in mirth, 'tis only fools who are serious.
Peiuper Club '22, '23; Latin Club '23.

CHESTER JOSEPH ZYTKUS, *Long Commercial*
The man of grit and stability in time of stress would say, "This one thing I do."

PEARL SILVERMAN, *Long Commercial*
If you faithfully trudge the path of daily duties, you will sometimes find opportunity walking beside you.

GEORGE ZELDEN, *Elective.*
Would you go farther than others?
Then see farther along the path than they.

ROLLAND BOLDT, *Elective*
Often times there is heroism in doing one's own part in life.

ROCKWELL HINCHER, *Long Commercial*
Oh Glorious Night!
Thou was not made for slumber.

PAUL BUTTON, *Elective*
As I was saying—Me and Mr. Harding.

JOHN DELAPLANE, *Long Commercial*
And if he will, he will and you may depend on it.
And if he won't, he won't, and that's the end of it.

NORMAN RAMBLER, *Manual Training*
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

RALPH SAGER, *Elective*
All things I thought I knew, but now confess
The more I know I know, I know the less.

LUCILLE WEBB, *Elective*
I hate nobody. I am in charity with the world.

MILDRED ZENK, *Long Commercial*
If we do meet again, why we shall smile.

CLASS HISTORY

CLASS HISTORY

Margaret Metcalf '23

As the school year of 1923 draws to a close, it is fitting that the Seniors stop to meditate—to reminesce, as it were, upon one of the happiest times of their lives—the four years which they have spent at Woodward. Only a group of pupils which has attended Woodward since it first became a high school can fully realize how many obstacles have been overcome so that the name of Woodward might be uplifted and kept so.

Four years ago, when it was announced that Woodward was to be converted into a commercial school, so that the congested condition at Scott might be relieved, many protests were made by those whom the change would affect. To give up going to a school which had beauty of structure—whose name had become famous through athletics, and go to a school of anything but an inviting aspect—a school which was practically unheard of! The very idea seemed preposterous! We entered school as strangers in a strange place, but with the passing of time, we became initiated into this new school, and also grew accustomed to high school life. We tried to retain the idea that the school which we had planned so long to attend was the better one, but suddenly came to us the realization that we were all wrong. Think what we might, we could not help admitting that Woodward possessed that inexplicable something which was to make its name revered and respected far and wide. True, the building itself was anything but prepossessing; nevertheless, there was a beauty about the school which was unsurpassed. All came for one great purpose—to acquire an education. Then too, an abundance of enthusiasm was displayed by the teachers as well as by the pupils of the institution. Strangers remarked about the unusual "pep" which was being shown by the people at Woodward. It was not long before Woodward began to command attention because of its finely developed basketball team. Here again Woodward showed outsiders that it was up and doing. Much of the success of this team is due to two boys, who, when Woodward was in its infancy as a high school, did much to create the notable enthusiasm displayed by the students and faculty. Had it not been for these boys—Cousino and Wrigley—much of the interest of that first year would have been left dormant.

Each year it has been they who, in a large measure, have helped to kindle the fires of enthusiasm. The class of 1923 is proud to have two such wide-awake Seniors in its midst. Our first year spent at Woodward passed all too quickly, and by the time we were ready to return as Sophomores, the school had become definitely established, and there was no question as to where we should go to school from then on.

We were eager to return as Sophomores, for a bond which was really remarkable had grown up uniting the pupils of the class—writing a bond which might be likened to that which exists between the different members of a large family. We worked in unison with one another, and were willing to co-operate as a whole in any of the school activities. Although the class was not allowed to organize, a committee was elected which did much to make our second year in high school worth while. The big event of our Sophomore year was a box social. Many Woodward students other than Sophomores attended this affair, and proclaimed it a true success.

By the time we returned to school as Juniors, we looked back with merriment upon our Freshman and Sophomore years. How really insignificant we must have appeared to the upper-classmen! But now we were Juniors, and were steadily advancing so that we could assume with ease the responsibilities of being Seniors. We had reached a stage where we could no longer afford to treat things lightly. More than ever we realized how much school really meant to us, and how much we owed to our faculty and principal. A realization that we had a definite goal to attain dawned upon as, and we set about to accomplish our task. Of course we had the usual class activities during the year, the success of which was heightened by the annual J-Hop given at the Woman's Building. We planned to make it the best J-Hop ever given by a Junior class of Woodward, and we were not disappointed in our desire to outdo the preceding classes.

How we dreaded to return to school in our Senior year. Not because we disliked school, but because we knew it meant the dawning of our last days at Woodward. If we might only turn back the pages of time to when we were Freshmen—but that could not be. We are no more strangers, but "Fellow citizens with the Saints." Most of us have reached the end of our schooldays. In all events, we are approaching a new existence. All our life has been in preparation for our first venture into the world. It is natural that we be inspired by the exuberance of youth, and feel exalted with the joy of doing, but we must remember that we all cannot be successes in the eyes of the world, and that many people who perform their alloted tasks in a modest way are the greatest successes. It has been said that he who would achieve must Do! Think! Love! Create! Fight! Whatever atom of success we do achieve will be due, in a large measure, to our principal who has taught us to do nobly, think clearly, love purely, and fight fairly.

Little will the class of 1923 mean to the pupils of Woodward in future years. Our existence as a class will have been entirely obliterated. But we will never, can never, forget the school and the effect which it has had in making us stronger men and women—better prepared to meet the trials and tribulations of life. With these thoughts, and with a thrill of happiness at having been given the privileges of graduating from a school like Woodward, but with a sense of remorse at having to leave one another and Woodward behind, we go to make way for others who are to take our places. The Senior Class of 1923 bids its friends farewell!

CLASS PROPHECY

Bessie Feltis '23.

It was midnight—that weird hour when graves open and give up their dead, when spirits of the past stalk through the sombre shadows, and the nightwind moans a dirge among the trees. Even the moon hid its face from the desolate place lying cold and lifeless, far below. A few dark clouds scudded across the still darker sky; and the pale stars faded into oblivion. An owl hooted from the depths of the forest. The clock in the belfry solemnly tolled the hour. All was still. And then —oooowwwweeee—ooooowwwweeeee! Clank. Rattle. Crunch. What was it? And then came the Ghost. Out of his sleep of many years, out of the spaces into which he had gone, came the Ghost of '23. I felt his clammily cold hand upon my own. His voice was in my ear. The room was filled with the cold of the tomb; and a chill, icy wind that came from I knew not where, swept over me.

"I am the Ghost of '23," said the hollow voice. "You remember me. I have come to tell you what you must do. You are the Chosen One. When the sun first tints the eastern sky with crimson, fare forth into the city and I shall go with you. Then you shall see. For fifteen long years you have stayed far from the haunts of men. To-morrow you shall return. Go back among your own people. Many surprises await you there. I shall guide you upon the busy thoroughfare; do not fear. And now I go until the dawning."

I was once more alone. I fell asleep.

It was morning. The sun peeped over the eastern hills. I opened the window; and the cool, fresh morning breeze laden with the pungent smells of autumn time came in. It was a wonderful morning for the great adventure. And what an adventure it was! With the guiding voice of the ghost in my ear, and his prompting hand upon my arm, I entered, for the first time in fifteen long, long years, the city of my youth, Toledo. The streets were filled with hurrying pedestrians and swiftly moving vehicles. All was bustle and confusion. I was bewildered. Where were they all going, and why all the hurry? From overhead came the hum of aeroplanes bringing mail from neighboring cities. What was the world coming to? What with all these newfangled contraptions and frightful styles, an old fashioned person like myself felt rather queer and ancient. When I was a girl, things were different. But now for the sights.

The courthouse would serve as a "starter." Some sort of a trial was being held, and the opposing lawyers were at a deadlock. The important looking one, with the Van Dyke beard and the Robert Mantell voice, looked very familiar. William Eberlin! Well he had always wanted to be a lawyer. Congratulations, Bill. But who was the wiry little counsel for the defense? Sidney Yuro! Of all people! What next? The judge began to speak. Where had I heard that voice before? Let me see. Delaplane, Delaplane. What was his first name? John! That was it—John Delaplane. What a prominent judge, all acquaintances of mine. Not bad, eh, what say? I needed air. When I reached the street again, a ragged little urchin thrust a newspaper into my face. "Paper, lady? All about de big election." I bought one and glanced carelessly at the front page. What! Was I dreaming? But no. The glaring headlines stared back at me in all their black reality. "Vernon Dobson Elected President By Overwhelming Majority." President? My old schoolmate? My head felt dizzy. I looked at the paper again to see if after all I had not been mistaken. The still wet print

told the story. I glanced farther down the page. "Governor Hein Issues Thanksgiving Proclamation." Governor H. Hein. Harold Hein; A governor, a president, old friends. My hat-band began to feel a trifle too small. I held my head a little higher, and braced my shoulders for any more surprises that might come my way.

A"sandwich" advertising man with a vividly painted advertisement upon the wooden coat he wore, was coming toward me. "Hengel-Wolman Orchestra To Give Concert At The Auditorium Tonight. Special Feature, "Dance of the Modern Salome" by Mme Salome Lipski, World Famous Toe Dancer. Tickets on sale at Box Office. Prices $10 to $25 per seat." Salome, Florence, Isadore. They had done well.

I passed a Beauty Parlor. In gold letters on the large front window was inscribed: "Salon De Beaute. Madam Dolly Davis, Proprietor. Special Coiffures by Mme. Lucille Thorley." So Lucille and Dolly were supplying to lovely women the things that nature had failed to supply. A worth while occupation. Across the street a fashionable gown shop stood. I crossed and entered. A group of well groomed women were standing near the door. I recognized in one, another friend, Mildred Hostetter, the owner of the shop. Mildred was suited for that. Her taste is excellent. Who were the others? Margaret Leow Lenore McElhenie, Florence Wilkinson, and Jeanette Winkler, all wrapped in furs and costly fabrics. They must be married; for, in the course of the conversation, I heard "My husband" mentioned quite frequently by all of them. Rich men are nice things to have as husbands. So convenient when one wants a new dress. And really they don't bother one much; they're home so seldom. Good luck to all these girls. May their receptions always be successes and their engagement cards always filled.

Farther down the avenue was the hospital. Quite a contrast from those happy, care-free women to the sufferers in this big white building.

The Hospital Supervisor was Miss Lucille Miller. Here is a position well filled. Lucille always was a kindly, sympathetic sort of person and she is well suited for the place. I entered the operating room. Dr. Bernard Cousino, the famous surgeon whose name was upon the lips of all, was performing an operation. May his blue eyes always be keen and steady, and his efficient fingers always skillful and strong. His assistant, Donald Killain, seemed quite capable of handling his part of the work, and the soft-spoken nurse who was here and there and everywhere at once, was my old friend Barbara Popp. A nurse hurried in from the hall. Another followed her. With their snow-white caps and aprons, Rosalyn Urban and Rose Lewis made very striking looking nurses. Is it any wonder that the men patients in hospitals don't ever want to get well?

I passed the new Opera House, Posters outside proclaimed the coming of Miss Marjorie Leonard, noted prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company. So Marjorie had attained her desire. I would love to hear her sing, but that pleasure, I am afraid, shall not be mine. I came to the Toledo Theatre. Miss Elinor Pyle and Mr. Donald Wrigley were playing the leads in a powerful drama "The Crisis" written by Miss Gwendolyn Lauman, a playwright of much prominence. Donald and Elinor should make a success in this line; they have much dramatic ability.

In front of the lecture hall large signs proclaimed to the world that Dr. Merle Young, a physician of international fame was coming to speak. The subject of his lecture was "The Progress of Medical Science." What a treat

if I could only hear him. I wonder if Merle Young, the famous physician, is as conscientious and careful as Merle Young, the student. He could not be more so. Merle Young in any walk of life would be the same,—careful, efficient, capable. May his days be many.

I passed another theatre. The vaudeville team of Brandes and Boldt was then performing. I entered. People were almost hysterical. The famous team of Gallagher and Shean of 1923 had nothing on the team of Brandes and Boldt of 1938. They were scheduled for Broadway the next season. Comrades in school; comrades in work; employing team work in school, and the same in work—is it any wonder they have been successful?

When I reached the Public Library I entered, and sat down in the reading room to rest. The head librarian looked familiar, and no wonder. It was Florence Whitaker who seemed well satisfied in her home among the books. A group of men were sitting at a table near me talking. I heard several familiar names mentioned; and I will be forgiven for pricking up my ears a little bit to listen. They say curiosity killed a cat. But I am sure that the ill-fated cat found out nothing as pleasingly surprising as I did.

"They say that Secretary of State Albright will not give any information on the subject to the press. Neither will Secretary of the Interior Lippincott commit himself in any way. The matter seems to be of vital importance. Representative Hincher and Senator Hertzberg both seem to be opposing the measure. So no one really knows just what the outcome will be."

"The Republicans are quite worked up over the matter and Wayne Adams, the Wall Street boss, when Miss Clarice Rodgers of the United Press went to interview him on the question, said that he had nothing to say."

The first began again. "Everyone in authority seems to be avoiding it as much as they can, and personally, I think it is just a silly rumor." What followed was just the private opinions of the various men and as no more familiar names were mentioned, I ceased to listen. John, Melvin, Rockwell, and Joe—all in positions of authority. Wayne Adams a political boss. My hat felt still tighter. And Clarice—working for the press.

This certainly was good.

I picked up a comic magazine. "Ticks From Big Ben." Editor Benjamin Hirsch. So Ben had continued in his campaign against life's blues and was helping to make the world safe for laughers. I wish him luck. May he laugh at failure all the days of his life. I picked up another publication and found that the feature story was the work of Miss Mildred Gilson, who had been very successful in journalism. I glanced through the story; it looked very inviting. But alas, I had no time.

I left the library. I passed a large tea-room. As yet it had not been opened for business, as the interior decorating was not finished. The proprietors, the Misses Kathryn Schenk, Margaret Sheasley, and Julia Skurzyn, were the owners of several tea rooms in the city and tea house on the outskirts of the city. The decorating for their latest building was in charge of Miss Lucille Bishop, the originator of several attractive color schemes and designs.

On the corner of two broad streets stood a large grey building, "Miss Bessie Feder's Very Exclusive School For Young Women." It was very exclusive, I understand, because if one was not of the city's elite, one could not enter its sacred portals. Bess always was particular. Her private secretary and adviser, Miss Libby Miller, will vouch for that.

Next to this school was a city ward school. Miss Mary Anderson, the principal, showed me through the various rooms. In the kindergarten, I met Lillian Feldstein, who was in charge there. The children seemed to be just "wild" about Lillian. Oh, well, she always did have a way about her. The eighth grade classes were having a debate on the question, "Resolved that Mr. Milton Beat has done more for the Engineering world than Mr. Alfred Buchin." The contest was hot and furious. Each engineer had performed so much that their respective merits were about equally matched. I did not have time to await the outcome, but I will wager that neither side won.

Just to the other side of the schoolhouse was a large dwelling where a funeral was being conducted. A florist's machine stood in front of the house. "Tietelbaum for Flowers" was printed on the sides of the car. When the undertaker came out to take down the wreath on the door, I saw that stern visaged, important looking person was my once frivolous friend, Bert Mahler. So Bert was an undertaker and Margaret was a florist. They are very essential; sooner or later we need them both.

I saw that I was getting nearer to the residence district, and so I turned around. At the next corner—kerplunk! Into a hurrying person loaded down with bundles, I collided, so very, very nicely that not one bundle remained in her arms. Lucille Webb!

"Lucille!" "Bessie!" And then ensued a conversation that lasted for almost an hour. I bombarded her with so many questions that the poor girl had difficulty in answering them. "Why, yes," she said, "I believe I've kept track of them all. Did you know that Etelka White is leaving for the Orient tomorrow as a missionary? She is to spend two years in China, and then will take charge of a post in India. And Naomi Stoffs will leave on the same boat, only hers is an entirely different mission. Naomi is going to Paris in the interests of a famous New York Women's Apparel Shop. She is quite an authority on styles. And oh, I must not forget to tell you this. Irene Krupski, too, is a power in the style world. Every style and gown that has been created in Paris and New York recently, has been intrusted to Irene to give to the world with paper and ink. Her drawings are very clever and she is much in demand everywhere. And you remember Florence Chevalier? The Chevalier hats are the hats. She has made a name for herself in the millinery line, and her popularity is increasing every day.

"But what of some of the boys?" I said. "You have only told me about the girls."

"Why I was just coming to that," she said. "Harry Stapleton is the Athletic Director at the University of Pennsylvania, and by the way, you remember Doris Brown, that quiet studious girl? Doris is the head of the Foreign Language Department in that school. And Orris, her brother, is a very prominent Radio Engineer. He has just perfected some sort of an invention that makes it possible for everyone to have a broadcasting set. I've been thinking of getting one myself. I heard a wonderful sermon last Sunday by the Reverend Ernest Rutter through the radio. Ernest is a very conscientious minister; and they say that in the pulpit he is a veritable orator. Joe Rohweder is a government wireless expert. I heard an interesting lecture given by Joe last week. Our fellow-graduates certainly have been successful."

"But Lucille, what about yourself? What are you doing?" She smiled.

"Why, my dear," she said, "I am cupid's chief assistant. Surely you've heard of the Webb Matrimonial Bureau, guaranteed to satisfy? I help find

hard-working wives for men and good-looking husbands for lonely women. It is very interesting, and I feel that I am accomplishing something."

"Well, Lucille, if ever I have need of your services, I assure you I will call upon you." Then we parted.

I passed an automobile salesroom. In the large front display windows I could see the big shiny cars that were for sale. I entered, just to look around. A trimly dressed woman came up to me. It was Ruth Wengrow. She was the owner of the place and certainly looked the part. Another woman entered in laughing conversation with a well-dressed young man. When they passed us, Ruth told me that it was Sadye Reiter with a prospective customer. "Sadye is my best sales agent," said Ruth. "I have never known her to fail when it comes to selling a man any make of car. She has a way about her that they all seem to take to." So Sadye and Ruth were still together, as I think they always will be.

I turned down another street. On the corner stood the Welfare Building. I learned that Verna Davis was in charge here. The position could not have been more capably filled.

I came to the Crystal Maze Confectionery. Lura Dehn and Beatrice Fox were the proprietors, and under their careful management the business was proving a success. At one of the marble tables two women sat talking. They were Thelma Soloman and Elvera Stein, managers of the Toledo Dancing Academy. They told me that their chief instructors were Miss Hallie Cardwell and Mr. Ralph Sager, the originators of many new dance steps.

I entered the Nicholas Building. On one of the doors was the inscription: "Lightfoot & Squires, Real Estate." I opened the door and went in. Miss Anna Belle Fisher and Miss Roger Williams held positions as stenographer and bookkeeper respectively. The girls' efficient work was well paid. Good luck to them and their employers. On a door farther down the hall was "H. Shapiro, Chiropractor." The door opened and out came Bernard Bates. Bernard told me that Harold had been appointed to represent Toledo at a convention of chiropractors in Washington. Harold always was lucky. Then Bernard told me that he was making a coast to coast tour for the Remington Typewriter Company. Finally I managed to make him tell me that he had received the international gold medal for speed typist. Quite an honor, I should say. I went up to the next floor; and there another sign confronted me. "Klein and Isenstein, Brokers." So Sidney and Sam were helping to spend other people's money for them. I wish them luck; may there always be money for them to spend. Next door to this office was one "Runnels and Peters, Attorneys at Law." Letha and Hazel had invaded the field of law, and I suspect were giving the lawyers of the opposite sex much competition. Congratulations, girls.

Then I went to the Ohio Savings Bank. On the door of the president's office was "Mr. Donald Prager." Donald—the president of a bank. What worries he must have. I will pray for him. We cannot blame the poor abused rich man if he does not get to heaven; it is so much easier for the poor to be in a state of holiness (?). The state auditor was visiting the bank, and who do you think it was? Hartwell Greening. His high school bookkeeping had served him well. The bank treasurer was none other than my old friend Helen Brown. Helen was looking fine. Two women entered the bank. I recognized Ellen Matheson and Margaret Metcalfe. They had just returned from Europe, and they had certainly acquired the charm of the old world. Ellen's cousin,

Bob Matheson, had also just returned from Europe, but in an entirely different manner. Together with Henry Derscher, Bob had made a record-beaking air-flight to Europe and back. Hank and Bob had also established a new altitude record for aviators.

I left the bank and at the very next corner I met Harry Parisky in the trim uniform of a West Point officer. He was at home on leave for two weeks. By his shoulderstraps and insignia, I could tell that his rank was that of a major. He told me that Rolland McMasters was a cadet at West Point and that he, too, was in line for promotion. He also told me that Edward Restemeir had been at West Point the week before to talk to the cadets on deep sea diving. Edward was very proficient in that line.

Not far from the bank was a studio. Here Sam Goldberg and Sam Berkman photographed the famed and fortuned. Their studio was very exclusive and I remembered having read that the president and his cabinet had come all the way from Washington to be photographed by the two noted Sams.

Whom should I meet next, but Helen Alcock. Here was another victim. After being swamped with questions, Helen told me that she was just coming from the telegraph office. She had wired congratulations to Myrtle Hubert, who had been appointed Chief United States Chemist. It soon followed that Elinor Greiner was instructor of sewing in the high schools, and that Grace Dean was the owner of the Toledo Restaurant. Both girls were doing finely. "What of Viola Jacob and Mildred Zenk?" I asked. "Oh, Viola is in California and is in charge of an orange grove there. Mildred is in Texas in charge of a large ranch. They both like their work and say that it seems more like play. "Have you heard anything of Milton Davidson?" "Why, yes. He is U. S. ambassador to France. They say that he has accomplished more in that position than anyone else." "And you, Helen? What are you doing?" "At present, I am doing nothing. I expect to start some enterprise in the spring. My great-uncle in Australia died and left me a legacy of $15,000, so you see I want for nothing." Lucky Helen! Few of us are blessed with rich uncles.

At the next corner I bought a pink baseball edition, and read that Manager Herb Lehman of the New York Giants had bought Norman Ramler, star first baseman from the Toledo Mud-Hens for $10,000. Norman must be quite valuable and Herb must have plenty of money. I also read that the steamer, U. S. S. Pacific under Captain Herman Osborne was scheduled to sail the next day. May Herman's cruise be free from storms. I continued to read. What! Was I reading rightly? Yes, there it was. Herbert Coon, heavyweight champion of the United States, would meet the champion of France the following week. Those in authority predicted that the outcome would be similar to that of the bout between Jack Dempsey and George Carpentier in 1922.

I resumed my walk. The Blade office looked interesting. I entered. To my surprise I learned that Paul Button was the Editor-In-Chief. The sporting editor was Don Corbett, who was sitting at a desk, with his shirt sleeves rolled up, his feet on the top of the desk, and his eyes fixed intently on the ceiling. I suspect he was thinking up some new way to razz the aspiring amateur.

I left the editorial office and once more began to walk. I met Opal Foulke. Opal seemed quite contented. Upon the third finger of her left hand a diamond ring and a white-gold wedding band gleamed. The romance of her high school

days was still in the telling. M. G. had made a very good husband, and they were still as much in love with one another as back in '23. Opal told me that Berniece Rossbacher was living near her, and that she, too, was finding her happiness in domestic life. Berniece and Opal have chosen worth while careers.

Down the street, striding along at an easy pace, came a prosperous appearing man. It was Lazare Blatt. What a pleasant surprise! Lazare was the owner of the Blatt Kennels, that had produced the most blue-ribbon dogs in the country. Lazare told me that George Zelden was the owner of "Tip-Top," the winner of the Kentucky Derby. George was specializing in race horses and was making good. I asked him what had become of Richard Miller, and was told that Dick was in Europe to further his art education. Dick's painting, "The River," had been awarded first place in the art exhibition in Paris. Good work, Dick. Adolph Brown, it seemed, was the originator of a cartoon that had been copyrighted by the American Newspaper Syndicate. Luck to you, Adolph. And Edwin Davy, putting to good advantage his comely looks, was a model for Hart, Schaffner & Marx clothing.

On the farther side of the street, on a large stone building I glimpsed a familiar name. "D. W. West, Engraver." Dudley was talented in that line and he should have no difficulty in making a success of his business. As I turned away from Dudley's place of business, I bumped directly into two gentlemen who were standing upon the sidewalk talking. Henry Lange and Chester Zytkus. What were they doing here? I talked with them and it soon came to light that Henry and Chester were teaching clumsy mortals to trip the light fantastic without stepping too much upon their partner's feet. The Dancing School of Lange and Zytkus was well patronized, and the partners each had a nice little nest-egg in Donald Prager's bank.

It was growing dark. I had walked all day and was very weary. The surprises the day had brought forth had been too much for my not overly strong brain and I began to long for home. So back I went.

Again it was nearly midnight. And again I was in the seclusion of my room. Wiser, more tired, happier. All was still. And then——ooooowwww-wwweeeeee————ooooooowwwwweeeeee! Clink. Rattle. Crunch. The Ghost was at my side. The room was filled with the chill of the tomb and the dampness of the grave. "Now you have seen," said the hollow voice. "And you seem satisfied. The fifteen long years have not passed all in vain; they have borne fruit. I have just cause to be proud of my class of '23. They have done well. I now return to my sleep and it shall not be broken again. I can rest easily in my tomb for I am content. Adieu! The clock in the belfry solemnly tolled the hour. I was alone. An owl hooted from the depths of the forest. The nightwind moaned a dirge among the trees. And my memories faded into oblivion.

Oration

Vernon Dobson '23

THE PILLARS OF THE NATION

Wealth! Power! Glory! These have been the ideals, the sole objectives of nations since the time of the beginning of states in earliest history. Nations, impelled by an overweening ambition for power and glory, have sought them through the might of their armies. And in the days when might was right, the cause of the strongest was victor. These nations, by defeating their strongest rivals, rose in glory to rule the world. Such were the great empires of Babylon, Assyria, and Persia. They claimed the applause of all mankind; they gained the summit of glory. All the world paid homage to them.

And yet, nothwithstanding their fabulous wealth, they did not last forever. In time, there came upon them, like a plague, a sudden doom of destruction, and their magnificent structure of world empire came tumbling in ruins to the earth. Their former glory vanished as the night at dawn. What these nations had gained by much effort was lost at one blow.

But why were not these strong empires enduring? Why were not the people of these nations strong enough to perpetuate their glory throughout the centuries? What did they lack that made them targets of destruction even at the height of their glory?

There is but one answer. They did not have the proper conception. They were not built upon the pillars of endurance. They were not founded upon certain recognized principles of an enduring nation. Those principles are the ideals of its people. To be sure, those states had ideals; but they were ideals of selfishness, of self-satisfaction. They had none of those ideals which are incentives to devotion and love of country, and therefore they found no place in the hearts of the people, and could not endure.

On the other hand, Rome and Greece, two other renowned empires of history, had not only power, but certain principles of growth, and ideals found in their religion and civilization. When the mighty Caesar and the great Alexander established undreamed of empires, they founded besides a wonderful civilization. Eventually, new ideals arose from this culture with its art, its

music, and its architecture. Ideals of citizenship and love of country became fixed in the minds of the people. A firm foundation for the permanent existence of those nations was made.

But, lo and behold! Time brought a doom for these nations as complete as those of earlier empires. These, too, fell victims to a devastating decay. For some reason, the strong pillars of the empire had failed.

What was the cause of such a destruction? Did not these states have a stronger foundation of principles than former nations?

To this, too, there is but one answer. The people in their glory, forgot their ideals. They filled their lives with luxuries and the pursuit of pleasure. This new life of pleasure crowded out all former thoughts of their ideals of citizenship and of their relationship with their gods. Thus, the firm, strong foundation of common ideals and principles was neglected and left to decay. The end was inevitable. The pillars of the nation weakened; the empire with all its glory fell to sudden destruction.

Thus, History, by its tragic tales, brings down to us an invaluable lesson. And that lesson is this: that any nation, if it is to endure, must be built upon certain pillars of strength; and that these pillars consist of the ideals found in the citizenship and religion of the people; and that when these ideals are neglected and forgotten, the pillars crumble and the state falls to destruction.

Today, we are thankful that our country, America, was blessed by having its conception in the highest ideals imaginable. We are proud when we recollect that our country has never been moved by any ambition for wealth and power and glory, as were the countries of old. And we glory in the fact that those principles of liberty, equality, love of country, and love of God which were brought to the New World by our forefathers have been prized by the people and have been deeply woven into our national life. These are the pillars of our nation. We trust in their strength.

When America began her independent existence in the dark days of the Revolution, she had little encouragement or help except that found in those high ideals which filled the breasts of her brave statesmen. But thanks to that tenacity of purpose and that devotion to sacred principles which were held by our forefathers, our country has progressed, has broadened out, and has reached a stage of development which is beyond all conceptions of early historians. Swiftly and surely we grew to be a great nation. Today, America's vast manufacturing system consisting of thousands of industries, her extensive agriculture which gives food to the world, her great volume of trade reaching all parts of earth, her network of railroads, and her wealth, are the pride and comfort of the world. What was once a little child in the world has grown to strong and mighty manhood. America is great.

But there comes a time in the life of every nation, however large or small it may be, when the rapid development, the huge industries and trade, and the new and varied interests of its people lead to a neglect of its former ideals and channels of thought. There comes a time, sooner or later, when those ideals and those principles of strength are endangered by a new life. For then the practical realities of modern, complicated life crowd out the ideals formerly held by the people. A feeling of satisfaction with the greatness and health of the nation causes the ideals to become only an empty name.

Friends, such is the situation which America must guard against! Her geographical extent, her great numbers of citizens, her wealth, and her vast

industrial system have all tended to make America more practical and less idealistic. As America has reached maturity, religion and other noble sentiments have grown more silent in the daily affairs of the nation.

And so this condition continues from year to year. The God of Glory, Wealth, and Achievement is striving by slow degrees and imperceptible means to focus our attention and interest upon the material and practical at the expense of our ideals. He is endeavoring to make us boast of the present and forget the past. He is trying to weaken the very pillars upon which our nation was built! He is fast drawing America to the critical point where she must choose the path of glory in the world and forget the lessons of history, or stand true to her principles of faith.

We in America must see that the God of Glory does not succeed! We must determine that the eternal principles of a successful nation are perpetuated in America! For if, in the House of Worship, in the legislative hall, and in the lives of the people everywhere, the eternal virtues of our country find utterance they will defy the powers of ruin and stand impregnable. Therein is contained the challenge and our duty.

And it devolves principally upon us, the future citizens of the country, to see that the ideals of America are maintained and respected. The future of America rests upon our shoulders! We must keep alive that "spirit of '76" and keep the foundation of the nation strong and firm.

But how are we to do this? By determining, as we go out to face the battle of life and to take our place in the life of the nation, that we will be industrious citizens devoted to the principles which made our country; and that before all things else we will put faith in God, love of country, liberty, and equality. Then, if we stand true to our task as citizens, our ideals will be preserved, the Pillars of America will be strong and sure, and we may confidently say, "America now and forevermore!"

Merle Young '23

Life has often been likened to a book, each chapter of which represents some period of existence. Tonight we have come to the end of a chapter and are about to turn the page. The past, being inscribed, is unalterable, but the future has yet to be written. Though we are anxious to proceed with the future, still we are reluctant to turn this last page of the chapter.

How far away this occasion of final parting did seem when we began four years ago as freshmen! Well do we remember that day when we first entered Woodward. The hurry and bustle of those who seemed to know just where to go and just what to do confused us and stole away any spirit of bravado we may have had. In our freshman year we realized our insignificance. We gradually learned that the world did not revolve around us after all. How eagerly then did we look forward to the time when as seniors we should graduate. But now that the time has come we would have stayed it a little. We cannot forget the pleasant associations of high school life.

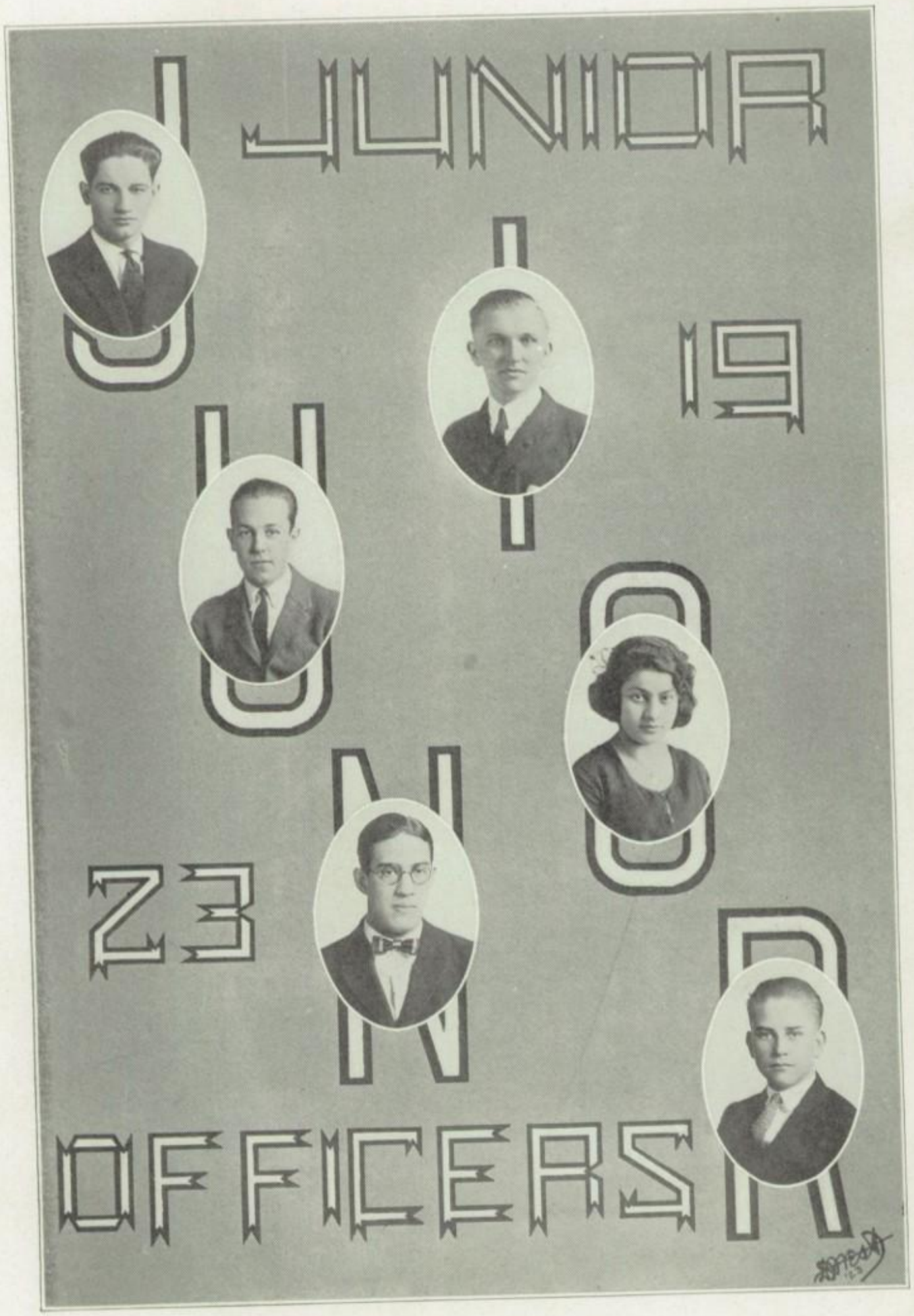
It is fitting that on this occasion we should express our gratitude to those who have instructed us in our daily studies. Theirs has been the great task of guiding us into the proper courses of life. We have learned that our teachers are intensely human and this has endeared them the more to us. At times, no doubt, we have discouraged them by our thoughtlessness, but upon this occasion we want them to know that we have heeded their counsel and that we will, by our life in the new world before us, endeavor to prove that their efforts have not been in vain. Tonight we go forth as conquerors armed with the knowledge they have imparted to us. Book learning is not the only kind of knowledge we have obtained from our four years of high school. The curriculum has included the added subjects of character building and development of high ideals and sound moral principles. These lessons of life we have learned by precept and example of those who have taught us in other things as well. To the faculty and to our principal we are grateful and to them we reluctantly bid farewell.

Fellow students! The hour of parting is at hand. For four years we have traveled a common path together. Friendships born of the common joys, successes or disappointments have been our happy lot. Friendships live on in

the heart, but the sight of familiar scenes and faces, the sound of our classmates' cheery voices—these must end here. We must separate and each must travel the path alone. The many partings similar to ours have made it quite commonplace. But repetition has not removed the tinge of sadness that each of such occasions holds.

Now fame and fortune call, and we desire to go on. We have learned that every successful life must have a worthy purpose, some definite goal of achievement. We have our individual aims and are eager to pursue them. May we never sacrifice a principle of justice or right living for the mere purpose of advancing our own small personal interests. May we never detract from those noble sentiments which have inspired us in the past. The way of success winds upward before us. It is dark and precipitous in many places, and without the light of true character we must surely fall into oblivion.

Let us be thankful for the education that has been afforded us and for the privilege of attending so great a school as Woodward. In the four years past we have been the recipients of good things. Now let us give freely of what we have received. Let us consecrate ourselves to a life of useful activity ever in the service of our fellowmen. Then, when the final page in our book of life is written, all may say, "Well done."


JUNIOR
23
OFFICERS

JUNIOR CLASS REVIEW

From the dawn to the closing of this school year the Junior class has fostered school activities that tended to develop the ideas and principles of Woodward.

In the literary organizations the Juniors have played a most prominent part. Of the eight offices of the Woodward Literary Society, four Junior girls hold one-half. In the Nautilus Literary Club we find that the Junior boys take an active part in holding a majority of its constituted offices.

In every other organization in the school the Juniors take a leading interest. In the Alchemist's Society the President and the important offices are from the Junior Class. The Engineering Society elected its President from our midst. The same executive offices are held by Juniors in the Spanish, Peiuper, Welfare, Glee, Friendship and Hi-Y Clubs. In all these organizations, not only are the officers Juniors, but also a large proportion of the membership are Junior students.

Along with this active interest in Woodward's leading organizations, contributions have also been given towards our school's publications. On the Tattler Staff three Juniors have proved themselves valuable in their particular editorial positions. The Assistant Editor on the Techennial Staff comes from among us.

In reviewing the Football Field of last Fall one cannot help from remembering the way Harrison played his position of left tackle, O'Hara, Paige, Millhouse, Lathrop and Heinish—Juniors would fight their opponents as if life itself depended upon the game. Such is the stuff of the Junior class.

Without a doubt you can recall the basketball prowess of Rutter and Caves last winter on the Y. M. C. A. floor. In these two Juniors, Coach Etter found staunch workers who were willing to go the limit for Woodward.

Tradition has it that the Juniors shall make up a great part of the social and society life of an educational institution. Here, in Woodward the Junior class with the Seniors have made a real social life possible.

The Junior party held on February 2nd, will long remain in the minds of those who attended. Music was furnished for the dancers and an entertainment and refreshments given for non-dancers and dancers—thus everyone enjoyed himself.

Much was added to the social history of Woodward when the Annual J-Hop, called this year the King Tut Dance, was given at the Woman's Building on April 20th. The spacious hall was beautifully decorated in Egyptian colors and architecture. Karl Karp's orchestra furnished the music for the dancers. A record crowd of Juniors and their friends attended this class activity, which beautifully closes Woodward's social life of 1923.

A review of the year has just been made. Woodward can justly feel with pride that this year's class has striven to keep up the name and principles for which it stands. The graduating Seniors, commencing college lives, can leave assured that their vacancy will be filled with conscientious students who will continue to live up to past records and enlarge upon them for the merits of Woodward Tech.

Junior Girls

Elsie Adams
Elsie Balk
Rose Bame
Pauline Banning
Genevieve Bell
Meta Berkebile
Ruth Blankenstein
Helen Bloom
Anna Bracker
Alice Braunschweiger
Alice Bremfoerder
Gertrude Briesmeister
Ivadell Brown
Esther Bueche
Letha Bush
Teresa Carr
Mary Caster
Florence Ciralsky
Edith Darlison
Mildred Dettinger
Edna Drummond
Evelyn Freeman
Evelyn Gempel
Mildred Gingrich
Belle Gothelf
Bernice Graetz
Ruth Greening
Ruth Greer
Hilda Greunke
Wilma Grote
Margaret Gunkel
Catherine Heeter
Margaret Heinemeyer
Luella Henning
Ruth Herman
Edythe Hoag
Bernice Holinbaugh
Ruth Holliger
Helen Hornung
Catherine Howard
Bess Kaplan
Leona Kietzmann
Hazel Lazette
Mildred Leifer
Margaret Lieberman
Frances Lowe
Mae Luetka
Dorothy Lutz
Doris McCoglin
Pearl Medon
Freda Miller
Thyra Miller
Daisy Morris
Zylpha Morrison
Ruth Noyes
Alice Parman
Helen Perkins
Lenore Purcleski
Gertrude Ramler
Mary Runnels
Suzanne Schneider
Mary Sharfe
Mildred Showler
Mildred Shine
Malinda Sondergeld
Cora Sprow
Eva Stern
Frances Styers
Florence Suddaby
Hedwig Swiatek
Elizabeth Thacher
Mildred Thompson
Gazel VanHorn
Bessie VanWormer
Marguerite Watson
Ruth Wiegman
Evelyn Werner
Winnifred Williams
Dorothy Zarembski

Junior Boys

James Albright
Milton Altholz
George Astry
William Bahrs
Kenneth Barnswell
Milton Beat
Roman Bialecki
Emanuel Bloom
Morris Bode
Mason Bolton
Howard Brigham
Glenn Brown
Byron Bucklew
Thomas Caves
Willard Christel
Hyman Cohn
Jacob Cohn
William Currie
Andrew D'Angelo
John Daniels
John S. Daniels
William Denton
Benjamin Dolgin
Ralph Drake
Edwin Eriksen
Edward Fanning
Donald Feak
Dana Fearing
Paul Fearing
Martin Feder
Kent Fenton
Everett Fillbright
Cyril Fleck
Charles Gainer
Alexander Grabowski
Jay Growden
Raymond Hall
Harold Harrison
Fern Hayes
Charles Heine
Clarence Heinisch
Howard Hilfinger
Arthur Hissong
Herbert Housman
Irving Hubbell
Alfred Johns
Carl Kahlert
Fred Kaltenbach
Philip Kaser
Emil Katz
Sam Katz
Edwin Keller
Robert Keller
Abe Kigel
Edgar Kimball
Lee Kiser
Isadore Kohler
Paul Kohring
Joe Kontrovitz
Alfred Krob
Edwin Laas
Louis Laderman
Dick Lang
Frank Lathrop
John Lavin
Robert Lewis
Mike Lieber
Harry Lipski
Asa Long
Alvin Lownsbury
Morris Lubitsky
Frank McAvoy
Philip McGuire
Charles Martin
Earl Mayer
Rolland McMaster
Marion Millhouse
Richard Molter
Harold Myers
Joe Nathanson
William O'Hara
Herman Osborn
Tom Owens
James Paige
Gill Poucher
Clement Prestler
John Rietzke
Philip Riley
Adrian Ringman
John Rukosky
Arthur Scholl
Fred Schrinel
Morris Shall
Isadore Shapiro
Harold Sivers
Robert Squire
Clarence Steger
Philip Stein
Ernest Stoll
Walter Suski
Harry Tarschis
Kingsley Teffeau
Hyman Topper
Franz Valtier
Carlton VanDriesen
Clyde Wagenhauser
Hyman Weisberg
Russell Williams
Carl Wilson
Reinhold Wuwert

SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Chairman, Dorathea Wrigley, Webster Lowe, Arthur Force

PROGRAM COMMITTEE

Chairman, Robert Smith, Norman Taylor, Ethel Ghent

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Yes, we are the Sophomore Class of 1923.

Look where you will, we are everywhere represented. In the Nautilus and Woodward Lit—Hi-Y and Friendship Clubs—Alchemists and Engineers—French and Spanish Clubs—Peiuper Club. Half of the members and two of the officers of the Woodward Latin Club—largely a result of Sophomore enterprise—belong to our class.

We sent two members, Louise Herler and Ned Hills, to the Student Council. One of them was appointed on the committee for the protection of halls and lockers. After this article is written, they may do something else worth-while on the council.

We are to be found not only on the band, chorus, and Tattler Staff, but also on field and floor. Sutherland, Hills, Stuart, Leininger, Green and Hall of the football squad hail from the class of '25. The captain-elect of next year's football team is "Deacon" Green, a sophomore. Woodward's future cage stars will come largely from the Reserves, therefore they will come largely from our class since we sent five men to the Reserves—Furry, Hills, Hall, Hubbard and Green.

Just before the Central Game, Miss Payne sent out a request for helpers. To her clarion call flocked a number of sophomores all of whom had a share in the manufacture of many megaphones, pom poms, and mums which, displayed at the game, made a splendid showing of Woodward's colors.

At every dance and party the Sophs "trod the light fantastic." It wasn't always the Juniors and Seniors who had the best looking girls either. Oh no!

Speaking of dances. The Sophomore party was a great success. While it was not given on so elaborate a scale as were some of the school affairs, a good time was enjoyed by everyone, which is, after all, the object of a party.

And so, reading this little inventory, in the years to come, we will reasonably be able to forget our cares while we think of those happy days of '23.

SOPHOMORE CLASS—BOYS

Ackland, Fred
Agen, Harold
Ahls, Edward
Allam, Chalfant
Apple, Vincent
Bahrs, Fred
Baim, Robert
Bame, Ben
Bentley, Edward
Berman, Robert
Berry, Ralph
Black, Martin
Bondurant, John
Bowlin, Norman
Bremer, Homer
Brittain, Gibson
Brockway, Morris
Bush, Emerson
Caldwell, Lovell
Clemens, Robert
Cline, Milton
Colp, Beck
Connor, Hollis
Cook, Edwin
Coulson, Monty
Curson, George
Dalkowski, Edward
Dean, Kendall
Dean, Virgle
DeShetler, Charles
Dick, Guy
Dieball, Ross C.
Diemer, John
Dilley, Clarence
Dow, Marion
Dunkle, Clyde
Eikost, Arthur
Ennis, Charles
Eversole, Norval
Ewing, Robert
Feeley, Edward
Feltman, Earl J.
Ferber, Nathan
Fischer, Lawrence
Fisher, Nelson
Fitzgerald, Robert
Force, Arthur
Fritz, Harry
Fritz, William
Furry, Harold
Ganch, Manuel
Gale, Stanley
Gallagher, John J.
Gardner, Russell
Garn, Lewis
Gempel, Julius
Gerwin, Adalbert
Glenn, William
Goldman, George
Grantham, Lloyd B.
Grau, Alvin
Green, Merritt
Hall, Carleton
Heger, Irwin
Henricks, William
Herman, Morris
Hilding, John
Hills, Ned
Hirsch, Henry
Hoel, Cletus H.
Hoff, Walter
Holden, Russell
Hoover, Harold
Hubbard, Henry W.
Imholt, Karl
James, Harry
Jordan, Ronald
Kahn, Jacob
Kaminsky, Philip
Kams, Albert
Kern, Harold
King, Harold M.
Kirshner, Louis D.
Kraemer, Oscar
Kohler, Clarence
Kusner, Anthony
LaPlant, Verne
Levey, Maurice
Lavin, Paul
Loe, Merritt
Lowe, Webster
Lyon, Albert
Martin, Earl
McDonnell, Edmond
Matzinger, Norman
Meachen, Oren R.
Monday, Carl
Moore, Richard
Mungiven, Charles
Myers, Carl
Niles, Curtis
Noe, Carlos

Odesky, Isadore
Oman, Kennard
O'Neil, Gordon
Okun, Matthew
Patterson, John
Pugh, David
Peeks, Charles
Pelton, Austin
Peters, Ralph
Phillips, Wilton
Powder Jerold
Powder, Melvin
Pugh, Ralph
Purkey, Leno
Putbrese, Melvin
Radlinski, Harry
Radscheid, Carl
Ramser, Willard
Rerucha Frank
Ringel, Walter
Ringman, Louis A.
Riley, Victor
Robins, John
Ross, Herbert
Sarns, Charles
Saunders, Lee
Schelling Donald
Schmit, Bernard
Schmitt, John
Schneider, John
Schorling, Leonard
Schwartz, Joseph
Sease, Jesse
Seiple, Arthur
Shavinsky Manuel
Sherman, Max
Shinkle, Walter
Smith, Abe
Smith, Robert L.
Snyder, Ralph
Snyder, Tom
Southard, Alfred
Stark, Elmer
St. John, Ralph E.
Stone, Millard
Straus, Morris
Sutherland, Theodore
Sweet, Arthur
Stuart, Charles
Sulkowski, Charles
Tassell, Albert
Taylor, John
Taylor, Norman
Teman, Henry
Terbille, Clarence
Tiedeman, Fred
Tietz, Donald
Thompson, Paul H.
Van Ormer, Harvey
Voigt, Eldon
Wade, William J.
Waldman, Milton
Walther, George W.
Wannamaker, Alfred
Welber, Hilary
Williams, Herbert
Williams, Marvin
Wintermantel, Norman
Wise, Joseph
Withrow, Everett
Weisberg, William
Whitney, Herbert D.
Wichman, Edgar
Wisniewski, Florian
Wolk, Louis
Wolman, Harry
Wonderly, Leo
Wright, Lawson
Yarick, Ross
Yourist, Julius
Zaft, Harold
Zaft, Oscar
Zanville, Isadore
Zeitler, Clarence

SOPHOMORE CLASS—GIRLS

Abramovitz, Rachel
Adams, Alice
Adams, Dorothy
Arnsberger, Goldie
Arvay, Marie
Bade, Bessie
Basilius, Severa
Bear, Charline
Berman, Mary
Bigelow, Dorothea
Bihlmaier, Margaret
Blankenhagen, Sigrid
Bliss, Adele
Bowman, Mary
Brailey, Lurline
Bruhl, Dorothy
Bruner, Irene
Burrier, Mildred
Burrow, Gladys
Burton, Mary
Carothers, Dorothy
Carr, Ruth
Cohen, Lillian
Colson, Gladys
Cone, Madelene
Conklin, Nina
Cook, Doris
Cook, Irene
Coulson, Bertha
Cousins, Florence
Couture, Dorothy
Cox, Lola
Cross, Olivia
Crumrine, Hortensa
Dudley, Edna
Duncanson, Ruth
Duvendack, Lucile
Ehlert, Mildred
Elsperman, Lillian
Evearett, Edith
Frankowski, Stella
Gale, May
Garfinkel, Mary
Garn, Opal
Goscinski, Tillie
Grayson, Eula-Mae
Grayson, Lola
Gregory, Florence
Greunke, Lillian
Grover, Gladys
Haas, Ruth
Hahn, Dorothy
Hahn, Elsie
'amel, Minerva
Hammel, Della
Harter, Lucile
Henderly, Florence
Henning, Leota
Herler, Louise
Hettesheimer, Irene
Hite, Margaret
Hoffman, Ethelyn
Holst, Viola
Hoskins, Alberta
Hughes, Anna
Hume, Myrtle
Jackowitz, Dorothy
Jacobs, Marcella
Jahnke, Alma
Jasinski, Helen
Jennings, Mildred
Jones, Alice
Kaczmarek, Stella
Kaniewski, Eleanor
Karp, Jeanette
Katz, Jennie
Kesler, Dorothy
King, Helen M.
Knestrict, Evelyn
Knight, Helen
Kocinski, Helen
Kolinska, Cyrilla
Krease, Mercedes
Kwiatkowski, Eleanor
Lesniewska, Gertrude
Levin, Eva
Levine, Becky
Levine, Ethel
Linck, Carolyn
Lipner, Mildred
Lueck, Luella
McPhee, Esther
McPhillips, Bet'y
Mahler, Doris
Meagher, Violet
Menacker, Esther
Menke, Anna
Mercereau, Alice
Mitchell, Rose
Moore, Maxine
Mucci, Assunda
Murbach, Marguerite
Namety, Irene
Newill, Margaret
Numay, Edna
Orzechowski, Clara
Palmer, Marion
Patterson, Wanda
Peters, Pearl
Pletcher, Hazel
Pletcher, Lorraine
Pontius, Glenys
Potosky, Esther
Prager, Beatrice
Prypora, Clara
Reese, Cecil
Reinstein, Jeanette
Ridenour, Marie
Roberts, Ardith
Robertson, Geneva
Rothenstein, Minnie
Rower, Elsie
Rump, Katherine
Schaefer, Elva
Schickler, Helen
Schoenfelt, Irma
Schneider, Celia
Schultz, Nina
Seligman, Mary
Shea, Beatrice
Sheasley, Irene
Sheckler, Edna
Shields, Dorothy
Shinavar, Burnetta
Shinneman, Helen
Shirey, Mae
Silverman, Eunice
Simons, Martha
Slavinski, Anna
Smith, Eva
Smith, Nina
Soldinger, Fannie
Stein, Naomi
Stern, Ruth
Tansey, Helene
Taylor, Dorothy
Turley, Ruby
Veit, Mildred
Wagner, Almyra
Ward, Trellis
Warnke, Marie
Wechsel, Viola
Weinblatt, Goldie
Weick, Dorothy Mae
Weinstein, Lillian
Weiss, Elsie
Weissenberger, Frances
White, Catherine
White, Irene
Williams, Clara
Williams, Margery
Wilson, Clara
Wirtz, Florence
Wrigley, Dorothea
Yager, Lucille
Yanof, Clara
Yarick, Georgia
Zawodni, Stephania
Zelinski, Stephania

FRESHMAN

FRESHMAN REVIEW

Many of the upper classmen tease us about being little Freshies, but were they not once those personages? It takes many parts to run a machine and even the poor little Freshmen are one cog in the machine which is dear Woodward Tech, and the machine would not be the same without that part. We are the largest class of Freshmen that Woodward has ever had.

Many of our number have become members of school societies. We supported our football team and rooted for dear old Woodward with all our might.

The upper classmen have been fortunate in having known for two, three, and four years respectively, such a kind, noble advisor as Mr. Williams. But fortune has not thus favored us for this is the first, last and only year that we shall know him. It was an unhappy day for us when we heard he was to leave, but we hope that the boys and girls at Libbey High will realize their good fortune and love him as we have done.

EVENTS OF FRESHMEN—1922 AND 1923

Sept. 11	Our first day at high school. Girls and boys were all around, but not a friend in sight. Made out schedules after much planning. Then we went to rooms and viewed our choice of teachers, for most of us did not know whom we had chosen.
Sept. 12	Bought books and got acquainted with boys and girls in different classes, but best of all with Dad Sprague and his jokes.
Sept. 29	Freshmen Mixer given by the Hi-Y Club.
Oct. 6	Walls, a freshman boy, played on our football team.
Oct. 20	Some of us received unsatisfactories as a reward for our first five weeks of study.
Nov. 6 to 10	Learned many "unknowns," as we say in algebraic terms, during "Better Speech Week."
Nov. 30	Our first vacation during which we stored up enough energy to supply us until Christmas.
Dec. 25	Santa Claus did not neglect us even if we were only Freshies.
Jan. 2	Review, review, and more review.
Jan. 17	Those first semester examinations! They tried to make us as blue as possible and those "blue books" certainly did express our feelings.
Jan. 24	It was a good thing the teachers had to correct so many papers, for we certainly did need the rest after review and tests.
Jan. 29	We made out new schedules. Some pupils were added to our class. We came back to find that Dad was ill and not able to come to school. Maybe his illness was caused by the flunking of students in his algebra classes. Mr. Conser took charge of the study room.

FRESHMAN GIRLS

Altman, Belle
Andrews, Pearl
Applebaum, Jennie
Armstrong, Garnette
Aubry, Lucille
Baim, Esther
Bannister, Hester
Bassett, Emily
Batway Audrey
Beck, Beatrice
Bell, Ruth
Berlowitz, Sara
Binzer, Irene
Birk, Eva
Blank, Edna
Bolly, Lucile
Breidling, Iva
Bremer, Dorothy
Bucklew, Berniece
Buettin, Ida
Burand, Elsie
Burns, Gladys
Cain, Mabel,
Carper, Lucille
Chilinski, Jane
Clous, Margaret
Cobrin, Lillian
Cooper, Pearl
Crim, Mary
Cross, Vallar
Culpher, Willa
Davy, Dorothy
Davy, Julia
Dayan, Arline
Dehn, Viola
DeShetler, Bernice
Draheim, Mable
Dresser, Tillie
Dreyfus, Lillian
Dunham, Dorothy
DuShane, Mary
Dushinski, Lottie
Eding, Adaline
Ellenburg, Erma
Emig, Catherine
Fallis, Dorothy
Fink, Jeanette
Flath, Vivian
Furst, Sadie
Gambrill, Lenore
Geary, Alice
Gehlhaar, Leona
Geithman, Lillian
Gilbert, Catherine
Gillette, Ruby
Gilman, Virginia
Goldstein, Dora
Goodall, Gladys
Gramer, Eloda
Green, Becky
Greene, Jeanette
Gruenke, Wilma
Groth, Ruth
Haas, Helen
Hall, Olive
Harrison, Helen
Haworth, Lillian
Hengel, Lillian
Herman, Edna
Herwat, Theresa
Hetzel, Hazel
Hicks, Edith
Hirsch, Jeanette
Holland, Gwendolyn
Humphreys, Evelyn
Illman, Sadie
Irwin, Helen
Jackman, Geneviève
Jacobs, Mabel
Jakcsy, Julia
Jenks, Dorothy
Kaminski, Dorothy
Kaslly, Louise
Keller, Mabel
Kiebler, Dorothy
Kozlowska, Ann
Kubicki, Angela
Kuehnl, Florence
Kuntsbeck, Amelia
Kunzman, Helen
Kusnierek, Albina
Kutz, Augusta
Lebovitz, Nettie
Lehman, Jane
Lieberman, Florence
Likendorf, Helen
Lloyd, Grace
Mackey, Naomi
Mahern, Elizabeth
Main, Catherine
Mann, Sarah
Martin, Lettie
Mattheis, Ruth
Matzinger, Florence
Meade, Esther
Mental, Grace
Miller, Armagene
Miller, Eleanore
Miller, Grace
Miller, Katherine
Mitchell, Erma
Monday, Rosalie
Nagel, Florence
Nathanson, Rose
Nolta, Anna
Nowak, Beatrice
Nowakowski, Natalie
Nuesch, Helen
Okun, Goldie
Pfister, Ada
Platt, Elva
Ploetzke, Sophie
Poulin, Luella
Powers, Margaret
Powers, Madeline
Rahrig, Neva
Rathke, Helen
Reinstein, Fanny
Reiter, Melba
Renard, Elizabeth
Riley, Marjorie
Riley, Marian
Robeson, Edna
Rosenbaum, Florence
Rosenberry, Wilma
Rutkowski, Mary
Rygalski, Martha
Saxton, Ethel
Scharer, Lydia
Schmoekel, Dorothy
Schmude, Margaret
Schnabel, Elsa
Schneider, Georgine
Schumacher, Henrietta
Schwartz, Ida
Sease, Leona
Seligman, Gertrude
Sevey, Frances
Shaffer, Mildred
Sharfe, Rebecca
Sherman, Velma
Sherman, Clara
Sigman, Lorna
Signal, Blanche
Small, Pauline
Snyder, Helen
Stahl, Lillian
Stautzenbach, Norma
Stengel, Clara
Stokes, Viola
Stonehouse, Beatrice
Strano, Katherine
Struck, Gwendolyn
Strugarek, Estelle
Suchomma, Grace
Sullivan, June
Sveda, Helen
Swan, Lillian
Swartz, Wilma
Swedler, Libbie
Swiatek, Irene
Tansey, Mary Jane
Thal, Ida
Thomas, Clara
Thompson, Voris
Thorley, Helen
Trempf, Lydia
Vaughn, Wanda
Wagner, Irene
Wales, Alberta
Walterschied, Lillian
Werner, Anna
West, Gertrude
Wiegman, Elizabeth
Williams, Elgin
Williams, Grace

Willis, Laura
Winters, Alverda
Wirtz, Ruth
Wolf, Marie
Wood, Mildred
Yerzy, Frances
Zaner, Sophie
Ziegler, Virginia

FRESHMAN BOYS

Abbott, George
Ackinger, David
Addes, Michael
Alden, John
Alexander, Charles
Altschul, Leo
Anderson, Leonard
Anderson, Lyman
Ashliman, Walter
Axonovitz, Abe
Bachowski, Henry
Bailey, Clarence
Barrick, William
Bauer, Henry
Bauroth, Leonard
Beaverson, Ortez
Bell, Charles
Bell, Carlas
Bennett, Harold
Benson, Andrew
Benson, Louis
Bergcrantz, Lloyd
Berlowitz, Abe
Bernstein, Morris
Berry, Edwin
Betz, Carl
Black, Henry
Bleckner, Robert
Blitz, Hyman
Bloomer, LeRoy
Bochroch, Albert
Boothman, Ronald
Bradley, Lincoln
Brawley, George
Brazeau, Clarence
Brenner, George
Brim, Russel
Brushaber, Konrad
Budd, Donald
Burwell, Melvin
Burwell, Warren
Bush, Emerson
Butts, Lawrence
Campbell, Lawrence
Castor, Claud
Clayfish, Harry
Cline, Dwight
Clous, Carl
Clous, Paul
Conner, Charles
Connolly, Joseph
Conner, Morrison
Cooper, George
Cope, Stanley
Cousino, Russell
Crabbs, Lyman
Cully, Lawrence
Curtis, Sidney
Daniels, Lorne
Davidson, Leon
Davis, Harold
Dittmer, Herbert
Doppler, Russell
Dorff, Earl
Drouard, Richard
Dulberg, Hyman
Duncan, Edson
Dusha, William
Eaton, Egerton
Eller, Gerald
Engel, William
Eriksen, Paul
Erwin, Elston
Eschenburg, Lester
Farley, Ralph
Feldman, George
Felser, Herbert
Felser, Kenneth
Ferber, David
Fiander, William
Fink, Leonard
Flory, Walter
Frankowski, Zigmond
Frautschi, David
Friedman, David
Fry, Adelmar
Gable, Donald
Gadt, Richard
Gagnon, Alvin
Garry, Donald
Gerding, LeRoy
Giblin, Carl
Gibson, Merrit
Gilbert, Charles
Gomer, Edward
Gove, Byron
Granger, Clifford
Greiser, Henry
Gretzinger, George
Greunke, Earl
Griffin, Earl
Groom, Thomas
Hagerman, Deloss
Hammel, Joseph
Hampton, Edward
Haring, Lester
Harris, Isadore
Hart, Leon
Hartman, Paul
Hauser, Cecil
Hayden, Frank
Heger, Irwin
Heinisch, Howard
Heitman, Edward
Henkel, Louis
Henzler, Albert
Herbig, Herbert
Herrick, Arthur
Hershey, William
High, Kenneth
Highlands, Carlyle
Hidlebrand, William
Hill, Don
Hinde, Robert
Hirzel, Emil
Horst, Edwin
Howe, Byron
Hudson, Richard
Hudzinski, John
Ingersoll, John
Jacoby, August
Jacoby, Ben
Jaeck, Clifford
Jake, Lawrence
Janowiecki, Clement
Joelson, Sam
Jones, John
Kahl, Herman
Keller, Robert
Kennedy, Charles
Kerr, Donald
Kiel, Karl
Kigel, William
Killan, Omardean
King, Edward
King, James
Kinney, Donald
Kirby, Harris
Knapp, Earl
Knight, Carl
Knight, Gaylord
Koehrman, Marvin
Kuntz, Norman
Kustra, Joseph
Lambert, Beryl
Landesman, Abe
Lange, Edward
Lavender, Robert
Laycock, Frank
Lee, Ralph
Leet, Albert
LeFevre, George
Lehmann, McKenna
Lentz, Lewis
Leonard, Richard
Leopold, Louis
LeRoux, Paul
Liles, Vernon
Lineback, Lawrence
Lober, Leonard
Longacre, Lester
Louth, Herbert
Ludwig, Albert
Luettke, Walter

Lyman, Jack
Lyons, George
Macias, Abraham
Mahler, Morris
Maier, Roy
Malohn, Walter
Mann, Charles
Manz, Albert
Marcy, Walter
Markovitz, Abe
McDonough, Paul
McDowell, Norvel
McGuire, James
McKinnon, Donald
Meeker, Daniel
Meinert, Russell
Meyer, Henry
Mickens, Marvin
Mihalko, John
Miller, Avalt
Miller, Gilbert
Miller, Harold
Miller, Sidney
Minick, Leslie
Moebius, Robert
Monday, Harold
Morse, Edward
Mowery, Robert
Navarre, Lawrence
Never, Clifford
Nunamaker, Gordon
Notzka, Victor
Novack, Walter
Nowicki, Edward
Nusbaum, Leo
Oatman, Doyle
O'Hara, Earl
Oldiges, John
O'Neil, Harold
Osten, Melvin
O'Toole, Thomas
Pasch, Russell
Patton, John
Pearce, Leon
Petersen, Everett
Plichcinski, John
Poe, Howard
Pomeroy, Anthony
Prager, Bernard
Prange, Chester
Preis, Alvin
Price, Samuel
Proctor, Glenn
Purcleski, Felix
Quetschke, Ralph
Quigley, Otis
Radscheid, Carl
Ramler, Lester
Randall, George
Recknagel, Frederick
Reese, Charles
Rehman, Sylvester
Rendely, William
Rich, William
Richard, Donald
Rippke, Clifford
Robeson, Harcourt
Rogolsky, Sam
Roscoe, Bernard
Rose, Kenneth
Rose, Phallas
Ross, Ralph
Rowe, Kenneth
Rowe, Horace
Rubin, Frank
Sampson, Robert
Samsen, Edward
Savage, James
Schnell, Wendell
Schulak, Jake
Schultz, Edward
Schwab, Elmer
Schwartz, Isadore
Schwyn, Milton
Scott, Donald
Seidner, Orville
Selter, Edward
Shaffer, Harry
Shenofsky, Meyer
Sheon, Bennie
Sherman, Dale
Sherman, Frank
Shinaberry, Garold
Silverman, Philip
Skelton, Russell
Skrzpczinski, Walter
Smith, Norman
Soldinger, Sol
Spitler, Owen
Staff, Conrad
Staniszewski, Harry
Steinberg, Isadore
Steinmiller, Charles
Stiebler, Walter
Stoffs, Keith
Strantz, John
Stuart, Alfred
Sulier, Arnold
Summers, Ray
Sutherland, William
Sutton, Rudie
Sweeny, Robert
Swinehart, Lloyd
Szwajkowski, Floyd
Tanner, Paul
Taylor, Victor
Teman, Abe
Trabbic, Bernard
Travis, Jerome
Tremmel, Harold
Van Gunten, Harold
Vogel, Edmund
Wadsworth, Lowell
Wagner, Samuel
Waite, David
Walker, Roger
Wallett, Curtis
Wallett, Louis
Walls, Fred
Walter, Jesse
Warnke, Ernest
Weirich, Deloy
Welling, Robert
Wheeler, Junior
White, Frank
White, Nelson
Whitmill, Marvin
Wiesehahn, Harold
Wilkinson, Walter
Williams, Lawrence
Williams, Ray
Wilson, Frank
Wisniewski, Ollie
Woodworth, Ralph
Wujciak, Stanley
Wysocki, Clifford
Yeagle, Don
Yokom, Herbert
Zarembski, Sigmond
Zepp, Edward
Zinkie, Leo

Junior High

April 11th, 1923.

Dear Editor:—

Just for fun, I asked some questions of the eighth grade boys the other day and I thought you would like to hear some of the results. I think it will make an interesting page in your Techennial for which you are taxing us two dollars per each. So long as you want us to buy some of them (and we want to also) we would like to have something about ourselves in it.

About one hundred and ninety boys answered the questions, but not every boy answered every question. "What's in a name?" Maybe nothing, but there are some good names in our school anyway. There are fourteen Harolds, nine Roberts and eight Charleses.

Our youngest boy is twelve years old, the oldest is eighteen and our average age is fifteen. The total of our ages is two thousand eight hundred thirty-two years. Many more boys were born in June than any other month. You see that is why we are so sweet and sunny. We are some heavy too for we weigh twenty-two thousand four hundred and eighty-one pounds and are nine hundred ninety-three feet six inches tall.

Twice as many boys have dark hair as light and one boy says his hair is "bright red." Ninety-four have blue eyes, sixty-six have brown, seventeen have green and ten have gray. Very few of our boys are only children and some have seven or eight brothers or sisters.

Both parents of one hundred thirty-nine boys are living and make a home for the boys. Thirty-five boys have lost one or the other of their parents and the boy lives with the parent still living. The parents of thirteen boys are separated and the boy in most cases lives with the mother.

Popularity honors are about equally divided between manual and history, arithmetic being next. Most boys said that they liked a subject because it was interesting or else they did not know why they liked it. Almost without exception English is the most disliked subject, the reason usually given being—I do not understand it—or—it is too hard.

Quite a number of boys enjoy dancing more than any other pleasure but the majority enjoy more active games such as basket-ball or foot-ball.

One hundred and thirty-three attend Sunday School regularly. One hundred and thirty can drive an automobile.

One hundred and seven boys work outside of school. They carry or sell papers, work in stores and offices, repair automobiles, sing in choirs and do many other kinds of work which can be done outside of school hours, earning from fifty cents to ten dollars per week.

Some folks say that boys do not like their teachers, but with the exception of two, every boy said he had generally liked his teachers.

At some time or other twelve boys have had the wanderlust and have tried to run away from home. Some of the reasons given were—I was peeved—I wanted to see the world—I went to see my girl—Don't know—Too long to tell.

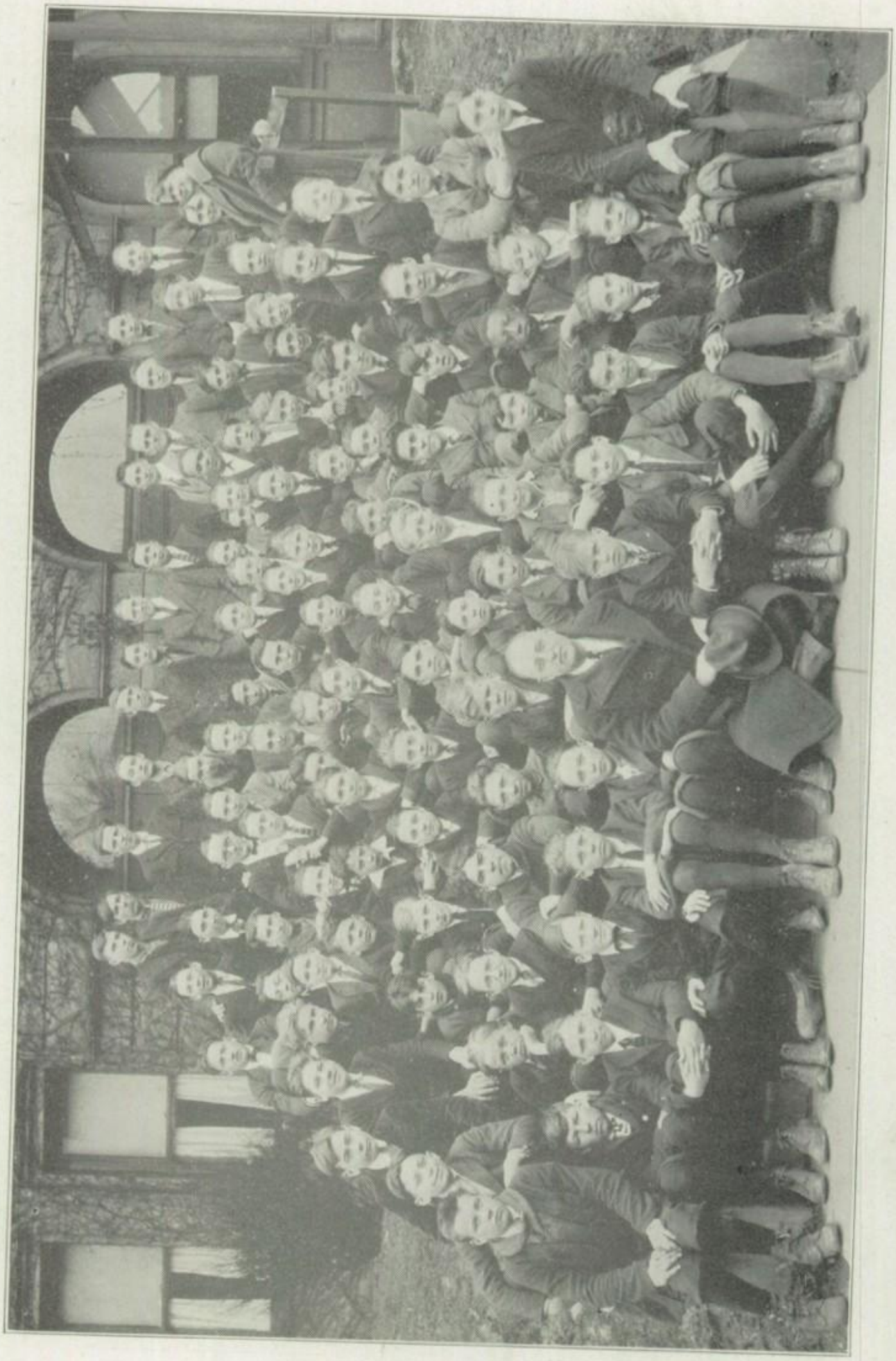
One hundred and eleven boys have tried at some time to smoke but only thirty-three still smoke and most of those only once in a while.

Nearly every boy in the eighth grade knows what vocation or profession he wants to follow when he grows up and most of them have aimed high.

There are many other interesting facts I would like to tell you about this fine bunch of boys in this unusual school led by such a fine principal—Mr. Williams. I tell you the other things some other time when the ink of the Techennial is dry and the covers have been worn from hard wear.

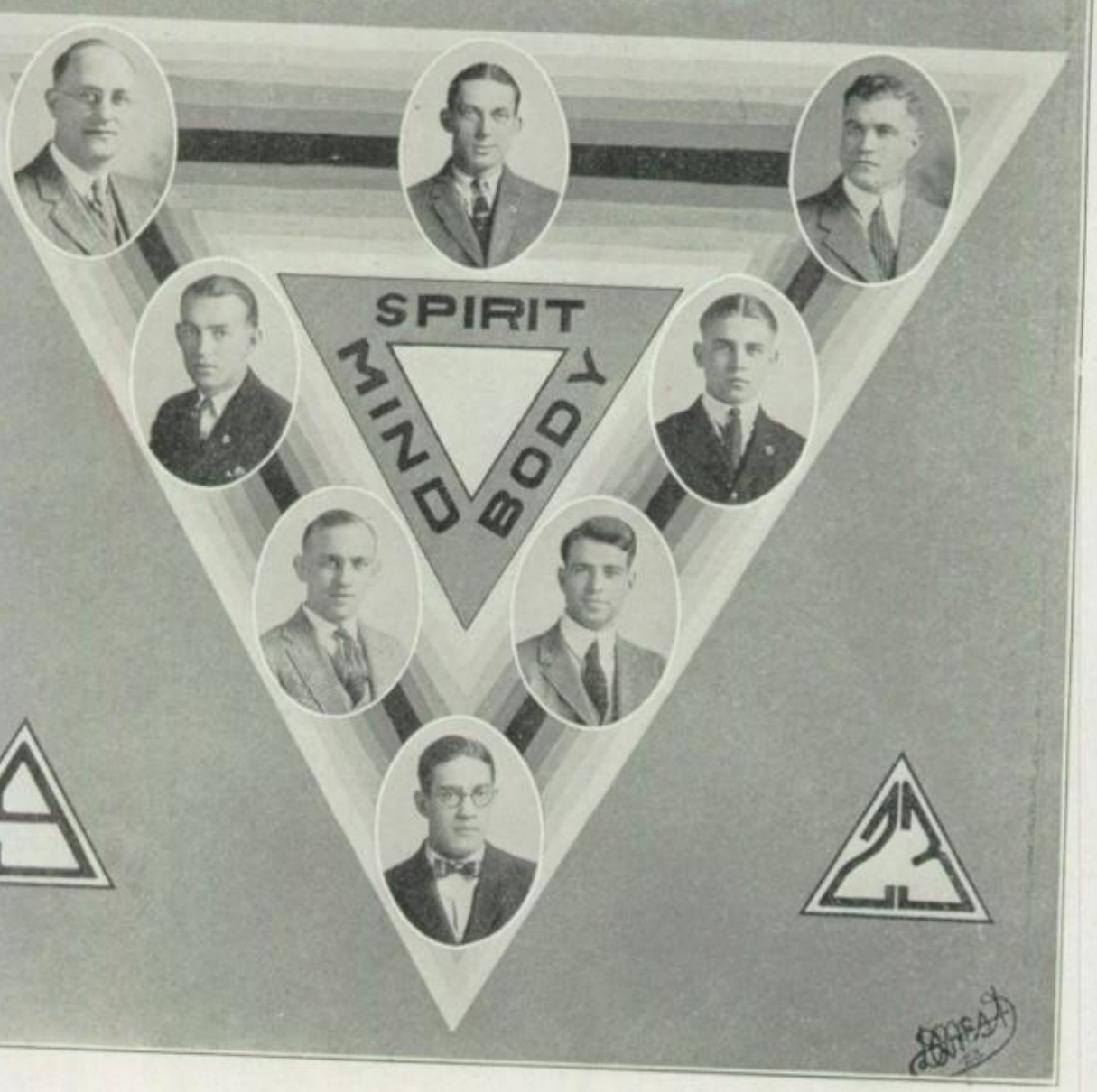
Yours for a "Prize Techennial" in 1923,

A busy contributor.



ACTIVITIES

WOODWARD CHI CLUB



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VIRGIL DEAN ---------- *Sergeant-at-Arms*
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Alfred Johns
Philip Kaser
Edwin Keller
Alfred Krob
Louis Kirshner
Lee Kiser
Carl Kahlert
Paul Koehring
Verne LaPlant
Richard Lang
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Adrian Ringman
Louis Ringman
Philip Riley
Willard Ramser
Joe Rohweder
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R. M. Sprague
H. E. Williams, *Principal*

THE HI-Y CLUB

As the gray of night closeth the perfect day, so the achievements of the Hi-Y Club in Woodward closeth this perfect school year of 1923. While we look back upon the events of the past year, many fond memories are reproduced. Many joys are brought back to us; may they ever be inspiring.

Several meetings were held during the year. The pleasures of these will never be forgotten. They proved to be a rendezvous of an elevating influence derived from the association with great minds. A partial list of the speakers and their subjects is as follows: Loyalty, Mr. Warden; Success, Rev. Edward Rowsey; The Master Man, Mr. Holmes; Co-operation, Mr. O. B. Kirk; The Conservation of our Physical Resources, Dr. Winfield Scott Hall; The Challenges of Jesus, Dr. Tullos, of Wittenberg University.

The initiation will be another lasting event in the minds of both the members and candidates. In speaking of an initiation the average person usually associates any amount of nonsense with this word. When an initiation is conducted in the Hi-Y Club, there is a presence of a noble uplifting spirit derived from our solemn ritual. The object of the Club is depicted before the candidates in an unforgettable way. Many of life's problems are portrayed before the boys, so as to leave a lasting impression of the Hi-Y Club.

An example of true friendship and real spirit was displayed at the two joint meetings of the Scott, Waite and Woodward Clubs. All prejudices that arise from athletics were forgotten in the ideal of a common purpose. At the first joint meeting an illustrative speech was delivered to the boys by Dr. Hall on Physical Resources in respect to Health, Education, and Character. The Challenges of Jesus were discussed at the second joint meeting by Dr. Tullos, President of Wittenberg University.

To open school activities last fall, the Hi-Y Club gave a Freshman Mixer for the boys. Many of the boys became acquainted with one another that evening, and an everlasting friendship resulted.

Service tests were performed by the Club throughout the year. During Christmas time many children's hearts were made happy by the presentation of a Christmas dinner by the Club. When Mr. Carver announced the World Outlook Fund Campaign, the boys immediately pledged their quota. In some instances it meant personal sacrifice of many pleasures; however, the quota was more than raised.

For real pleasure the award would go to the Friendship Hi-Y Parties. Last fall at the Y. W. C. A. camp about twenty boys were entertained at a dinner party by the Friendship Club. After the dinner several boys proved to be experienced helpers in the kitchen. In April the Hi-Y Club gave a party in honor of the Friendship Club. The boys were ideal hosts and furnished every moment with fun and frolic.

Will the Mothers' and Sons' Banquet ever be forgotten? That warm evening in May when the Mothers were the guests at a sumptuous banquet. The sons in solemn admiration confessed their love to their dear pal. As the evening progressed, toasts were given, speeches were made and eyes were filled with tears. Mothers' hearts were swelled with joy—the joy of real love between mothers and sons.

All is history now. Four successful years this club has faithfully played its share. Through all adversity the boys have stood by old Woodward. Under the able leadership of our President and guidance of our advisers—Mr. Williams, Mr. Carver, Mr. LaRue and Mr. Miller—worthy deeds have been achieved during the past year. These men, as father to son, have advised us in the trying hour of temptations. Mr. Williams, who is endeared to Hi-Y Club and looked up to as the ideal man, leaves Woodward but not the Hi-Y Club. Here he has found a life job and greater things will be accomplished in the by and by of tomorrow.

FRIENDSHIP CLUB REVIEW

The purpose of the Woodward Friendship Club is to stand for good school work, wholesome pleasures, helpfulness to others, a friendly spirit, and a normal happy friendship with Jesus Christ.

The Friendship Club was organized in the year 1919, and has always been an "up and doing" society. We had the privilege again, of having Miss Eldridge as our head adviser, and Miss Payne, and Miss Cornwell as our faculty advisers.

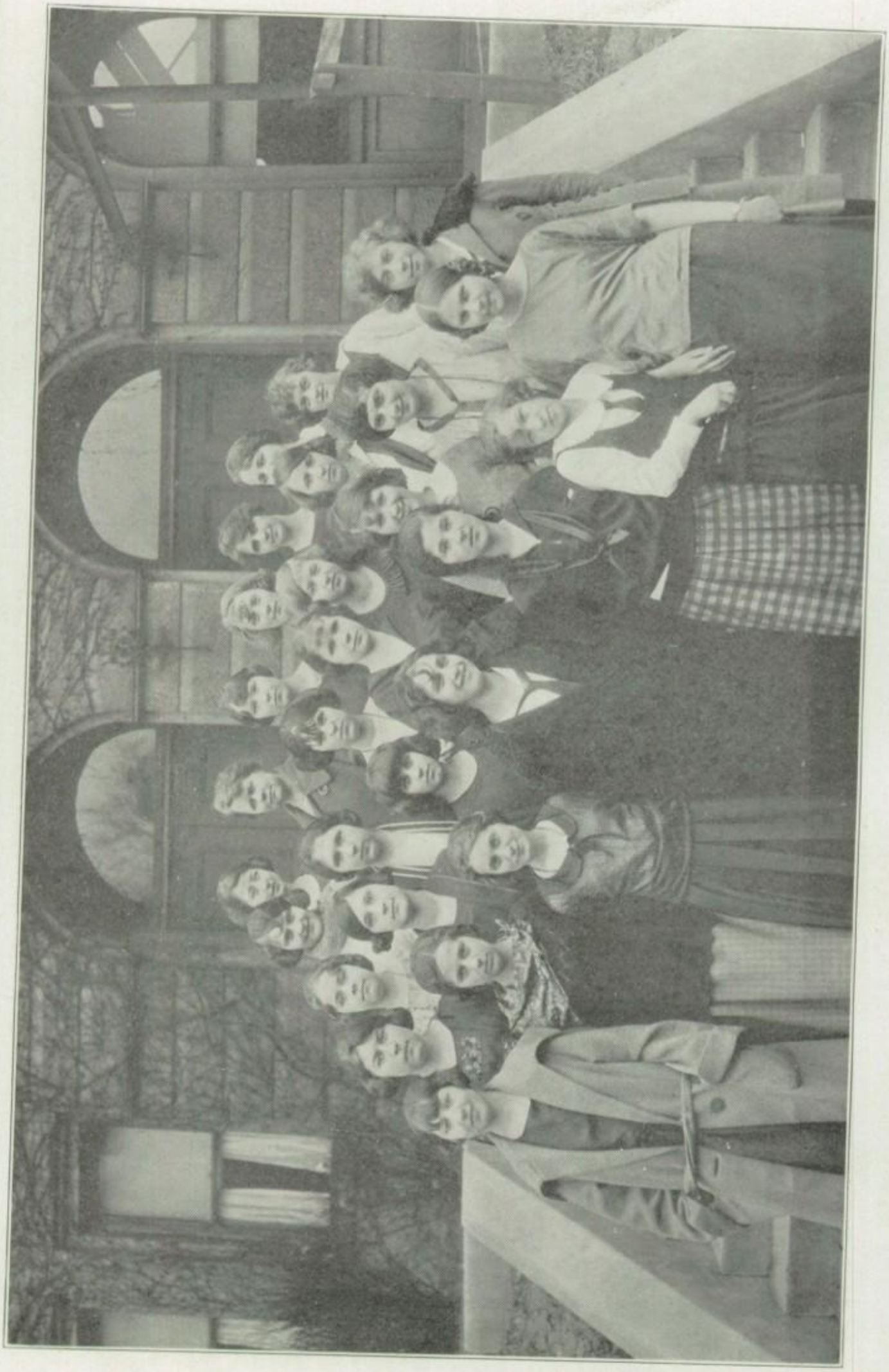
As our name means friendship, we have done all we could possibly do to promote a "friendly spirit" among the girls of the club and school. We have also succeeded very well in the social life of the club. Our week end at Restmore, Pot-Luck suppers, parties at the homes of the various members of the club, hikes and joint meetings with Waite, Scott and Nathan Hale Clubs have helped to promote the good times.

Even though our social times were important parts of our success, they did not constitute the whole of our year's program. Miss Payne's "Bible Talks" and talks on our purpose were very educational. Among our other speakers were Miss Cornwell, Miss French, Mr. LaRue, Miss Gillespie, Miss Anderson from the Y. W. C. A., Mr. Petree and Miss Eldridge.

At Christmas and Thanksgiving, and other times during the year, the club has done a great deal of Social Service work. It was greatly appreciated, and made the girls feel that it "was better to give than to receive."

Before school started in the fall, a Setting Up conference was held at Restmore. Here the cabinet members of Waite, Scott, and Woodward met to make plans for the coming year, and to form an Inter Club Council (At that time Nathan Hale Club was not organized). During the week-end of January 5, 6 and 7 a mid-winter conference was held at Grand Rapids, Michigan. Louise Herler, Luella Henning, and Dot Wrigley were sent as representatives, and brought back a great deal to benefit the club. Paper poppies were made for the American Legion, and the proceeds went towards the Summer Conference Fund.

On the whole, we feel that we have done a great deal towards the betterment of the school, and all of its activities.



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LUELLA HENNING ..... *Program Chairman*
LOUISE HERLER ..... *Social Chairman*
MILDRED SHINE ..... *Social Service Chairman*

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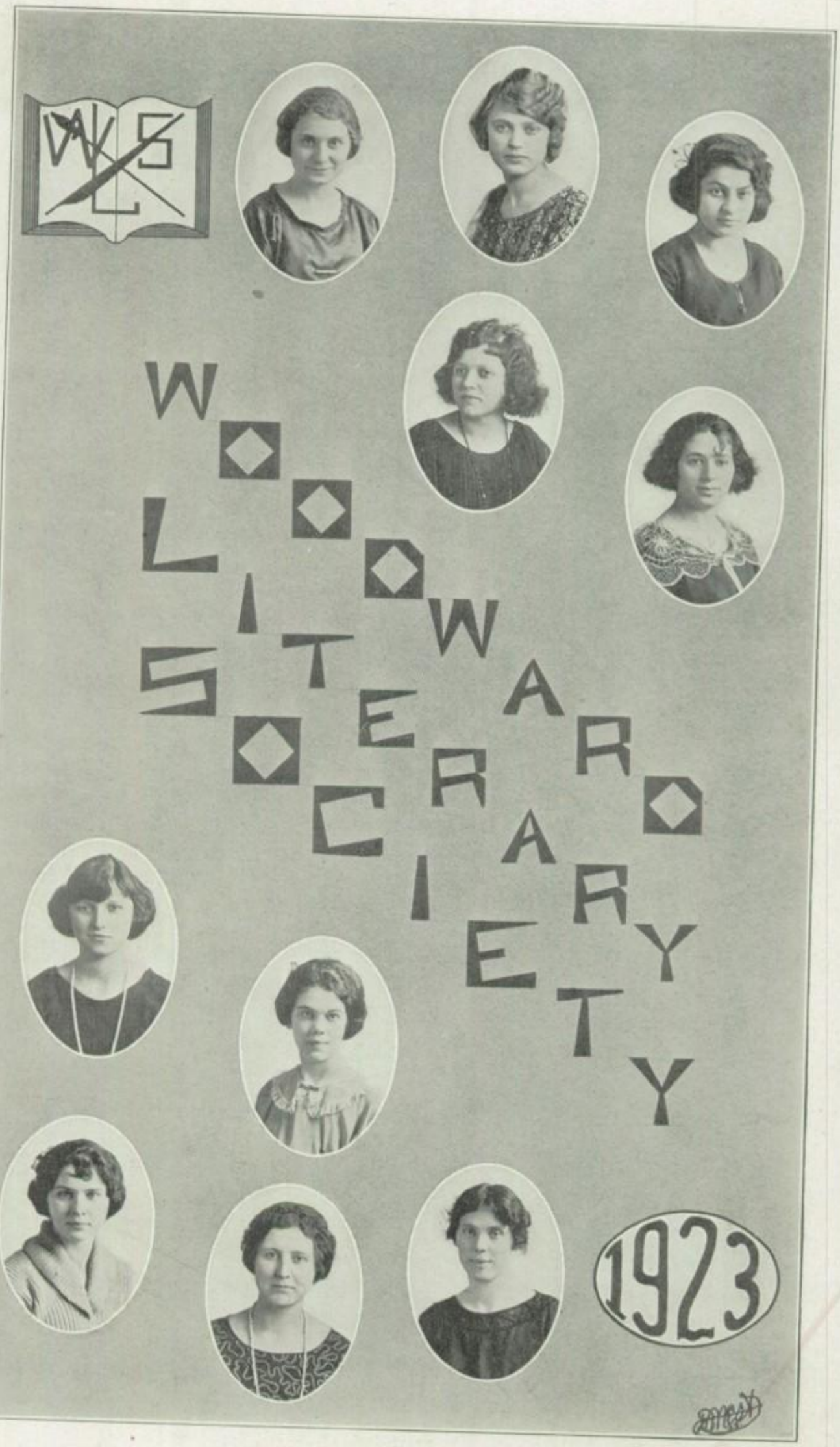
Pauline Banning
Alice Braunschweiger
Margaret Claus
Pearl Cooper
Bernice DeShetler
Mildred Dettinger
Hilda Greunke
Wilma Grote
Luella Henning
Louise Herler
Mildred Hostetter
Evelyn Knestrict
Mildred Leifer
Florence Matzinger
Ellen Matheson
Florence Nagel
Margaret Newill
Ruth Noyes
Gertrude Ramler
Marion Riley
Mary Runnels
Mildred Shine
Clara Sherman
Beatrice Stonehouse
Fanny Soldinger
Lucile Thorley
Evelyn Werner
Jeanette Winkler
Alverda Winters
Dot Wrigley


WOODWARD
SOCIETY
1923

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of
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Ruth Holliger	*Reporter*
Violet Meagher	*Chaplain*
Miss Gerdes, Miss Miller	*Advisors*

ROLL CALL

FRESHMEN

Genevieve Jackman
Helen Thorley
Florence Lieberman
Florence Nagel
Ethel Saxton
Ida Schwartz
Violet Stokes
Sophia Zaner

SOPHOMORES

Mary Bowman
Dorothy Bruhl
Mary Burton
Nina Conklin
Lillian Elsperman
Florence Henderly
Violet Meagher
Esther Menacker
Rose Mitchell
Helen Shickler
Lillian Weinstein
Clara Williams
Dorathea Wrigley

JUNIORS

Rose Bame
Genevieve Bell
Helen Bloom
Alice Bremfoerder
Edith Darlison
Belle Gothelf
Ruth Herman
Ruth Holliger
Bess Kaplan
Hazel Lazette
Margaret Lieberman
Suzanne Schneider
Frances Styers
Florence Suddaby

SENIORS

Florence Hengel
Myrtle Hubert
Irene Krupski
Margaret Leow
Margaret Metcalf
Lenore McElhenie
Lucile Thorley
Etelka White
Mildred Zenk

REVIEW

The Woodward Literary Society, composed of girls of recognized scholarship, is now completing its fourth and most successful year. The year has been successful not only in a literary way, but also in a social way.

Some of the social activities were: the "Lit." dance, pot-luck supper, and informal dances which are held after each meeting. The girls also brought to light their ability to act through several plays that were given during the year.

The society has also organized a basketball team which is composed of all star players. However, the literary work has not been neglected. The programs throughout the year have been a steady improvement.

In the preliminary debate held on March 23d, Florence Hengel, Alice Bremfoerder and Edith Darlison won the gold, silver and bronze medals, respectively, while Helen Bloom was awarded an honorable mention.

Many students who are interested in literary work became members during our big Membership Campaign.

We want to express our deep gratitude to Miss Gillespie, our past faculty adviser, and Miss Miller and Miss Gerdes, our present advisers, who have given a geat deal of their time to help make this year a success.

THE NAUTILUS LITERARY CLUB

"Non vita sine litteris"

"Build thee more stately mansions, oh my soul,
As the swift seasons roll.
Leave thy low vaulted past.
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"
—"The Chambered Nautilus"—Holmes.

The Nautilus Literary Club, an organization of talented boys, functioning through the school, now closes its fourth most prosperous year. The club's activities and meetings will be a memory of school days as the years roll by.

In our membership we have boys from all school organizations. We have been represented on every field of activity. The Presidents of the Engineers, French Club, Latin Club, and Glee Club are members of the Nautilus. The Presidents of the Junior and Senior classes and of the Student Council are from among us. The editor of the Tattler is a member, and the editor-in-chief of the Techennial and his assistant are members of the club.

The first big social event of the Nautilus was the banquet given in honor of the Woodward Literary Society. Through the aim of a common purpose, real friendship was developed at this time.

Among the social activities of the school one will remember the "Lit" dance of January 19th. Cassidy's Orchestra furnished the music for the dancers. A good number of the members attended with several of their friends.

On March 22nd, the medal debate was held in the auditorium. At this time five boys entered into an exhibition contest for the purpose of choosing a championship debating team. Medals of gold, silver, and bronze were awarded the winners by Mr. Williams—the contributor. John Albright received the gold, Vernon Dobson the silver, Melvin Lippincott the bronze, and Harold Hein honorable mention.

Other events on the calendar of the Nautilus which will happen while the Techennial is at press are the Championship debates and "Literary night." At that time we will give a public demonstration of the advance of the Nautilus in oral expression.

As we have just attained our most prosperous year, we can not help thinking of the sincere contributions that Miss Stein, our Faculty Adviser, has made to the Nautilus. Everything that we have set out to do has been accomplished by her help and many suggestions. We want to express our appreciation to Miss Stein for her helpful advice and to Mr. Williams for the medals which he donated.

NAUTILUS LITERARY CLUB

OFFICERS OF THE NAUTILUS

Harold Hein	*President*
Merle Young	*Vice President*
Melvin Lippincott	*Censor*
William H. Bahrs	*Secretary*
Raymond Hall	*Treasurer*
Edward Fanning	*Reporter*
Virgil Dean	*Chaplain*
Edwin Keller	*Sergeant-at-Arms*
Miss H. Stein	*Faculty Adviser*

COMMITTEES

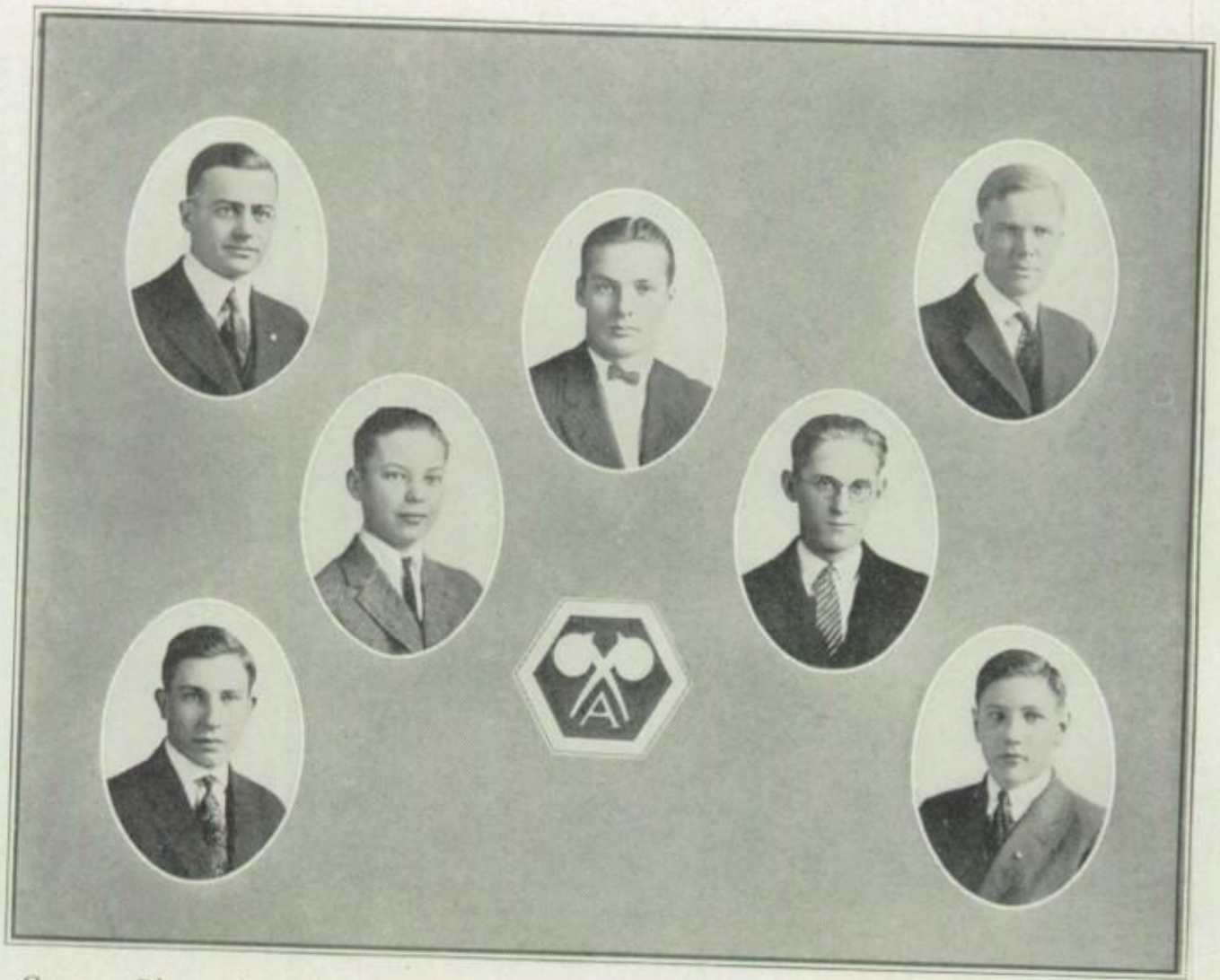
Membership Committee
Merle Young, *Chairman*
Edward Fanning
Chalfant Allam

Tattler Committee
William H. Bahrs, *Chairman*
Vernon Dobson
Raymond Hall

MEMBERS

John Albright
Chalfant Allam
Milton Altholz
George Astry
Fred Bahrs
William H. Bahrs
Bernard Bates
Virgil Dean
William Denton
Vernon Dobson
Arthur Eikost
Edward Fanning
Raymond Hall
Charles Hein
Harold Hein
Arthur Hissong
Alfred Johns
Philip Kaser
Edwin Keller
Richard Long
Melvin Lippincott
Howard Livingston
Oren Meachen
Frank McAvoy
Carl Monday
John Rietzke
Philip Riley
Arthur Sweet

Merle Young



COLORS—*Blue and White*

FLOWER—*Sweet Pea*

OFFICERS

ELMER L. CLARK ..... *Patron*
CHARLES E. STANEART ..... *Faculty Adviser*
FRANK LATHROP ..... *President*
EDGAR KIMBALL ..... *Vice President*
RICHARD MOLTER ..... *Secretary*
GEORGE ASTRY ..... *Treasurer*
EDWIN KELLER ..... *Sergeant-at-Arms*

MEMBERS

George Astry
Rose Bame
Emanuel Bloom
Helen Bloom
Alice Bremfoerder
Adolph Brown
Bernard Cousino
Edith Darlison
Vernon Dobson
Kent Fenton
Lloyd Grantham
Jay Growden
Florence Hengel
Ruth Herman
Myrtle Hubert
Karl Imholt
Alfred Johns
Ronald Jordan
Edwin Keller
Robert Keller
Edgar Kimball
Alfred Krob
Frank Lathrop
Richard Molter
Tom Owens
Clement Prestler
Elinor Pyle
Willard Ramser
Ben Salzman
Cora Sprow
Florence Suddaby
Florence Whitaker
Russell Williams
Merle Young
George Zelden

THE ALCHEMISTS

Three years ago the Alchemist Society was founded by a small group of students who desired to delve more deeply into the fascinating science of Chemistry. Since then the aim of this organization has ever been to create a greater interest in the romance of the test tube and microscope. The increased activity of the Alchemist during this year makes most evident the fact that we have successfully accomplished our aim.

During the year many men prominent in the world of science have delivered lectures before the Society. Our regular meetings have been productive of discussion on chemistry and the allied sciences. Members have been frequently called upon to address the society. The preparation and delivery of such addresses has been of great value in training the student to find essentials by research and to eliminate less important things by the exercise of good judgment. Thus by lecture, discussion, and discourse we have been enabled to obtain a broader perspective of the scientific world and its relation to the chemist.

The Alchemists have by no means confined themselves to their own particular interests, but have given their support to all activities tending to further the best interests of the school. They were first to initiate the honor system at Woodward and were responsible for its successful use in day classes in chemistry.

In spite of exacting entrance requirements the membership of the society has grown rapidly. Successful candidates for admission are deeply impressed by the initiation ceremonies and are inspired by the fine spirit of fraternalism existing within the organization. Our rapid and successful development is due in a large measure to the efforts of Mr. E. L. Clark, who has been a patron of the society since its beginning, and also of Mr. C. E. Staneart, who has come to us just this year.

In the light of past progress it is easily seen that the future of the Alchemists is most promising.

FRENCH CLUB OFFICERS

MERLE YOUNG ---------- *President*
DORIS BROWN ---------- *Vice President*
FLORENCE HENGEL ---------- *Secretary*
HAROLD HEIN ---------- *Treasurer*
JOHN DANIELS ---------- *Sergeant-at-Arms*
EDITH DARLISON ---------- *Reporter*
MISS MAY ---------- *Faculty Adviser*

Ruth Blankenstein
Mary Bowman
Doris Brown
Orris Brown
Bertha Coulson
John H. Daniels
Edith Darlison
Henry Dersher
Florence Hengel
Harold Hein
Irene Hettesheimer
Catherine Howard
Eleanor Kaniewski
Cyrilla Kolinski
Richard Lang
Gertrude Lesniewska
Harry Lipske
Salome Lipske
Claire Paypora
Harry Radlenski
Mildred Shine
Walter Suski
Hedwig Swiatek
Merle Young
Clarence Zeitler

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Time alone will decide whether an organization is worthy of existence. The French Club completes its second year of activity in Woodward, justly proud of its growth and increased importance in the school's social life. The purpose of this organization is to promote the study of French literature and to aid the student in acquiring fluent speech in the language. The great trouble in the study of a foreign language in the class room is that the student has but little opportunity to make practical application of his knowledge. He must converse in the language with others who have a knowledge of it. The French Club provides just such an opportunity.

In all our activities during the year we have kept in mind the purpose of our organization. French is spoken exclusively at all meetings. The little vowel sounds, the accents, and the soft nasal inflections no longer seem strange and difficult. Each member strives to perfect his pronunciation. Our common struggle to master the beautiful French language has brought us together in closer bonds of friendship.

At all times we have had the kind encouragement and able assistance of our faculty adviser, Mlle. May. To her we are greatly indebted for our success.

It is through the French Club that we have come to know and enjoy the culture of our French Cousins. The great treasure house of French literature has been opened to us. So worthy an organization as Le Cercle Francais is bound to endure.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY OFFICERS

PHILIP RILEY ---------- *President*
D. WILLIAM WEST ---------- *Secretary-Treasurer*
NORMAN RAMLER ---------- *Vice President*
MILTON BEAT ---------- *Sergeant-at-Arms*
W. F. ROHR and J. M. STERLING ---------- *Faculty Adviser*

George Astry
Milton Beat
Alfred Buchin
Bernard Cousino
William Denton
Jay Growden
Raymond Hall
Fern Hayes
Clarence Heinish
Donald Killian
Edgar Kimball
Lee Kiser
Alfred Krob
Edwin Lass
Webster Lowe
Norman Ramler
Willard Ramser
Edward Restemeier
Arthur School
Philip Riley
Reinhold Winvert
William West
Clyde Wagonhauser
Carlton VanDreisen
Franz Valtier
Walter Snyder
Donald Shelling
Jesse Sease

ENGINEERING SOCIETY

This coming June marks the closing of the second successful year of the Woodward Tech Engineering Society. This year has been successful not only in an engineering way, but also in a social way.

At its meetings the society endeavors to obtain speakers on the many very interesting engineering subjects, feats, and accomplishments. Most of our speakers usually have diagrams or working models to illustrate their educational lectures which enable the "Engineers" to see and review the many phases of Engineering as they appear in the industrial world. Many of these meetings were thrown open to the students and faculty of the school. A list of speakers and their subjects is as follows:

Mr. Repas—The Knight Motor.

Mr. Lok—The Willys Light.

Mr. Glenn—Manufacturing Pig Iron.

Mr. Fakehaney — Bertillon and Finger Print System of Identifying Criminals.

Judge Martin—The Lack of Interest in Public Affairs.

In order to have variety, we held an "Engineering Party" at the home of one of our members, Webster Lowe.

One of the many large undertakings of the Society was the Engineering Dance, one of the best ever given in the school.

The "Engineering Edition" of the Tattler contained the largest cut ever printed in it, with the exception of one of the basketball team printed three years ago. In this edition the Society maintained its reputation, and proved we have literary talent along Engineering lines.

In all editions of the Tattler a cut of the Engineering pin appeared at the head of Engineering News.

In order to become better organized, and to be able to co-operate, several joint meetings with the Scott and Waite Engineering Societies were held. Elaborate plans for the Second Annual Banquet of the Scott, Waite and Woodward Engineering Societies are being contemplated.

In closing its second year, we feel that the Engineering Society has held high its reputation as a leader in school activities. As the success of the Society reflects upon Dear Woodward, we predict a long life, overflowing with praiseworthy achievements.

WOODWARD LATIN CLUB

Chalfant Allam
PRIMUS CONSUL

Elinor Pyle
AEDILE-QUAESTOR

Norman Taylor
SECUNDUS CONSUL

H.F. Phipps
Faculty Adviser

DUDLEY WEST '23

CHARTER MEMBERS

John Albright
Chalfant Allam
Fred Bahrs
Genevieve Bell
Adolph Brown
Beck Colp
Cyril Fleck
Arthur Force
Cletus Hoel
Albert Lyon
William O'Hara
Donald Prager
Elinor Pyle
Charles Sarns
Harold Shapiro
Millard Stone
Norman Taylor
Harry Wolman
Sydney Yuro

WOODWARD LATIN CLUB

A newcomer into the groups of Woodward Organization is the Woodward Latin Club.

Last year a number of the people taking Latin I and II tried to introduce such a club, but since it was felt that they could not accomplish anything because they had had so little Latin, the organization was never completed. This year the same group together with Mr. Phipps succeeded in launching the club.

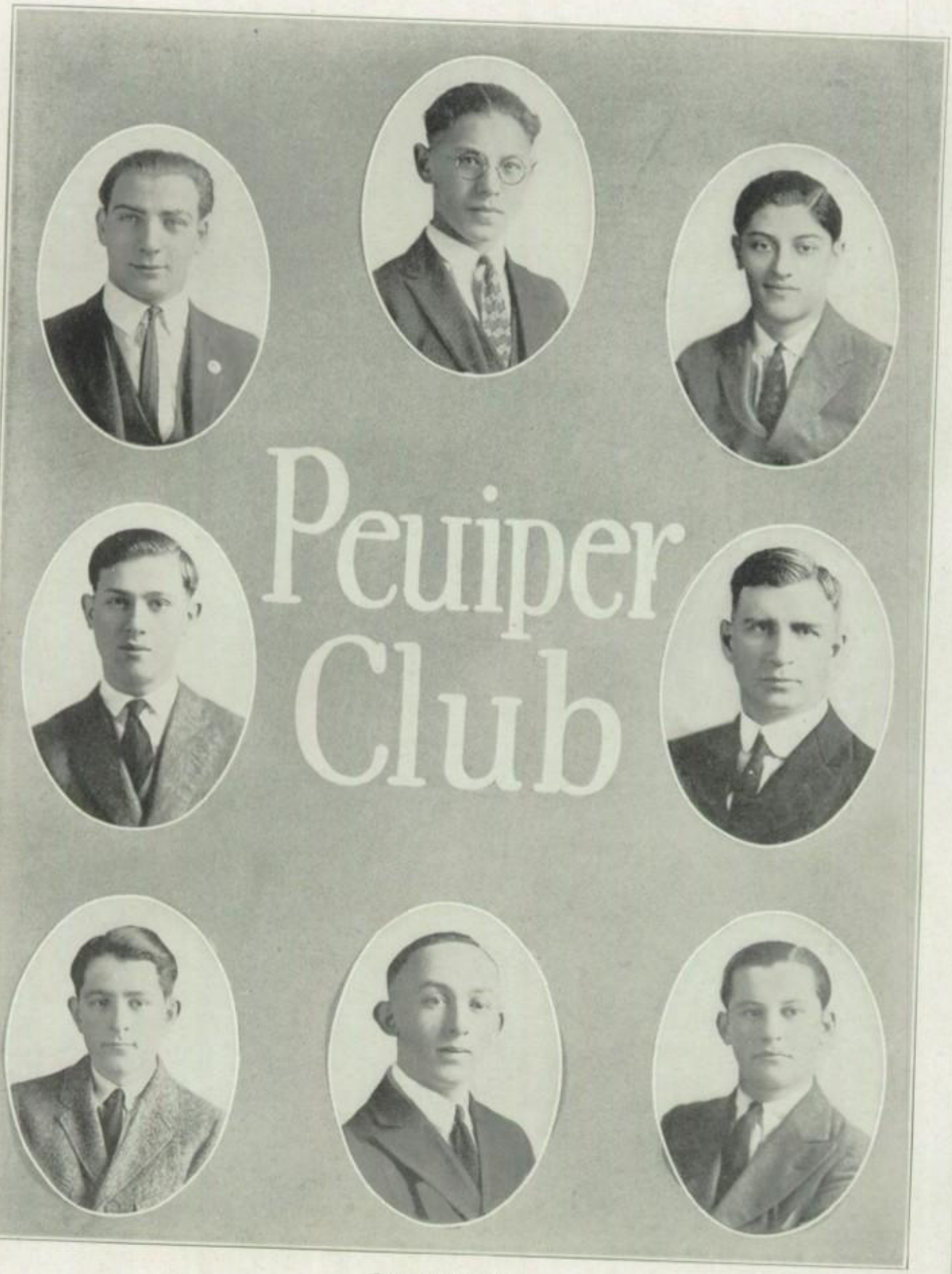
The constitution states, "The object of this club shall be to promote further interest in the study of the Latin Language, and to make a more intensive study of Roman Life and History." When we consider the thrilling civilization of the Romans more than two thousand years ago, the possibilities of the latter phase of our activity can be seen readily. We have kept our object in mind and have planned our programs with the result that the talks given by the members have done much to give us a clearer impression of Roman Life and Customs as they really existed in the times of the Caesars. Other talks have brought out more clearly the methods used in that famous army—The Roman Legions.

At the writing of this article preparations are being made for a program that will include both an outside speaker and some of the musical talent of the Latin classes. The Club is also planning to give a humorous playlet before this Techennial is published.

In Mr. Phipps' room a number of letters were posted at various times during the year, written by university deans and professors, all of which show that the writers highly favor Latin and the Classics as high school studies necessary to a man or woman entering college.

Without the aid of Mr. Phipps, who has heartily thrown himself into the work of the club, we would not have accomplished nearly so much as we have, because a club such as ours meets with many difficulties. This is especially true during the first year when the path must be picked among the rocks which precede the comparatively smooth road of the following years. However, with Mr. Phipps' help we hope that we have conquered the majority of these difficulties, and we are anxiously looking forward to the time when the club will be recognized as one of the powerful factors in bringing to the students a more valuable conception of Latin—probably their hardest subject.

It is our wish to publicly invite those Freshmen who continue their Latin to become members of the Latin Club in September '23.



Peuiper Club

OFFICERS

First Semester		Second Semester
Jos. Nathanson	*President*	Jos. Nathanson
Sam Goldberg	*Vice President*	Emanuel Bloom
Donald Prager	*Secretary*	Donald Prager
Louis Laderman	*Treasurer*	Louis Laderman
Isadore Wolman	*Reporter*	Adolph Brown
Hyman Weisberg	*Censor*	Hyman Weisberg
Isadore Shapiro	*Censor*	Isadore Shapiro
Morris Shall	*Sergeant-at-Arms*	Sam Goldberg

THE PEIUPER CLUB

The peculiar name "Peiuper" is derived from an ancient oriental word meaning "progress," and we believe that we have lived up to the name of the organization.

Since the club of '22 was composed largely of Seniors we were faced with the problem of reorganizing for the year '23.

Accordingly, during the second week of school we adopted a constitution to harmonize with our activities. Every month we have two meetings; one at school and the other in our club rooms at the J. E. L. Building. Our activities have been along literary, social and athletic lines. In literary work we had debates, speeches and discussions upon our school life, religion and every-day problems.

Under the directions of Morris Shall a minstrel show was given at the J. E. L. Building and the entertainment proved that there is much talent among the members.

The Peiuper Club basketball team was one of the outstanding features of the year. Even though small in stature, this quintet made up in speed, pass work and general efficiency what it lacked in size.

In looking over our record of excellent display of enthusiasm among the members throughout the year we must not forget to thank the officers who so unceasingly worked toward the betterment of both the club and the school.

WELFARE CLUB

OFFICERS

HAZEL LAZETTE ---------- *President*

MARGARET NEWILL ---------- *Secretary-Treasurer*

FLORENCE HENGEL ---------- *Reporter*

MR. M. T. SKINNER ---------- *Faculty Adviser*

WAYS AND MEANS COMMITEE

Dorothy Lutz
Irene Krupski
Edythe Hoag

THE OUTLOOK COMMITTEE

Mary Reynolds
Lucile Thorley
Gwendolyn Lauman

THE WELFARE CLUB

Woodward's spirit of charity is manifested in the Welfare Club which was organized shortly before Thanksgiving 1922.

The purpose of the Club is to help the needy of Toledo and its vicinity. This work in turn teaches the girls the fundamentals of Service and Sacrifice.

At Thanksgiving time the Club sent out baskets of food to fifty-eight needy families. Clothing was also sent.

At the Christmas festival the girls collected articles of clothing from their homes and friends, repaired them and presented them to the poor children. The sewing classes, under the direction of Miss French, have made eleven complete baby outfits, which were given away during the winter. Sixty-three children and several older folks have been clothed. Nine tons of coal have been delivered to cold families.

Although the first year of any club is the hardest, the Welfare Club is successful because of its thorough organization.

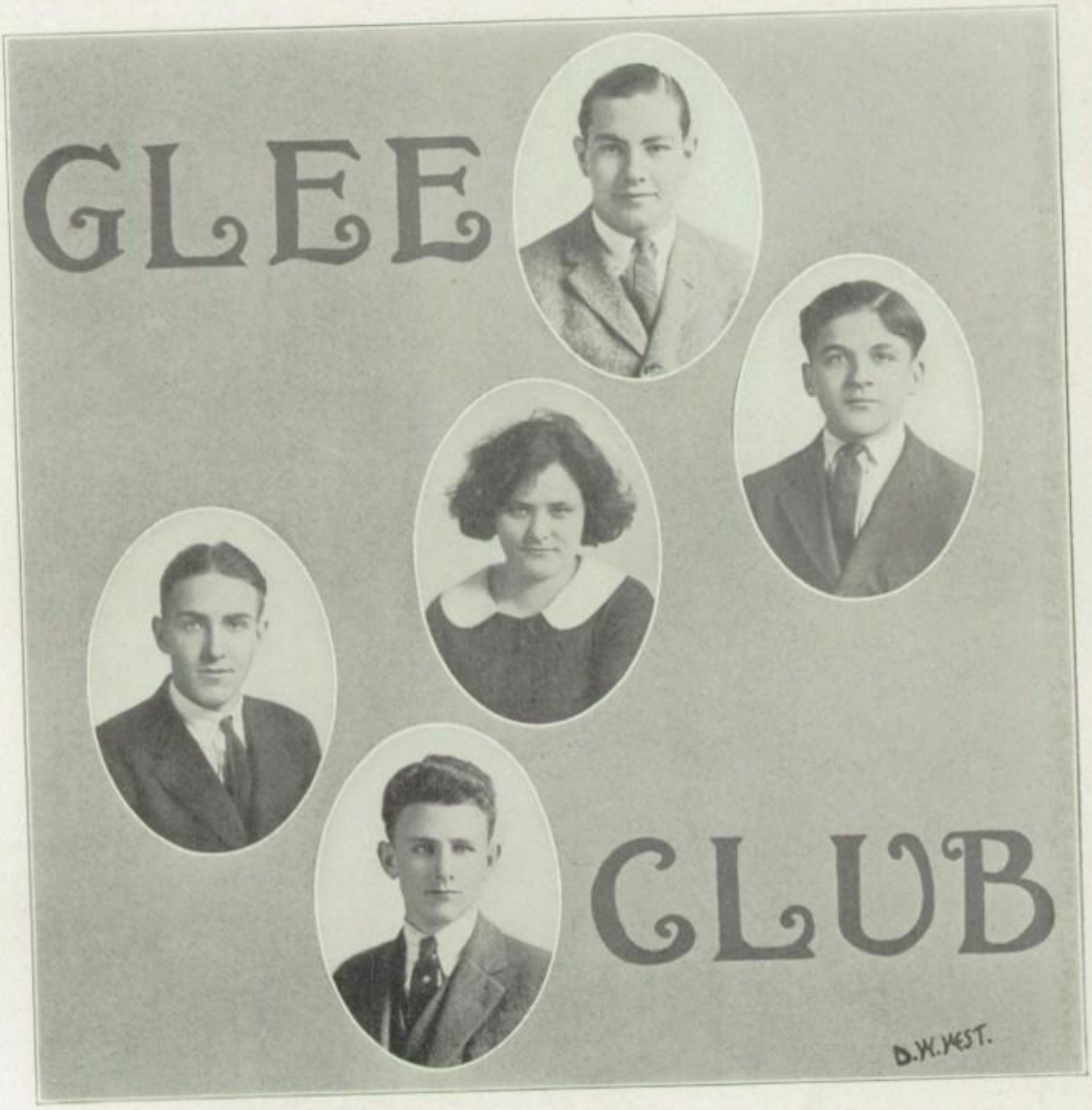
Two committees were chosen to assist the officers in directing the organization: The Ways and Means Committee to find means by which food and clothing may be procured, and the Outlook Committee, which is ever on the watch for needy families.

The entire organization is divided into thirty-one groups. Each group is divided into two committees—the Ways and Means and the Outlook Committees.

Through this system of organization so carefully devised by our faculty adviser, Mr. M. T. Skinner, each girl shares a part of the burden of the responsibility. The organization also works in co-operation with the Juvenile Court.

At this time each and every member of the club wishes to thank Mr. Skinner, the organizer of the club, for his discreet and judicious advice, and also the boys who so willingly gave up their time and the use of their automobiles to carry on our work.

Everyone at Woodward is positive of the success of the Welfare Club, for nearly every girl in Tech is a member.



OFFICERS OF THE WOODWARD GLEE CLUB

William Denton	*President*
Paul Clous	*Vice President*
Alice Adams	*Secretary-Treasurer*
Donald Wrigley	*Business Manager*
Charles Stuart	*Stage Manager*
Frances Lowe	*Publicity Manager*

Mr. Clarence Ball, Instructor

SOLOISTS

Helen Shinneman
Frances Lowe
Ethel Gent
Donald Wrigley
William Denton
Howard Livingston
Albert Lyon

SOPRANOS

Melba Reiter
Dorothy Shields
Anna Hughes
Catherine White
Ruth Stern
Adele Bliss
Severa Basilius
Elsie Hahn
Dorothy Schmoekel
Della Hammel
Dorothy Fallis
Frances Lowe
Helen Shinneman
Ruby Turley
Marcella Jacobs
Irene Swiatek
Irene White
Genevieve Bell
Eleanor Kaniewski
Margaret Hite
Ethel Gent
Esther McPhee

ALTOS

Dorothy Weick
Margaret Metcalfe
Lillian Greunke
Sigrid Blankenhagen
Gladys Grover
Mildred Ehlert
Alice Adams
Gladys Colson
Georgia Yarick
Dorothea Bigelow

TENORS

Edward Fanning
Ralph Peters
Paul Clous

BASES

Howard Livingston
Victor Riley
Albert Lyon
John Taylor
Herbert Yokom
Roy Williams
Charles Mungiven
Charles Stuart
Donald Wrigley
Edward Zent
Arthur Hissong
William Denton

LA JUNTA CASTELLANA
OFFICERS

ADRIAN RINGMAN ..... *President*
ED. RESTEMEIER ..... *Vice President*
MARGARET LIEBERMAN ..... *Secretary*
IRINE KRUPSKI ..... *Treasurer*
ALFRED BUCHIN ..... *Sergeant-at-Arms*
EMANUEL BLOOM ..... *Reporter*

La Junta Castellana is the only Spanish organization in the Toledo High Schools.

Because we were handicapped by a late start this year, it was first intended that we bend our efforts towards building up a fine club for the school year 1923-24. But as a result of the real co-operation of our members and the capable supervision by our teacher and friend, Mrs. Benedict, and in spite of this handicap we carried to conclusion an unusually ambitious program.

After we overcame our shyness it was comparatively easy to conduct our meetings entirely in Spanish. With the aid of slides and interesting talks, we have studied the people, customs and occupations of many distant lands. We certainly have accomplished much in a beneficial way.

We are proud to count among us many of the prominent students of Woodward. With this energetic "bunch of live-wires" can any one doubt that next year will find our organization ranking with the best?

MEMBERS

Emanuel Bloom
Helen Bloom
Alice Bremforder
Alfred Buchin
Vernon Dobson
Kent Fenton
Mildred Gilson
Florence Hengel
Ruth Holliger
Catherine Howard
Edwin Keller
Louis Kirschner
Irene Krupski
Margaret Lieberman
Esther Menacker
Joe Nathanson
Ed. Restemeier
Philip Riley
Adrian Ringman
Louis Ringman
Harold Shapiro
Isadore Shapiro
Robert Smith
Thelma Soloman
Bernard Squires
Arthur Sweet
Lillian Weinstein
Hyman Weisberg

PERSONNEL OF THE TATTLER STAFF

Merle Young	*Editor-in-chief*
Melvin Lippincott	*Assistant Editor*
Florence Hengel	*Literary*
Vernon Dobson	*Exchange*
Ben Hirsch	*Comics*
John Albright	*Features*
Ruth Holliger	*Society*
Mildred Gilson	*General Topics*
Harry Stapleton	*Athletics*
Dorathea Wrigley	*Reporter*
Chalfant Allam	*Reporter*
Earl Feltman	*Reporter*

TATTLER

Back in 1919 the first Woodward Tattler was issued by the Junior High School. You remember that was before the advent of the Senior High. What a funny little paper it was—four pages of cheap blue paper, filled with poetry, funny personal jokes, short articles, etc. Only about four issues were printed on better paper. While several of the numbers were increased to six or eight pages, the standard was still four.

The 1920-21 volume showed improvement over those of the previous years. Although most of the Tattlers were still only four pages, twenty-four numbers were printed—more than ever before.

In the last two years the Tattler has shown great improvement. Practically the same staff has had charge of our paper both years. It has been enlarged from a four to a standard eight page paper, the largest that can be handled by our print shop with its present equipment. A number of good cuts have been published from time to time. The Type of "copy" has changed materially. In the past quoted poetry, quoted articles, and other quotations were printed quite frequently. This has greatly changed. Today all or nearly all of the material printed in the Tattler is original, coming from the staff and in lesser quantity from the contributions of the school at large. This change has been one of the greatest factors in bringing about a more personal touch between the paper and the students.

STUDENT COUNCIL

DUDLEY WEST

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The election was on. Alumni would hardly have known the Woodward assembly rooms. Friends of candidates pleaded for them with earnestness and with humor. We realized in those days how many able young leaders we had. In the balloting, a lesson or two in co-operation was learned.

The sessions have begun. It is too early to appraise the work at this writing. Will some of the members of today be revered by the next school generation as the Washington, Adams and Jefferson of W. T. H. S.? This we know, that the beginning is good. There is a common sense and an atmosphere of purpose and responsibility about the deliberations so far. The members are practical and have their feet upon the ground. They are grappling with real problems, the solution of which will help the great majority of us, problems such as security of our belongings in our lockers, and the running of entertainments given by classes or organizations. The members and their capable President have vision, too—ideals of a better Woodward,—and are forward-looking.

For those who are not familiar with the make-up of the Student Council it may be stated that it comprises the Principal, the elected President, and representatives from the Faculty, the school at large, each of the four classes, the Hi-Y Club, the Friendship Club, the Engineering Society, the Woodward Literary Society, the Nautilus Literary Society, the Peiuper Club, the Alchemist's Club, and the French Club. Every important group, you see, is represented.

The Council has the power to make laws for the general good of the school and to decide about our general activities, subject to the veto of the Principal. The constitution seems sound, but if it proves otherwise, it can be amended. It is based on the experience of other schools.

The student council idea is, as of course you know, not original with us. We can only say that in this movement we are in the front division of the high schools. After a prolonged study of self-government in many schools, Principal Nelson A. Jackson says in the magazine Education: "For success there must be strong sentiment in favor of the idea, and also strong, influential student leaders, who can and will make the student body feel its responsibility in the matter."

Satisfactory results in a certain large high school of New York City are summed up in this way: "Improvement in school spirit; less occasion for discipline; willingness to accept responsibility without question; cultivation of self-reliance; and, in general, an increase in the happiness of the student." If the most of these results are attained in our school some day, the students now serving you in your Council will feel that the giving of their time and energy has been worth while.

WOODWARD BAND

The Band of the Woodward Tech is one of the most interesting classes in the school. Organized and equipped by the J. W. Wainright Company last September, it has enjoyed a healthy growth and is constantly improving. It started with the unison scales and simple exercises prescribed for beginners and has consistently worked its way thru more and more difficult music. At this writing it is capable of playing a widely diversified program of music that many older and more pretentious organizations would hesitate to undertake.

Of the value of the school Band there can be no question. We have always maintained that the best musical experience to be had comes thru Band and Orchestral work. When adequate instruction is given, absolute precision in time and tune are acquired by the players to a degree impossible in any other way. Many boys and girls take up some Band and Orchestral instrument and in an aimless and slipshod manner become able to play a simple melody without much regard to tune or rhythm. These we term "Tune Players," inasmuch as when compelled to work in concert with other players, they immediately reveal their sad lack of real knowledge of the fundamentals of time and tune.

Band music is something more than melody and each section of the Band has its own part to perform and these parts are widely divergent. For instance, the Cornet Section, usually at the right of the Conductor, is composed of Solo, first, second and third parts. The Clarinet Section, usually at the left of the Conductor, is divided in the same manner as the Cornets; but the Clarinet with its reed tone is pitched higher and in many instances supplies the brilliant arpeggios and rapid variations of the theme that make modern Band music so delightful. The E flat Clarinet and piccolo supply the highest notes in the composition and are very difficult to play in tune. The Saxaphone Section is divided into Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Baritone and C. Saxaphone. The Horns or E flat Altos, usually just in front of the Conductor, are divided into first, second and to convey to the lay mind a very comprehensive idea of the instrumentation of the melody. The Trombones, usually seen n the rear and to the right of the Conductor, are divided into first, second and third or bass Trombone parts. These instruments are frequently given Solo passages and their strong solid tone is unmistakable among the other voices of the Band. The Baritone is unique in a way because of its great range and versatility. It has many beautiful Solo parts to play but is often required to play an accompaniment to the Solos of the other instruments. The Bass Section of the Band is made up of ponderous instruments and is usually divided into E flat Bass, which is the one most generally used, and the BB flat Bass which plays the lowest notes of the Band. The percussion section or Battery of the Band usually consists of small Drums and Bass Drums with cymbals. First Class Concert Band usually carry Tympany or Kettle Drums and a set of Bells or chimes.

We feel that the foregoing brief description of the modern band is inadequate to convey to the lay mind a very comprehensive idea of the instrumentation of the concert Band, but space forbids a more detailed account. Our main idea, however, in giving the makeup of a full or complete Band is to show the difficulty of the student to play acceptably to his Conductor or the public, without being entirely proficient on his instrument, and without a well grounded knowledge of Music.

Our Woodward Band is recruited from all sources and we are happy to say that a harder working group of boys cannot be found. They are in every case very much in earnest and one and all are slowly but surely pressing forward toward better things. When we look back to last September and consider how far they have advanced, we feel very proud of them.

The Schools of Toledo are entitled to more and better facilities for the study of Band Husic. We have the vision but the means are lacking. Band Music in the High Schools has come to stay. Let us hope that the day will soon come when Toledo High Schools may be as proud of their Bands as they are of their justly famous Football and Basketball teams. There is plenty of material in the rough, but the workers are indeed few.

Woodward Band is composed of the following boys:

NAME	INSTRUMENT	CLASS
Earl Mayer	Solo Cornet	Junior
David Pugh	Solo Cornet	Sophomore
Ottley Markwood	First Cornet	Seventh
Ortez Beaverson	First Cornet	Freshman
Glen Goings	Second Cornet	Eighth
Joseph Hammel	Second Cornet	Seventh
James Weyer	Third Cornet	Seventh
George Parkin	Fourth Cornet	Eighth
Herman Osborn	Solo Clarinet	Senior
Paul Richmond	Solo Clarinet	Eighth
Ray Bond	First Clarinet	Eighth
Ralph Snyder	Second Clarinet	Sophomore
Alexander Shears	Third Clarinet	Eighth
Paul Hartman	Alto Saxaphone	Freshman
Guy Dick	Alto Saxaphone	Sophomore
Valentine Thomson	Saxaphone in C	Eighth
Harold Gustin	First Horn	Eighth
Merlin Grills	Second Horn	Eighth
Maurice Levey	First Trombone	Sophomore
Frank Lightfoot	Second Trombone	Senior
Charles Sarns	Baritone	Sophomore
William Eberlin	Bass	Senior
Eddie McDonald	Small Drum	Sophomore
George Burkhart	Small Drum	Seventh
Sam Rogolsky	Bass Drum	Freshman

SOCIETY

IRENE KRUPSKI

PAGES FROM A WOODWARDIAN'S DAIRY

Friday, Sept. 29, 1923

The Hon. Hi-Y Club took it upon themselves to mix the Freshmen. Mixed! I'll bet they feel as if they had been put through a sausage grinder with the illustrious upper classmen (Sophs, don't take this too seriously), and had come out so thoroughly mixed that nothing could ever separate them.

However, before the grinding they were rather cold and stiff; so somebody or other got up a snake dance through the hall and yelled as if they were afraid of the snakes. Then Mr. LaRue, Daddy Sprague, and Mr. Rike decided to play "hot land" with the boys. If they had as much fun playing it as we had watching them play it, they certainly must have enjoyed it immensely. I guess the Hi-Y Club thought the Freshies had not yet become acclimated to the usually quiet, calm atmosphere of the High School parties, because a boxing match was held between "Wild Wooly" Don Wrigley and "Kill 'um" Cousino. Three rounds were fought with Carver as referee. The fight was awarded to Wrigley because he covered the most ground.

The speakers for the evening were Mr. Sprague, Mr. Rike and Mr. Harold Hein. Mr. Rike tried to consume two minutes for his speech. "Daddy" Sprague told several funny jokes, at which everybody laughed including the Freshmen. After the speeches we sang some songs and gave a few yells, and then, as it was almost ten minutes to eleven and several Freshmen were on the verge of going to sleep, we went home.

Friday, October 27, 1923.

Witches, goblins, black cats, and all,
Pasted on the walls of the Ballroom hall,
Music, weird and wild, filled us with glee
'Cause it was made by a very good orchestra.

The orchestra was Kneisel's, but I couldn't make that rime at all. The dance was given by the Woodward Literary Society. It was a costume dance—you should have seen them sheiks and everything inspiring. Well I think I shall expire if I don't get to bed shortly, as I'm dead tired. Those sheiks weren't what you'd call fairy-like to say the least, and weren't a bit particular about stepping on satin pumps—especially mine.

November 11, 1923.

Oh, I'm simply dead—I mean I would have been if I had danced another time. That Athletic Dance has certainly made me feel like a ball that has been jumped on and thrown around by a bunch of—wonderful men. I didn't intend to end that sentence that way, but I just couldn't help it. They certainly know how to dance as well as they know how to play the game. The Black Cat Orchestra played with ther usual vigor, which is saying a lot.

I did have a delightful time though, and mustn't forget to have Mother let my dress down. All the girls had on long dresses and they really are quite becoming. Anyhow it's the style.

December 8th, 1923.

According to an article in the last Tattler, the Senior Dance I attended tonight was to be the best dance ever given. The floor was to be in better condition than ever before and the "Black Cat" Orchestra to be superb. Well, it was, and what more can be said? There was just a large enough crowd to be comfortable. Mr. and Mrs. LaRue and Mr. and Mrs. Clark chaperoned.

January 19, 1923.

Well, as I was saying (to quote from Virgil Dean), a good many students missed the finest time of their lives when they missed the Nautilus Dance which was held in the school hall. The walls were not decorated, not even with flowers, and the floor was not too slippery, even though Lawson Wright did carry the waxing can around all evening. Therefore the evening passed so quickly that before we knew it the orchestra, which was doing fine, began to play "Home Sweet Home."

February 2, 1923.

I surely had a good time tonight at the Junior party. We danced in the hall for a while, and then some one told us that if we would please slip into the auditorium, we would be highly entertained. We tried our best to follow these directions, but the stairs were something of an impediment. Well, anyway we got there, and this is what happened.

Phil Riley and Mr. Phipps gave a few humorous stories. The next number was a violin solo by Esther Potosky accompanied by Ruth Blankenstein. Then we were delighted with a vocal solo by Earl Rush, a Junior High boy. Then the next number was a scream. In fact, it was entitled "A Technical Operation" by the Hein and Heinish Company. Edith Darlison made a charming nurse, and should certainly enter the medical life. We never saw a doctor handle his weapons more gracefully. And, marvel of all marvels, the patient recovered. Following this was a moving picture with a sweet old fashioned heroine, and a dashing "1910" hero. It was very amusing and ended well. As that was the last number on the program, we adjourned to the hall for some more dancing; late refreshments were served. After these, Miss Cornwell and Mr. Phipps said they were satisfied and ready to leave. Soon every one followed in their footsteps.

February 9, 1923.

Tonight I attended the Operetta, "Cherry Blossom," gven in Scott Auditorium, by Mr. Ball's singing class. We, Dorothie, Catherine and I, arrived just as the curtain was rising. A very pretty scene it was—a Japanese Tea Garden with Cherry Blossomed trellises and wicker furniture.

Don Wrigley was the funny man of the evening (not for the first time of course) and did remarkably well. Helen Shinneman had one of the leading roles. She has a beautiful clear voice and we always appreciate her singing. Frances Lowe, in her red jacket, did very well also.

Well, I think I'll just paste the program right in here.

Cast of Characters.

Cherry Blossom—Brought up as a daughter of Kokemo, in reality Evelyn Barns of New York, U. S. A.----------*Helen Shinneman*

Kokemo—Proprietor of a Tea Garden in Tokyo, Japan---*Donald Wrigley*

John Henry Smith—A New York guest of Mr. Worthington----------*William Denton*

Henry Foster Jones—Jack's pal----------*Edward Fanning*

Horace Worthington—A New York stock broker who is entertaining a party of frends with a trip to Japan on his private yacht----------*Cletus Hoel*

James Young—Worthington's Secretary----------*Charles Stuart*

Jessica Vanderpool—Worthington's niece----------*Frances Lowe*

Togo—A Japanese Politician of high rank----------*Albert Lyon*

Chorus—Geisha Girls in Kokemo Tea Garden, American girls and men, guests of Mr. Worthington, visiting Japan on his private yacht.

The Story of the Play—

Time—The present.

Place—Tokyo, Japan.

Act I—Afternoon.

Act II—Night of same day.

Act III—Night one week later.

FEBRUARY 21, 1923

Everything was just glorious tonight, but I'm dead tired and fear that I shall have to celebrate Washington's Birthday in bed. That seems a very disrespectful thing to do, still that's the way he spent his birthday.

We got to the Woman's Building, where our marvelous Senior Prom was held, about eight forty-five, and were rather surprised to find a good sized crowd so early. From the very beginning we had a good time. Kneisel's Toledoans, after they discovered that we wanted to dance instead of roll, played very well. Oh, the gowns were gorgeous, and the floor was awhirl with baby blues, fiery reds, soft rose pinks, and sea-foamy greens. I always feel sorry for the stronger sex when I see such beautiful clothes. How dull it must be for them never to plan and think about all those little details of apparel so interesting to girls. However, they have us to look at, so that's probably some consolation. The poor dears did seem to have a good time though, especially Ernie Rutter (Margaret was there), Guy Dick, and Dana Fearing, who may establish a dancing academy some day.

Well, regardless of our wishes, midnight came, and the chaps., Mr. Williams and Miss Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Petree, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, and Mr. and Mrs. LaRue, decided that the floor had had enough hard use for one evening, so we went home.

MARCH 9, 1923.

Oh, that Engineering Dance! It certainly was the real thing. There was a large crowd, and I didn't notice anyone sitting out many dances. This was probably due to the fact that Leon Seymour's (should be called dance-mor's) Orchestra furnished the jazz. A clever stunt of the evening was the throwing of a spotlight on a large painting of the Engineering pin which was on the wall. But, oh boy, that wasn't anything compared to the fun we had dodging three hundred rolls (so they said) of serpentine that was thrown around. I don't think Miss Stein and Miss French have got over the effects of that shower yet (take that as you will). I know that if the strong and sturdy Engineers give a dance next year, I'll be there.

February 23, 1923

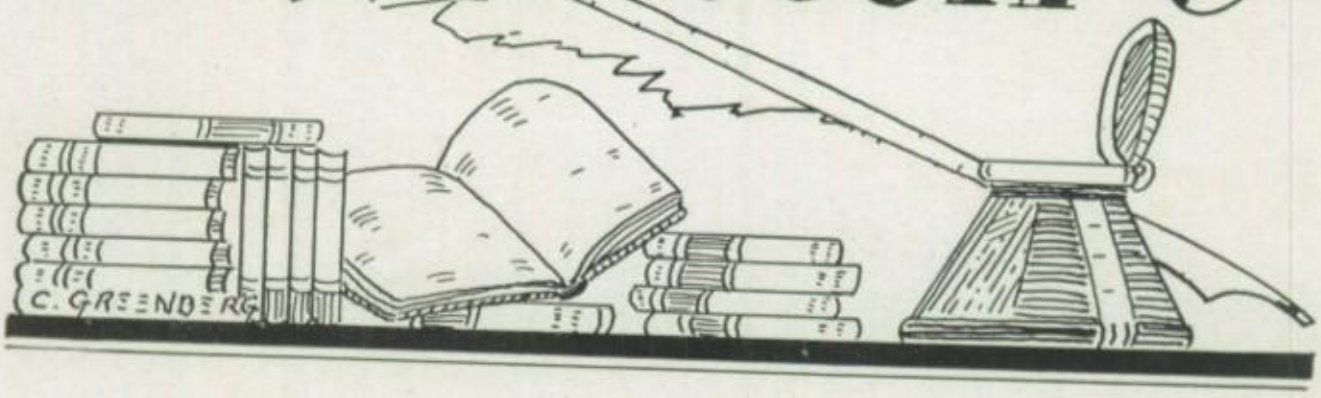
The Sophs. gave a party tonight, Ha! Ha! It wasn't like the smarties party though, 'cause there was a "great big crowd." Some of them had a hard time getting in too, as this was a very exclusive party, and all for fifteen cents. We had to pay that large amount on account of the refreshments—ice cream and cake. Web Lowe said that he enjoyed it twenty-five cents worth and wanted to give Dorothy Wrigley the extra ten cents, but she—generous girl that she is—told him not to bother. "Anyhow," she said, "You were one of the official entertainers." He, together with Harold Kern, Bob Smith and George Curson put on a negro show that was a scream—might know it would be with Bob or Harold in it. At eleven o'clock the party broke up as all the ice cream and cake was gone.

April 9, 1923

The "Lure of the Labrador" was a delightful lecture by a charming man, Dr. Grenfell, the noted author and physician. Since we had been hearing so much about Dr. Grenfell, I had of course drawn an imaginary picture of him—tall, dark, robust with a rather deep penetrating voice. Fancy my surprise when we were introduced to just a medium sized man, gray-haired, who talked with peculiarly pleasing accent. Indeed I was pleasantly surprised! As he talked I knew that I should have known before—that here was a truly human man—one with ideals, one who had had a vision and had made this vision bring about great changes in humanity—Dr. Grenfell.

He told us many of his experiences in Labrador and, by request, the story of his dangerous adventure on an iceberg. Then came the colored slides—beautiful scenes of the northland and, also some pictures of the natives. He showed a picture of one of the best Labrador hospitals which we know was erected through his efforts After the slides, moving pictures were shown of the same scenes; these were even more vivid and interesting than the slides. Through these pictures and Mr. Grenfell's lecture, I think that all those attending it have formed a new opinion of Labrador and the things that need to be done there. And Mr. Grenfell himself is a real inspiration.

literature



THE IRREPARABLE HURT

"Bill," I asked the former idol of one of the city's many high schools, "what was the cruelest thing that you ever did?"

"Well, Chile," he replied, "I guess about the cruelest thing that I ever did was to tie a can to that dog's tail. You remember the one I mean. But say, that's a funny thing to ask a fellow."

"Listen, Bill, you may think that that was the cruelest thing, but I happen to know that it wasn't. Want me to tell you about it?"

"Sure; let's have it," was the response.

"Bill, do you remember that kid that used to continually 'tail' around after us? He never said much, but his eyes spoke when his lips were silent. Bill, that boy adored you; he put you up on a pedestal away from the rest of the 'bunch' and worshipped you. You didn't realize it, but there wasn't anything that you could have asked that boy to do which he would have refused. You never saw the look of longing that used to creep into the lad's eyes when you carelessly tossed your sweater—which he would have given worlds to hold—to some indolent fellow who would throw it on the bench beside him rather than lovingly caress it and tightly hold it as he would have done. I think that it must have hurt the boy more than it did you when you made a 'bum' play on the football field; the way his eyes lighted when you starred would have stirred the most hard-hearted person in the world. I realize now that you did not know all this at the time; had you known and then acted as you did, there would have been no punishment severe enough to atone for your crime, for there is no crime comparable with that of undermining the pure and wholesome illusions of a boy just entering his teens.

"Bill, one day you were alone with another boy in the locker room—at least you thought you were alone. However, this boy was sitting just behind the row of lockers against which you were leaning, and he heard every word. How do I know all this?

One of those strange, freakish circumstances, when nature or fate or some other unseen power carries the ball of our existence across the line of worthwhile experience. For, Bill, that experience was worth everything to me. With apparently no object in view I sauntered over to the gym. Entering the alley between the lockers where the boy was sitting, I stopped before he saw me; something in the look on his face held me, and I listened to the things he heard. You said things that afternoon, Bill, things that no boy under any circumstances should ever utter, things that caused me, only a listener, to blush. When I recovered from my surprise, I turned and looked at the boy. I don't think that I have ever seen a person look quite so pitiable and pathetic as that poor boy did. It was as though the very ground upon which he was standing had suddenly caved in and let him drop to some unknown level. For a full five minutes he sat, his head drooped and his whole body hunched forward, looking at the floor, apparently, although I doubt whether he saw it even once. Finally he raised his head and, sighing deeply, squared his shoulders; resolutely closing his mouth with a firmness that belied his eyes, wet with tears, he slowly rose and left the room. As he passed me, I noticed the eyes become hard and cold even though the tears were not dry, and I knew that you had passed entirely out of the life of our present governor.

"Now can you guess why you lost that state franchise which Gov. Whiting could have granted to you so easily?"

Bill, rather pale, buried his face in his arms from which position he replied, "Yes. I think I see," was all he said.

"Shall we go to him and try to explain things?"

"No. It would be quite useless," came back the response.

Charles Chalfant Allam.

"NUMBER 13"

"What a handsome woman!" was the general whisper of approval among the noted social and political men in the Carleton's ballroom. The woman in discussion could be seen at the far end of the room, surrounded by a group of distinguished generals and other officers of the United States Army.

The beautiful features of Madamoiselle DuPont were clearly brought out by the brilliant lights over head. This clever debutante, a newcomer among the circle of society followers, created a sensation wherever she went.

While she was conversing with one of the members of the aforesaid group, the hostess, approaching, informed her that she was wanted at the telephone. For answer to her "Hello," Mlle. DuPont heard a gruff, sharp masculine voice inquiring, "Number 13?" She cautiously replied in the affirmative. "Is it O. K." continued the speaker at the other end of the line.

"Yes," was the concise answer.

"All right—don't forget to be at the appointed place by 12:30 sharp." Upon finishing these words, the mysterious speaker hung up his receiver.

When Mlle. DuPont finally escaped from the ballroom, leaving quite a few men protesting and disappointed, she hurriedly called a taxi and drove to an obscure section of the city. After she had alighted, she waited until the cab was out of sight; then turned her footsteps towards an old, tumble-down shack. There she rapped twice, and was admitted by an old hag, who, upon recognizing her, led her to a small chamber, where, seated around a dilapidated table were four vicious-looking men. Upon her arrival, the occupants of the gloomy meeting-place greeted her eagerly.

"Wall-l, Thoiteen," drawled one masculine figure who seemed to be the leader of the gang; "youse're on time. Hurry up an' spill de beans."

Number 13 seated herself next to one of the gang and proceeded to tell her tale.

"Well, when I arrived, I was ushered into the ladies' dressing room. As I came in long before the rest, I had plenty of opportunity to look around; so I lingered in the hall. The first thing I noticed was an ancient trophy case against the wall. Glancing at the case, my eyes rested upon the drawer which you described. When no one was in sight, I quickly went up to it, and in no time I had the drawer opened. It was an easy thing to do, for you gave me that stolen key."

"What did youse do wid dat document?" interrupted the leader.

"I hurried back to the dressing room and deposited it in the secret lining of my coat," continued Mlle. DuPont, "and I just had time to go down to the ball-room before anyone missed me." "Here," she concluded, producing the documents, "are the papers that you wanted for so long."

Spider Jim, the ruler of the underworld gang, seized the papers, whereupon all the group except Number 13 devoured the plans in the documents. Ejaculations of surprise could be heard from each member of the illegal group. Unnoticed, Mme. DuPont slipped away and went to her temporary room above, locking the door.

After she had changed her gown to one more appropriate for the time and place, Number 13 brought forth a comb. The comb was a perfectly gorgeous affair, designed in colonial fashion, and elaborately carved. No wonder, with her woman's vanity she had taken the comb along with the legal documents. Too wise to inform the gang about her additional theft, she kept it herself.

When she finally jumped into bed, she couldn't sleep. So many things had happened that week. First, the meeting with the strange gentleman at the opera; then the invitation by this man to the Carleton's formal dance; and lastly, the dance itself, with the theft of the papers and comb. This last act rested lightly on the conscience of Number 13 known as Mlle. DuPont to the society world. Ever since she had been a child, she had been reared to take things. Because of her extraordinary beauty, she could easily get whatever she wanted. This was her first year in New York, and, posing as an ardent society debutante, she succeeded in becoming acquainted with the most important leaders of the social world. She had left the sheriff in her home town puzzled about her new residence.—All these incidents passed through the mind of Mlle. DuPont before she slept.

Next morning Number 13 awoke to hear the cry of many newsboys' "Extry! All about the big Carleton robbery!"

Mlle. DuPont, suddenly realizing the enormity of her deeds of last night, shivered. "What if they should catch me?" was the thought constantly flitting across her mind. When she was calmed by the thought that she surely would be the last person suspected, she heard again from outside, "Extry! Extry! Big clue! Extry!"

Rap! Rap! Rap! Number 13 jumped. "This will never do," she considered; "why should I be so nervous?" Opening the door, she was confronted by Spider Jim.

"Hurry Up!" he shakily gasped, "Dump your clo'es in a bundle, 'an' do what I tells you! De bulls 'er after us." With these words, he ran down the rickety steps.

In no less than five minutes, the young woman appeared before the gang, dressed in a suit, cape, and a heavy veil. Taking her through an underground passage, Spider Jim led her to a narrow side street.

"Jump in de cab, be quick about it," directed Jim. Number 13 did as she was bid. Soon she found herself moving out of the city limits. Suddenly the taxi stopped and she got out. The driver handed her an envelope and drove away. Opening the parcel, the girl found a paper telling her where to go. Following the directions of Spider Jim, Number 13 took a train at the nearest station.

She traveled for hours until she was thoroughly fatigued. The conductor's monotonous shout of the names of the passing towns seemed to accentuate the distance that she was placing between New York City and herself. Soon the train lessened its pace, and Mlle. DuPont, who had been lightly dozing for the last ten minutes, shifted her position and listened to the Conductor's shout, "Uniontown, Pa.!" Suddenly it flashed through her mind that this small town would be an excellent place for evading the police. So she descended from the train, forgetting the small parcel which she had taken with her for this unexpected journey.

She walked and walked and walked. As the day was beautiful, she did not notice the amount of distance she was covering. At last, attracted by the glittering beauty of the mountains which appeared before her view, she walked toward them, and wandering about, soon discovered an opening that led to a cave. Curiosity prompted her to explore it; so, ignorant as to the dangers before her, she entered, and, becoming interested in the first opening in the side of the cave, forgot that the day was slowly passing away.

When she did realize that night was approaching, she decided to leave. She followed the path by which she thought she came, but instead, plunged deeper and deeper in the dark gloomy cave. Finally she stumbled upon a ledge that looked like a ladder, and climbed it; she sank exhausted on a boulder. Out of sheer weariness Mlle. DuPont fell asleep. When she awoke she looked about her, seeing nothing but quiet darkness. The very stillness of her surroundings affected her nerves. Clutching her cape, she accidentally touched the comb in her secret pocket. Mme. brought it forth from its hiding place, and unaware of her nervous actions, placed and replaced the colonial relic in her hair.

What was that noise? What object was peering forth at her through the dismal cloak of obscurity? With a shout, Mme. DuPont ran from the ledge and tripped against a rock on the ground, dropping her comb, and forcibly striking her head against a rock directly ahead of her. Blank darkness,—then slowly, her vision fading gradually away, Mlle. passed from this world to the unknown.

"Extry! Extry! All about the big arrest in Carleton robbery!" cried newsboys dodging in and out among hurrying passersby, trying to sell them papers.

"Here, boy!" called an elderly man. The paper carrier ran to his customer and made a sale.

"Well, so they've settled this Carleton case," said the customer to his companion, several years his junior.

"Yes," was the answer. "It's about time. Spider Jim and his gang should have been intercepted long ago. They say there's a woman in the case, but Spider Jim has confessed, without giving the name of any woman." So saying he turned the paper to the second page and notice in large headlines:

"SOCIETY BELLE MISSING"

It is reported that Mlle. DuPont, a popular society leader, has been missing for the last few days. Rumors are that she is resting from the fatigue of social rounds, and that she will soon appear more charming than ever.

Margaret Lieberman.

A FLAPPER'S FLOWERS

"I say," said Ruth Cast to her friend Agnes as the two were lounging in the cozy corner of their room at college, "hasn't Jim been a little lax with his attentions?"

"Lax!" repeated Agnes. "My word, what do you want? What doesn't he do for you? Why he—"

"Aw, maybe all this petty stuff is just a stall. Why, as long as I've been at school, he has never sent me a flower," said Ruth.

"Flowers indeed," retorted Agnes. "He knows you need flowers as bad as a starving man needs shoes. Furthermore, I'll give you that new hat if he sends you any while you're here."

"That hat is mine," said Ruth and off she rushed to her secretaire. When she finished writing, she gave the sheet to Agnes to read.

Dear Jimmy:

How are you Jimmy, dear? I am very sick. The Doctor says I must stay in bed because my nerves are almost wrecked. I'm so lonesome. I've had nothing to cheer me up since I've been sick. Jimmy, were you ever wrecked? Well, some day I might show you what it is like. Agnes picked the nicest little violets for me today. That box of candy you sent me was just fine. The doctor said that I shouldn't do a thing. So I will have to say good bye.

With love,

Ruth.

"Not so bad," said Agnes when she finished, "but it won't work."

"We'll see," said Ruth.

James Manning, son of lawyer Jacob Manning and a partner of the firm "Manning and MacDonald" was very much upset upon receipt of a letter in the morning mail. Truly, those few lines must have been very important, for did not Jimmy—the immovable, whose tranquillity of mind had never been disturbed,—did not Jimmy read those few lines over and over again with many a long sigh and glance at a little photograph on his desk. He had received a similar letter a week previous and answered it immediately. Evidently, the cause of all this disturbance of mind had taken a turn for the worse; Algernon Dent, Jimmy's rival, who had just returned from a trip in his new car, reported, with a twinkle in his eye, that Ruth was low. Jimmy was not to be convinced however, and now, as he sat before his desk, he thought that she might be very sick. With this thought in mind he rushed to the telegraph office and ordered the florist near the college to send their best bouquet to Ruth. Much relieved he walked down to the club where he was joined by Algernon and a few other friends.

"What's the matter, Jim?" asked Algernon, with a wink at the rest.

"Too much work, I suppose," replied Jim.

"We'll have to jolly you up a bit," said Algernon.

Everything at college had not worked out as Ruth had planned.

"How does he get that way?" said Ruth.

"What did I tell you?" replied Agnes, with satisfaction.

"I'll show him," said Ruth.

She then wrote the second letter, and thanks to her training, she got results immediately. That evening she invited all her friends to her room. There, amidst their applause, she told them of her brilliant success. They crowned her Cleopatra and celebrated the occasion by telling of their escapades until the dormitory rang with their laughter.

The girls of the college always gave a grand ball just before the mid-year holidays. This year they intended to eclipse all other balls that had been given. Ruth intended to outshine everything on that night. She conceived the idea that orchids were the only flowers she would take. Immediately she wrote Jim asking him to be the goat.

Dear Jimmy:

Are you working hard in that office yet? You must be tired out. The doctor says that if I stay in for another week I shall be well enough to go home for the holidays. It is awfully tiresome to be confined. It nearly bores me to death. Jimmy, you darling how could you think of sending me such lovely roses? But you should have seen what Agnes brought me this morning. A most magnificent orchid. I will have a lot to tell you when I go home. So good-bye for one week.

Yours forever,
Ruth.

On the morning of the day of the ball the orchids that she ordered from Jimmy arrived. As the dressmaker had sent her dress and Agnes had bought the hat, everything was set for the grandest evening of her life. Very early did Ruth and Agnes begin to make their toilette. At eight o'clock, when Algernon called to escort Ruth to the ball, she finished putting on the finishing touches. She was truly a queen. Sheba, herself, would have been jealous of Ruth's beauty. They soon arrived at the ball. Half an hour afterward Agnes drew her behind some palms and pointed down the hall. At the other end stood Jimmy. Ruth's eyes opened wide with fright and she looked at Agnes askance. Agnes looked at her and laughed. Hastily gathering her wits she sped to the telephone and asked if Jim had been to the dormitory. She was told that he had not. Determined that she would not be caught bluffing, she told Agnes to say that she was sick. She then started for home, but was intercepted as she was going out.

"Say, you, what's the hurry?" asked Jimmy and then went on, "Do you know that you have gone just about the length of your share of the rope? That was the most nervy thing that anybody ever—"

"But—" almost sobbed Ruth.

"All right," said Jim weakly, "how about the next dance."

"All yours," smiled Ruth with a sigh of relief.

Jay Growden

Manual Department

ALEXANDER, W. R.----------*Machine Shop Practice*
BACKUS, A. G.----------*Drafting*
BARGMAN, MARY----------*Continuation School—Home Making*
BAUMKER, HARRY----------*Part Time classes*
BERKEBILE, BESSIE----------*Continuation School—Retail Selling*
CROUSE, S. B.----------*Woodwork*
FRENCH, IRENE ----------*Sewing and Dressmaking*
McINTYRE, C. E.----------*Shop Mathematics and Science*
MERRILL, R. O.----------*Auto Mechanics and Electricity*
MONTGOMERY, HUGH ----------*Printing*
NISSEN, THEODORE----------*Sheet Metal Work*
ROHR, W. F.----------*Drafting*
SIPE, LATHA ----------*Continuation School—Academic Classes*
SLOCUM, HAROLD ----------*Woodwork*
THOMPSON, O. M.----------*Drafting*
VOGLER, F. J.----------*Joinery—Pattern Making*

The year just passing has witnessed some vital changes in the Manual Training and Vocational Departments. It has been the policy of these departments to be as progressive and up-to-date as it is possible to be, therefore several new ideas are now being worked out. A number of new lines of work have also been introduced. The work in these departments in past years has been confined principally to activities for boys, but this year a full time teacher of sewing has been on the job, and it is hoped that next year still more work will be offered for the girls, in fact, great things are in the air, and in the near future, the Vocational work offered at Woodward will be the equal of any in the state of Ohio.

A little over a year ago, the only vocational work offered in the day schools of Toledo was the Part-Time work for factory employees. This work reached only a limited number of people, and most of these were grown men. In November, 1922, the first day Vocational class for school pupils was opened to the city. This was the Machine Shop Unit-Trade Class at Woodward Tech. At the opening of the second semester in February 1922, a second class was opened—the Unit-Trade class in drafting. During the present year, five more classes have been opened. These classes are in Wood Pattern making, Printing, Sheet Metal work, Auto Mechanics, and Tailoring.

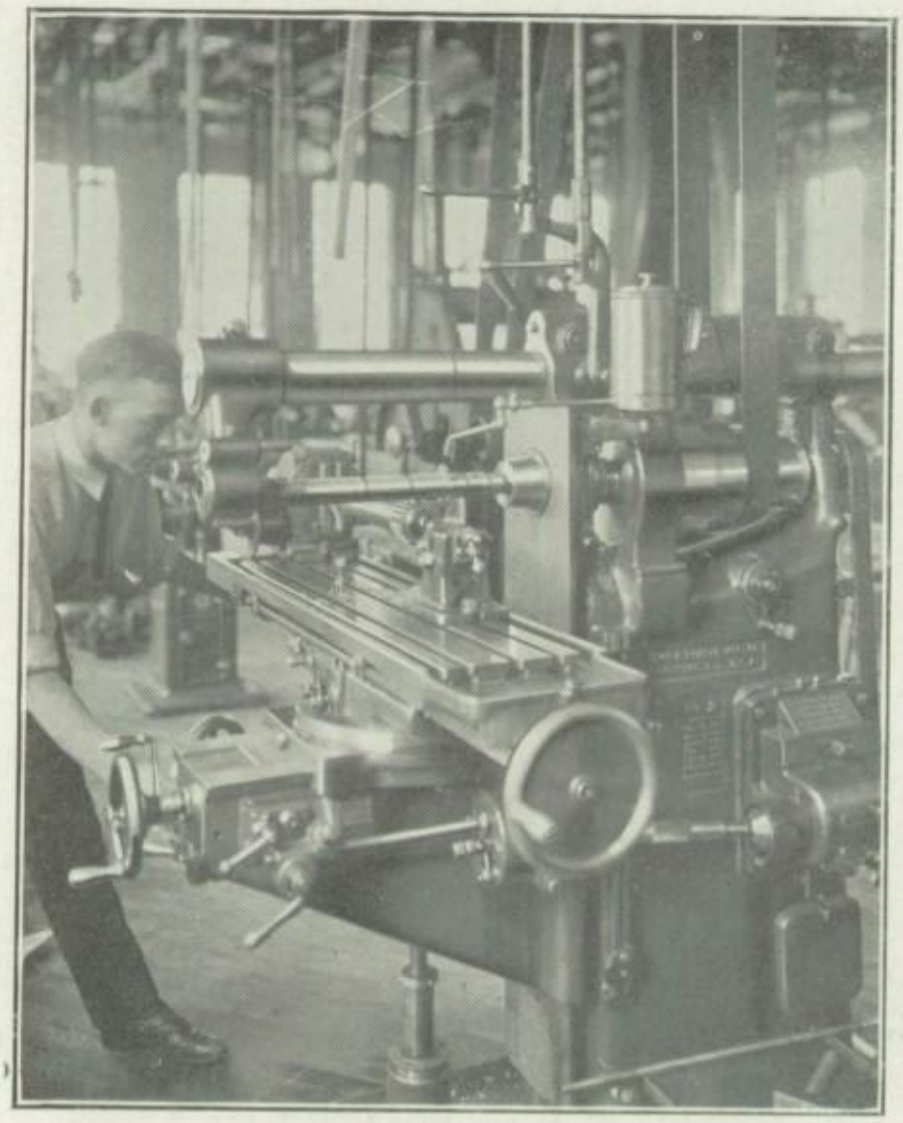
What are these new types of classes, and why have they been added to those already in our course of study? Statistics show that only about forty out of every one hundred pupils who enter the first grade reach high school, and of these, about twenty leave the high school by the end of the Sophomore year. What becomes of those who leave school before they reach the second year of high school? Most of these pupils enter industry, and it is to provide training for those who enter industry that these Trade courses have been added to our already crowded course of study. In these classes, one half the day is spent in learning the trade that the pupil elects, and the other half is spent on related and academic studies. The main purpose of this work is to train for useful employment. In other words, these courses do not prepare for college entrance, but do prepare for entrance to industry. In providing these classes, the Board of Education is endeavoring to provide work of high school grade for the boy and girl who cannot go to college.

Many other Vocational classes are planned, and it is hoped that we will eventually be able to offer pupils training in almost any line they desire. Many classes are also planned for those already employed. Among those planned are classes for apprenticed plumbers, carpenters, and electricians.

In Manual Training work, Woodward offers a greater variety of work for its boys than any other high school in the city, but is way behind in the work for the girls. In the senior high school, this department offers for boys during the present year, courses in Printing, Forging, Sheet Metal Work, Machine Shop Practice, Electricity, Joinery, Cabinet making, Pattern making, Mechanical and Architectural Drafting. For the girls, but one subject was offered during the past year, and that was Sewing and Dressmaking.

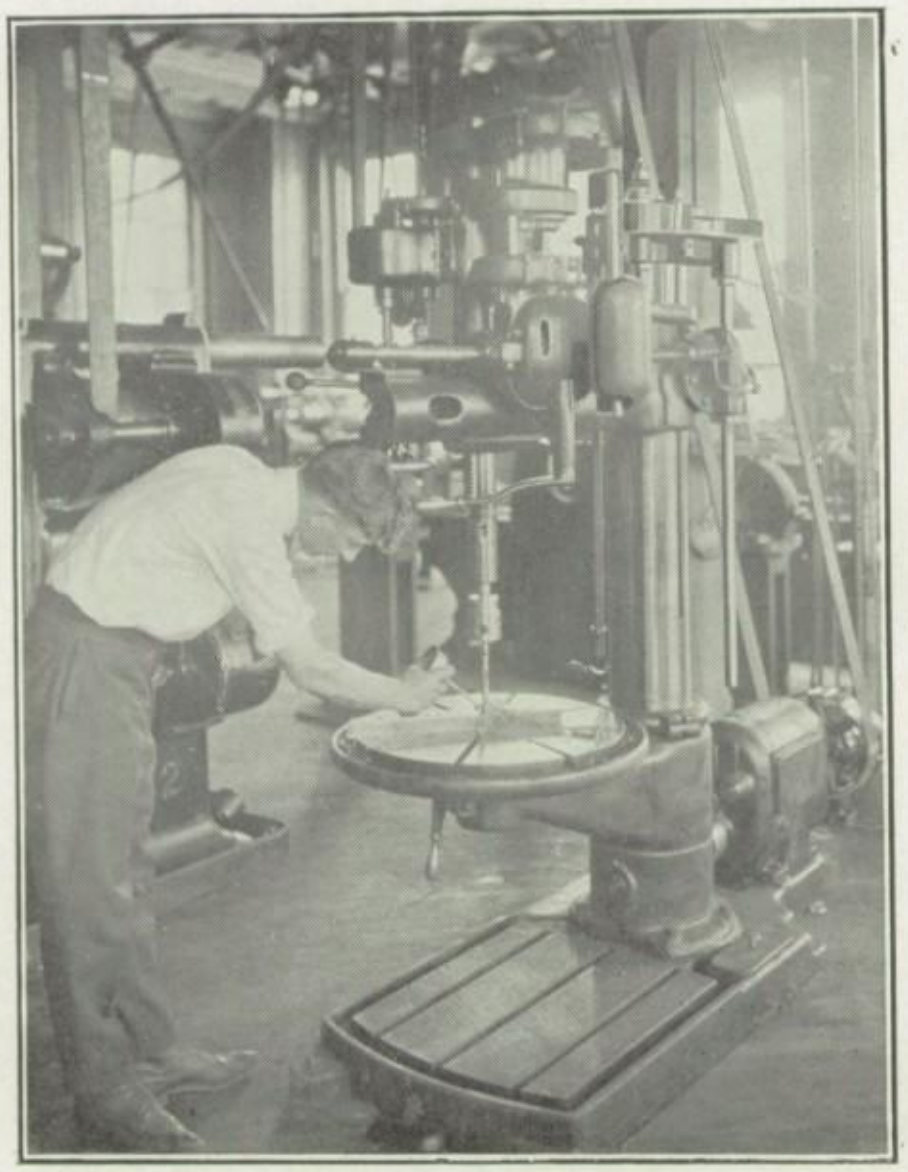
During the present year, a new system of rotating the junior high boys through the various shops has been tried out. The plan was to give each Junior High boy twelve weeks in three different activities. Owing to the reclassification of the boys at the beginning of the second semester, the plan did not receive a fair trial, but the indications are that it will prove to be of great value in assisting the boys in picking the line of work which they will pursue later on. It is hoped that the boys may be given a sampling of just as many lines of work as possible in order that they will be in a better position to select a vocation which they will like.

An entirely new type of course has been introduced this year. It is the co-operative industrial course. It is hoped that the introduction of this course will enable many boys to continue their education, and, at the same time, learn a trade. This course is made possible only through the co-operation of the manufacturers of the city. The co-operative plan is somewhat as follows: A



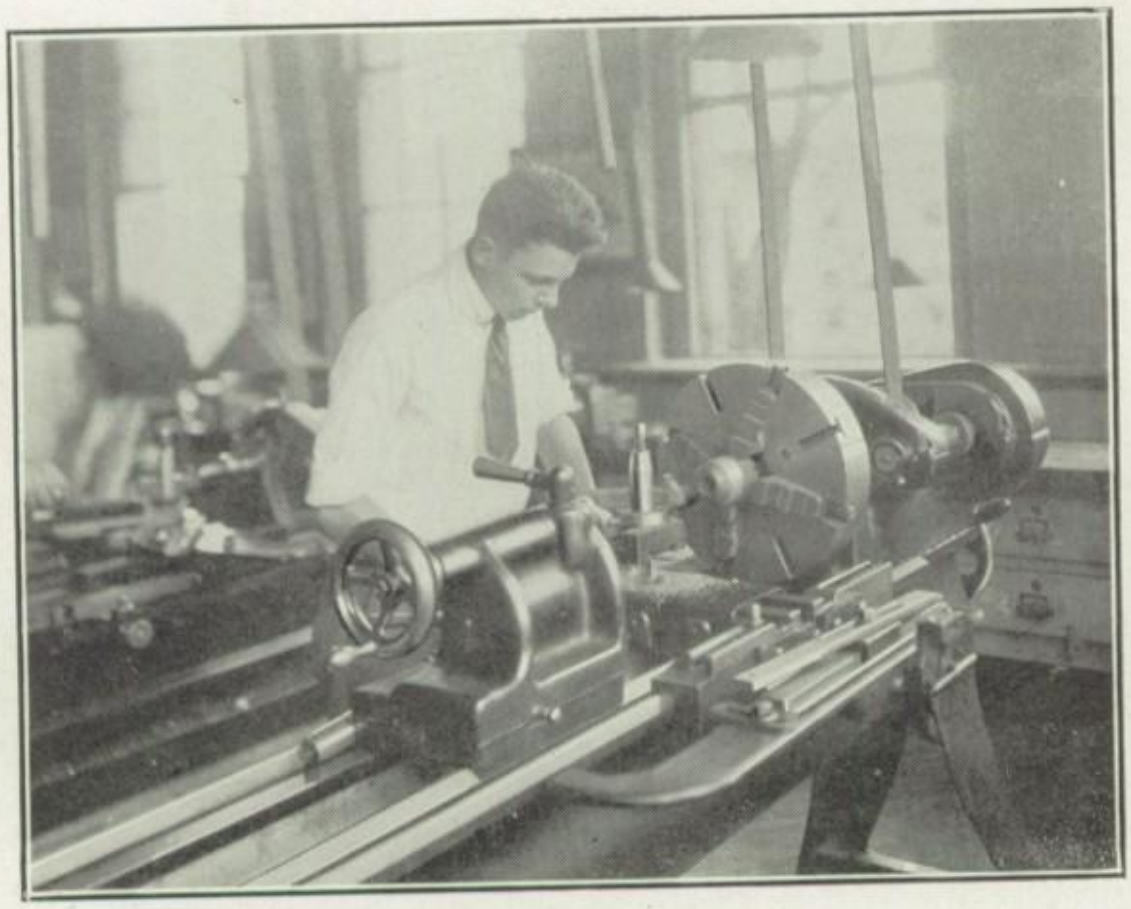
manufacturer agrees to take two boys on the co-operative plan. Two boys who have had experience in our day trade classes are selected for the position. One boy works in the plant of the manufacturer two weeks, while the other boy attends school. At the end of this two weeks period, the boys exchange places. In order that there will be no trouble in taking over the factory job, the boy going to work after two weeks in school reports to the factory on Saturday in order to learn the job that has been assigned to the "co-op" boy. This type of course enables a boy to get the practical experience in his trade in the factory under factory conditions, and, at the same time, continue his schooling. By June of this year, this course will, in all probability, be in full swing, with a large group of boys enrolled.

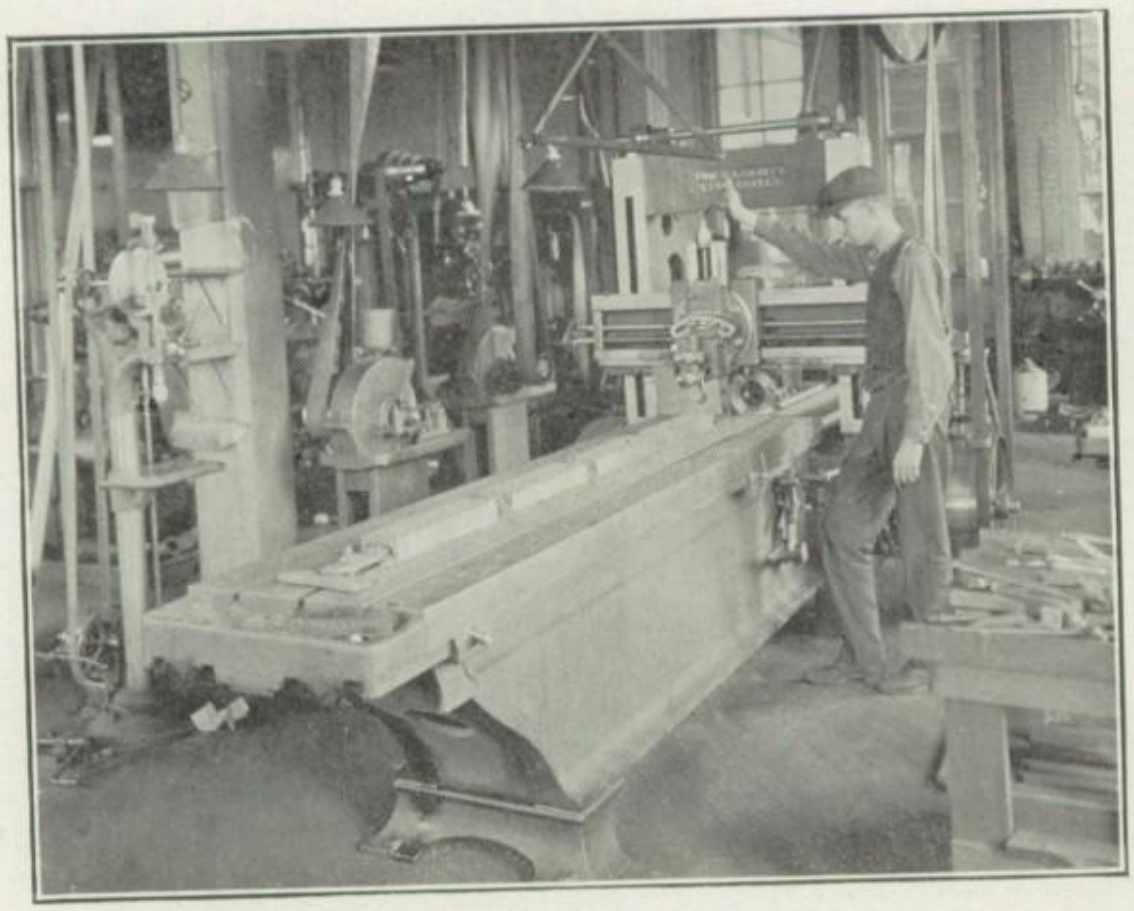
Although not exactly a part of this department, but because a large part of its work is vocational, I believe that the Continuation School should have some space in this description of the activities carried on at Woodward Tech. The Continuation School is for those who have left school to go to work, and who have not attained the age of eighteen. If a boy or girl wishes to go to work, he must be sixteen years of age, through the seventh grade, and have a permit to work. This permit to work is granted on the condition that the boy or girl attend school four hours per week. The "continuation" does not mean that the schooling during these four hours is to be a continuation of the school work as offered in the regular school. It simply means a continuation of one's schooling, and pupils coming to these classes find the work much different from that offered in the regular day school. The teachers in this department aim to give the boys and girls of the Continuation School, work that will help them on the jobs that

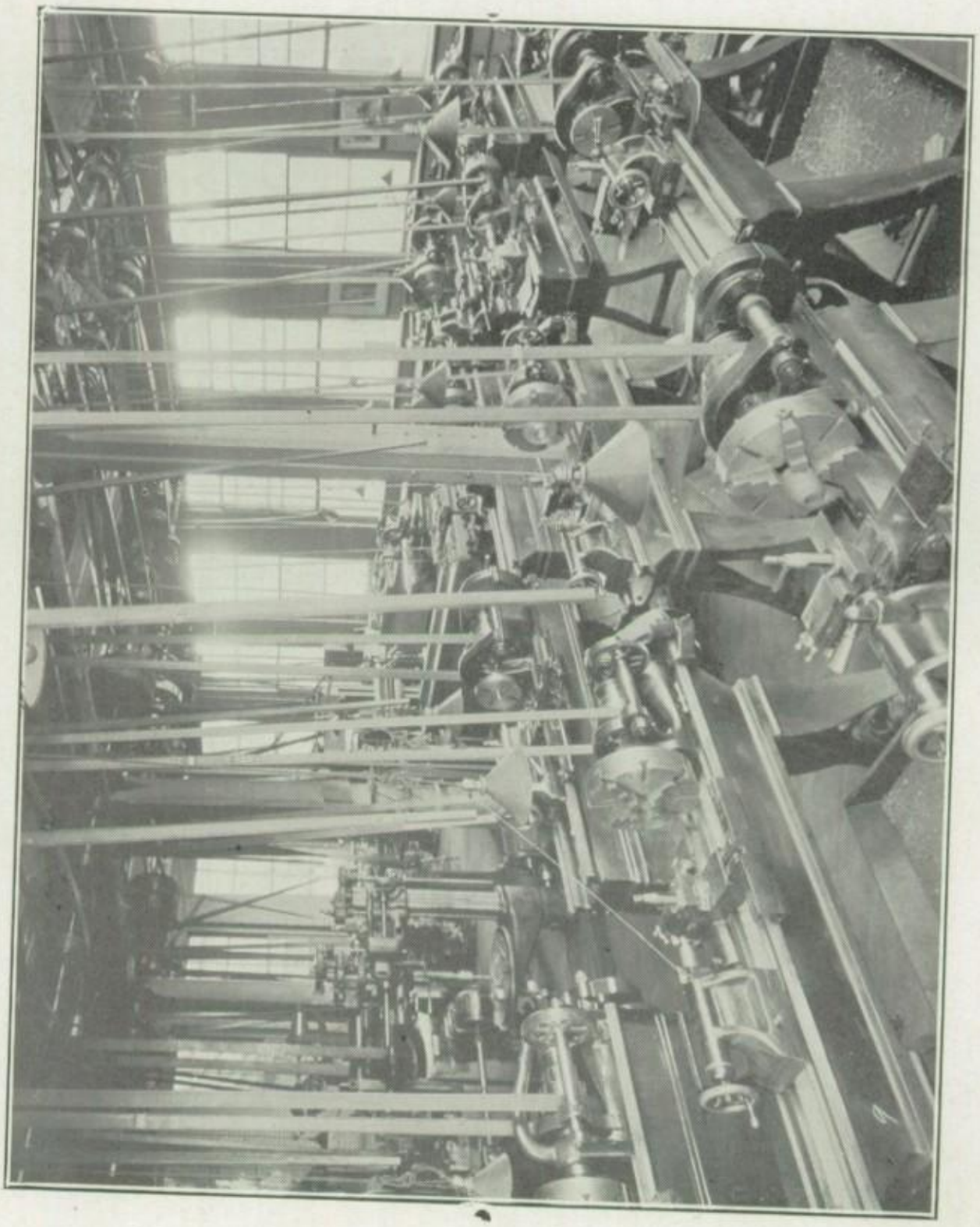


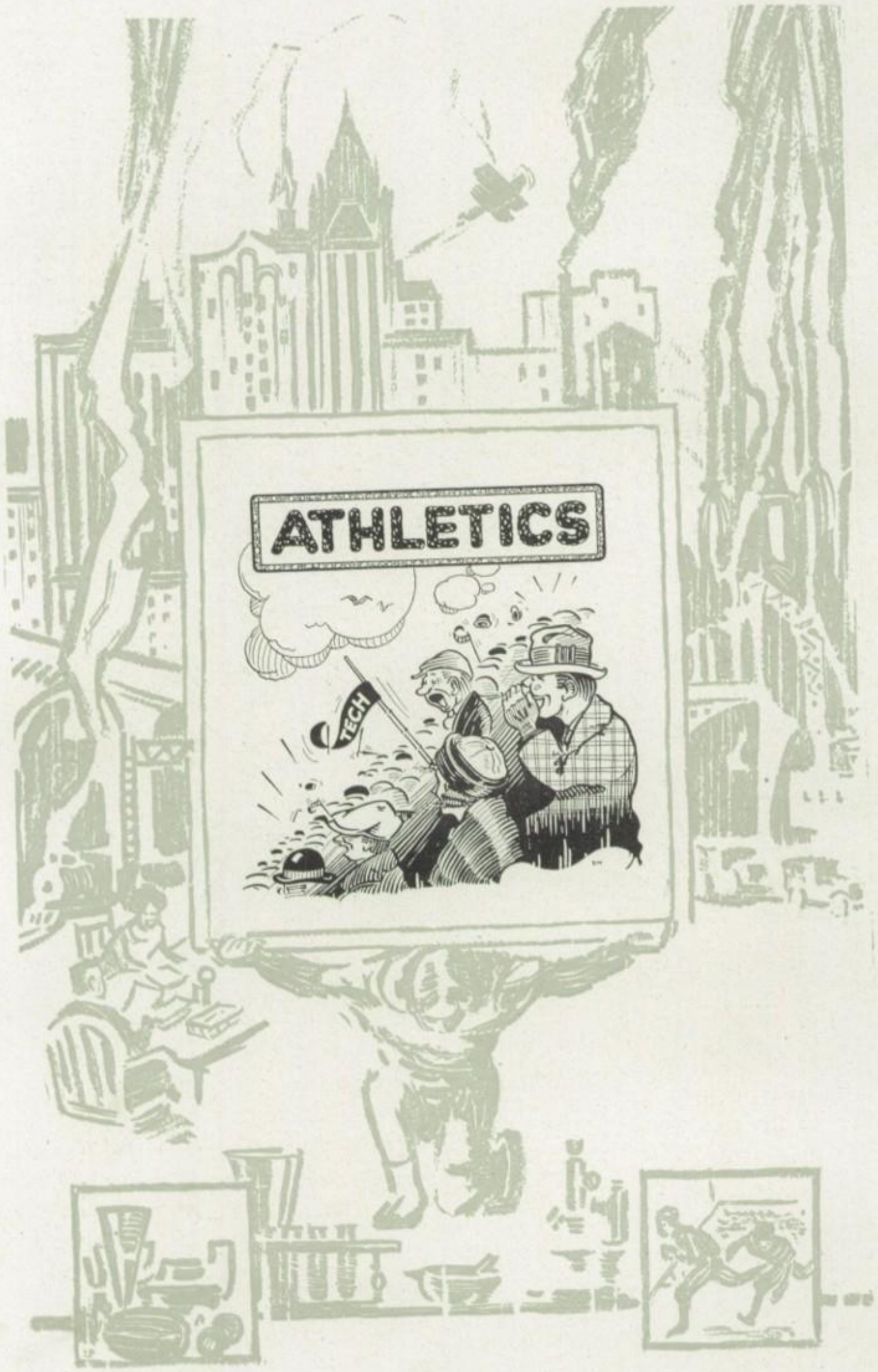
they have now, or work that will help them to get a promotion in the line of work that they have selected. The employers excuse these boys and girls from work to attend the Continuation School. Classes are being held both morning and afternoon. Classes for sales people, office people, factory people, and in fact almost every line of work where juniors are employed will be represented in this school when all the classes are organized.

People often ask what becomes of the product made in the various classes. They refer especially to the by-products of the classes. What are some of these by-products, and where do they go? If one would visit the grade schools of the city, and even the high schools, he would find many articles bearing the name-plate stating that they were made at Woodward Technical High School. During the present school year, seventy-five wood-working benches, including the vises, were made in our wood shop and sent to various grade schools. Quite a number of articles are being made for the new Libbey High School, and some of the present Woodward pupils who go to Libbey next year are sure to see articles there which were made at Woodward Tech. In many cases, drawing for these articles are made in our Drafting rooms and the articles manufactured in our shops. There is not a shop in the school which has not made something for the other schools or for outsiders. Even the girls of the Sewing Classes have made layettes which were sent to the hospitals of the city. A few orders are filled for people outside the schools. The money earned in this way is put in a fund from which reference books for our library are purchased. About fifty new volumes have been added to the library in this way during the present year. The real products are the boys and girls who are trained to go out to meet the keen competition of the business and industrial world. We hope that they will be better men and better women because of the work done in these classes and because of the personal contact with the excellent corps of teachers in these departments.








ATHLETICS
TECH

PERSONNEL OF THE ASSOCIATION

Wilbur Etter	*Head Coach*
Dan Matthaei	*Assistant Coach*
George Lawson	*Faculty Manager*
Harry Stapleton	*Student Manager*
Harold E. Williams	*General*

A YEAR IN ATHLETICS

The year 1922-1923 saw Woodward's Athletics placed on a high plane of excellence. Our football team lost but two games; the first one to a team out of our class, the last one to the fighting Irish of Central High. Our basketball crew lost only to Scott, sad defeats to us all, but defeats to a most worthy foe.

Our success is due to our excellent coaches, to our faculty and student managers and to the sacrifices of the boys who made the team.

Wilbur G. Etter was head coach. He came to us from Wittenberg where for three years he had been an all around star. During his college days, Etter was an all-state football and basketball man. He brought to Woodward a splendid knowledge of these sports and proved to be a most efficient leader. In spite of the many handicaps encountered in the lack of playing facilities, Etter gave Woodward, teams of which each student can be justly proud.

Dan Matthaei was assistant coach. He had charge of the line in football and of the Reserve squad in basketball. Matthaei has had a long and successful experience as athletic director and coach and he proved of wonderful help to Coach Etter in developing his teams. Matthaei is a hard worker and an inspiration to his men to give their best. Woodward appreciates Dan Matthaei.

George N. Lawson has been our efficient faculty manager. Mr. Lawson worked long and late for the teams and did much to make our athletics possible. He was ably assisted by Harry Stapleton, Dana Fearing and Earl Feltman. These three boys worked hard in caring for equipment and preparing playing fields. No duties were too arduous for them. They worked faithfully that Woodward might win.

Let us pause for the last time to pay respect and tribute to a man that has woven his way into the hearts and souls of the athletes and students by his association with them. Principal Harold E. Williams has a thorough knowledge of athletics and has proven through the many years of coaching that he knows the game from the ground up, a man who stands for all that is splendid and clean in all sports, a man who is willing to lead men in their enterprises. We are proud to have such a devoted advisor throughout the year. Woodward will miss Mr. Williams next year.

WEARERS OF THE VARSITY "W"

FOOTBALL

Harrison	Hill	Millhouse
Green	Brandes (Capt.)	Rutter
Kirk	Caves	Lehman
Lewand	Coon	Walls
Sack	Paige	O'Hara
Barnes	Shapiro	Leininger

FOOTBALL SUMMARY OF EACH GAME

Woodward 0—Elyria 25

Woodward opened its second football season by playing the heavy Elyria team at Birmingham field. Outweighed more than twenty pounds per man, but fighting gamely, the Woodward team put up a very creditable opposition against the Elyria aggregation.

Elyria had already played three games and proved to be a much better combination than the Woodward Team, but, regardless of this great handicap, Etter's men made a great impression for the first game.

Although the heavy Elyria backfield men tore through the Woodward line for four touchdowns in the first half, the game was much closer than the score indicates. In the second half, Tech came back exceptionally strong and held Elyria scoreless and threatened the goal line several times. Woodward carried the ball down the field to the two yard line three times, but in the pinch could not carry it across the goal.

On the offense Green, Lathrop, Brandes and Lehman did the bulk of Tech's ground-gaining while Walls, Millhouse, Rutter and Harrison played well on the defense.

Woodward 86—Stryker 0

On the following Friday, the 13th, by the way, Woodward brought Stryker High to Toledo. Stryker had a reputation for having a strong outfit. The final score of the game proved to the 800 enthusiastic fans that Etter had improved his squad a hundred per cent since the first game. In the very beginning of the game, Woodward got the jump on Stryker and within five minutes after the start of the contest, Lehman scooped up a fumble and ran 40 yards for a touchdown.

The shifting of Freddie Walls to the backfield proved to be successful. Walls would hit the line and make from 5 to 15 yards at will.

At the end of the first half, Tech was leading by 32 points. Etter sent a shifted lineup into the game. The new players proved to be as good as those who played the first half. In the fourth quarter Etter sent in another string of substitutes and they succeeded in piling up a few more touchdowns on the fighting Stryker team.

Lehman, Caves, Brandes, Sack and Walls played brilliant ball in the offensive department, while Rutter and Harrison were the shining lights on the line. Touchdowns: Lehman 2; Walls 3; Brandes 2; Lathrop 1; Sack 1, points for goal 8.

Woodward 0—Morenci 2

On Oct. 20th Woodward traveled to Morenci, Michigan, to play the High School team in that city. Woodward had beaten Morenci at Toledo the previous year and for some unknown reasons, Morenci thought that this was their best opportunity to even things up again. But the game was more of a debate, held on a football field than a football game. The officials were clearly incompetent and gave many outrageous decisions.

Woodward was expected to win the game by a large margin. Morenci pulled a big surprise and got the jump on Tech in the very start of the game. By quarter-back sneaks and crisscross line bucks, they were able to put the ball over for two touchdowns in the first half. In the second half, Woodward came back strong and Walls carried the ball over three times but each time the referee called it back and would not permit the play. Finally on a fair and square fumble, Hills recovered the ball and ran 35 yards for a touchdown. Woodward was outplaying the heavy Morenci team and had worked the ball down the field within scoring distance. All the time the officials were giving unfair decisions. Finally when nothing else could be done Etter withdrew his team from the field and forfeited the game to Morenci.

Woodward 70—Wauseon 7

The next one in line was Wauseon. Wauseon had a good team but were nothing compared to Woodward. They lacked fundamental knowledge of the game. Woodward had things mostly their way again in this game, as they scored at the rate of a point a minute, one can hardly tell the interesting facts about the game.

As to the playing of the Woodward team, Coon and Hills played their usual brilliant defensive game, both making some wonderful tackles. Green, Harrison, Heinisch and Page tackled with deadly accuracy and proved themselves first class players. Leininger, Millhouse, Lewand, Barnes and Sutherland showed up well in the guard positions, while Shapiro and Rutter played their regular bang-up style at the pivot position. Sack, O'Hara, Walls, Caves and Lehman did some wonderful work on the offense.

Woodward 45—Willard 0

The following week Coach Etter was ill, and Dan Matthaei had things all to himself. Beating the fast Willard Crew was the toughest job that Dan had tackled in a long time. But true to his name, Dan Matthaei had the team in tip-top condition and in a whirling battle they came out on top by a 45—0 score. Willard had the toughest team that Tech had bumped up against this season but they too went down fighting like all the rest.

Before the end of the game Matthaei used his entire squad and each of the players played well. Lehman, Sack, Walls, Green and Harrison proved to be the shining lights for Tech.

Woodward 7—Detroit South Eastern 6

On Saturday Nov. 11th, Woodward played their most important game of the football season against South Eastern of Detroit at Armory Park. South Eastern was one of the strongest teams of Detroit. They were the first big team that Woodward had played. The game proved to be a thriller from beginning to end and was as hard fought as the score indicated.

"Leaping high into the air for a forward pass, Herb Lehman made football history for Woodward when he intercepted a Detroit aerial heave in what later proved to be one of the most thrilling games seen on a Toledo gridiron this season." Those who witnessed the heart breaking affair will always remember these famous headlines that were printed in the Tattler.

The Detroit team was a big, powerful combination that knew football from A to Z and played the game in a clever manner. Their big, strong line was like a stone wall to Woodward. Woodward advanced the ball 20 yards on the kick off, but lost it on the third down. Detroit advanced down the field nearly to the goal line before the light Woodward line were able to hold them for downs. Detroit was soon able to slip over a touchdown, but failed to kick the goal. The fighting Techers rallied mid the fighting cheers from the sidelines and held Detroit scoreless the rest of the game.

In the closing minutes of the game, Herb Lehman intercepted a forward pass and raced 30 yards before being tackled. Walls pleaded for a chance and smashed through the line for 15 yards. Then a trick pass from Brandes to Caves resulted in a touchdown which tied the score. Then came the trying moments of the game. If Brandes could kick the goal, Woodward would win. As Brandes prepared to kick the ball, the crowd was held spell bound. The ball went over in splendid fashion and Woodward had nosed the famous Detroit team out of a victory by one point. It was all done so quickly that one hardly realized what had happened. Before either team could get going again the final whistle blew and Woodward rooters formed a snake dance down to the school.

Lineup and summary of the South Eastern game:

Woodward		South Eastern
Hills	L. E.	Boyd
Harrison	L. T.	Sigg
Millhouse	L. G.	Buxton
Rutter	C.	Bidal
Lewand	R. G.	Myall
Green	R. T.	Matheson
Coon	R. E.	Debus
Lehman	Q. B.	Guimond
Brandes	L. H.	Mac Person
Caves	R. H.	Keifer
Walls	F. B.	Bombard

Score—

Woodward	0	0	0	7	-- 7
South Eastern	6	0	0	0	-- 6

Substitutions: Woodward—Paige for Green, Barnes for Millhouse, Sack for Caves, Kirk for Hills, Millhouse for Barnes, Leininger for Millhouse. Detroit—Bischol for Keifer, Ingram for Matheson.

Referee Sperry, Umpire Mallory, Headlinesman Crouse, Quarters 12½ minutes.

Woodward 21—Bryan 12

Woodward traveled to Bryan for their last game before meeting Central. The team was in a crippled condition after the South Eastern game and Etter had barely enough men to make the trip. Woodward found plenty of opposition in the Bryan crew and at times it looked as if Tech would come out on the wrong end of the score.

The brilliant playing of Captain Brandes saved the day for Woodward. Brandes was going good and played a stellar game on the defense and offense. He made most of the tackles and made most of the large gains. The Bryan team tried to stop him, but it was all in vain.

Woodward got the jump on Bryan in the first quarter and scored 21 points. Bryan came back strong in the last three quarters and held Tech scoreless while they made two touchdowns for themselves.

Woodward 6—Central 20

Typical football weather greeted Woodward Tech and Central on Nov. 24th, when they met on Scott field to settle the scholastic middleweight championship of Toledo for the second time. A crowd of three thousand loyal supporters were on hand to back their team in victory or defeat.

Central won the toss and chose the west goal. Green kicked off to Czelustra who returned the ball 15 yards. As the two teams lined up for the first time one could plainly see that the light Woodward team would have to fight against great odds for the Central team outweighed them 15 or 20 pounds per man. Central immediately got the jump on Woodward and before one could hardly realize it, Cooney had broken through the line and had run 45 yards for a touchdown. Czelustra kicked goal. Score, Central 7, Woodward 0.

TECH GIVES CENTRAL GREAT BATTLE

Woodward received the ball on the next play but was forced to kick on their third down. Czelustra and Baker crashed through the line for another touchdown in four plays. Cooney failed to kick the goal.

Woodward again received the kick off and was able to work the ball down to the thirty yard line. Central then intercepted a Woodward pass and spoiled Tech's chance to score. On a trick pass Central again raced the field for their third touchdown. Cooney kicked the goal.

Central kicked off to Woodward. Walls and Sack worked the ball down the field by a series of line plunges. A blocked pass luckily fell into the arms of Covert, who ran 40 yards for another touchdown. Cooney missed goal. Score, Central 26, Woodward 0.

Second Quarter.

Central kicked off to Lehman who returned the ball 20 yards. A pass from Lehman to Brandes netted 8 yards. A fake pass let Walls rip through center for 20 yards. Cooney again intercepted a forward pass when Woodward was but 8 yards from goal line. Tech held the strong Central line and Cooney was forced to kick. Woodward was able to gain considerable ground in this period but lost the ball on the breaks of the game when they came within scoring distance of the goal. Neither team scored this period and the half ended wth the ball in Central's possession.

Third Quarter.

Woodward came back strong in the third quarter and outplayed Central the rest of the game, but was able to score but once. Several passes from Lehman to Brandes were good for 30 yards. Walls tore around right end for 15 more. A pass from Brandes to Sack was good for 15 yards. On the next play Tech took the ball over for a touchdown. Brandes missed the goal by inches. The ball exchanged hands many times in this quarter, but neither team got within scoring distance again.

Fourth Quarter.

Woodward continued to outplay Central but was unable to get the ball over the line for a touchdown. Woodward would gain 30 to 40 yards and then be forced to punt or lose the ball on downs. Central was playing a purely defensive game and whenever they would get the ball in their possession, they would immediately punt out of danger, and let Woodward work the ball down the field again. The fourth quarter ended with the ball in Central's possession in mid-field. Final score: Central 26, Woodward 6.

To our victorious Central friends, we wish to extend the highest of praise for the manner in which their men fought on the gridiron and the clean sportsmanship which was shown throughout the contest. We hope that they may rejoice as we did last year and join with us in looking forward to the annual battle next fall.

For the Woodward team it would be hard to pick any of the outstanding stars. Each player gave his all for the sake of dear old Woodward Tech. From the start of the game each man on the line did everything in his power to stop the heavy Central backs from tearing through and our backfield men were on their toes every minute to carry the ball to the best of their ability. Each of the players deserves equal credit for his share of the conflict.

Lineup and summary of Central—Woodward game.

Woodward		Central
Hills	L. E.	Carey
Harrison	L. T.	Hagerty
Lewand	L. G.	Foley
Rutter	C.	Clarke
Millhouse	R. G.	Meyers
Green	R. T.	Covert
Coon	R. E.	Cooney
Lehman	Q. B.	Hardesty
Brandes	L. H.	Baker
Caves	R. H.	Farrell
Walls	F. B.	Czelustra

Referee—Jack Jerpee; Umpire—McCullough.

INDIVIDUAL COMMENT

Captain Brandes, *Halfback*

"Red," our Captain was a great leader. He held down the left half position in fine style. It can be said without question that Red is one of the best little football players of his time. This is the last year for Brandes, but we are confident that he will make good in athletics wherever he goes.

Green, *Captain-elect*

"Deacon," who held down the tackle position, was an ideal football player. On offense he could make the necessary holes while on the defense he broke up play after play. Deacon could think quickly and had the confidence that makes a real football player. Great things are expected from Deacon next year.

Hills, *Left End*

This was the first year for "Ned." He proved to be a valuable player. His spirit and fight will long be remembered by his teammates. Ned has two years at Tech and great things are expected from him.

Harrison, *Left Tackle*

"Stonewall" Harrison was a great football player. He stood out head and shoulders over his teammates in "grit." In every pileup we always found Harrison on the bottom. Next year Harrison will be back to hold down one of the big positions on the line.

Lewand, *Left Guard*

"Bill" was late in getting started in football, but he was an ideal player just the same. Bill's size and strength abled him to plunge through the line at will. He and Harrison made a great pair on the line. Next year Bill will be back to hold down the guard position.

Rutter, *Center*

"Ernie" has held the pivot position for two years. Ernie and his monkey talk proved to be the life of the team. Ernie could snap the ball back with the accuracy of a marksman. This is Rutter's last year and he will be missed next fall.

Millhouse, *Right Guard*

Marion was big and had the strength and weight to push himself through the line at all times. Marion was a hard tackler and proved to be a dangerous man on the line. Marion will be back next year to hold down a guard or tackle position.

Coon, *Right End*

Right next in line to Deacon Green played this stellar end. Coon was one of the best football players on the team. He was the only man that played the entire eight games. This is Coon's last year and he will be missed next fall.

Lehman, *Quarter Back*

"Herbie" has led the Techers for two years from the general's position and did his work in fine style. Herb was small, but fast as a shot in carrying the ball. Herbie was the life saver of the South Eastern game. We will lose this scrappy little player by graduation this year.

Caves, *Right Half*

"Tommie," as everybody knows him, is one of the fastest men on the squad. His line plunging and open field running brought the fans from the sidelines to their feet many times. This is Caves' second year on the football squad and he well earned his "W."

Walls, *Full Back*

"Freddie," the terror of the team, was feared by every team that we played. His crashing line plunging gained many yards for Tech. Walls can play on the line or in the backfield. He has three more years of High School and is expected to be one of Toledo's geatest players.

Sack, *Half Back*

"Sackie" as he was known by everyone was a speedy little player. His size kept him from making the regular position but when he got in the game he always made up for the time he was on the bench.

Barnes, *Right Guard*

Barnes and Millhouse had a tight race the whole season for the guard position. Barnes hailed from Scott and proved to be a valuable player. Barnes will be back again next fall and he is expected to tear things up on the line.

Paige, *Tackle*

"Jimmie," as everyone knows him, was handicapped most of the year with an injured leg. Jimmie played on the Tech squad for two years and was a great influence to the team. Paige will be back next year.

Shapiro, *Center*

Shapiro played center and tackle. He was a good player and understood the game from all angles. This is Shapiro's last year and he will be missed next fall. "Shapie" was the only football player on the squad that got four "A's" in his studies.

Kirk

"Bob" played end and was a good beginner. This was Kirk's first year in football, but he filled the shoes of an end in fine style. Kirk has several years before him yet and should make a great player.

O'Hara

This nice young man hailed from the big city of Maumee. He played in the backfield in a very creditable manner. O'Hara will be back next year and if not handicapped by injuries as he was this year will make a good backfield man.

Leininger

"Harry" played tackle and his opponents knew where he was located very soon after he got in the game. Harry was one of the best tackles on the team. He probably will be back next year.

FOOTBALL TEAM LINEUP

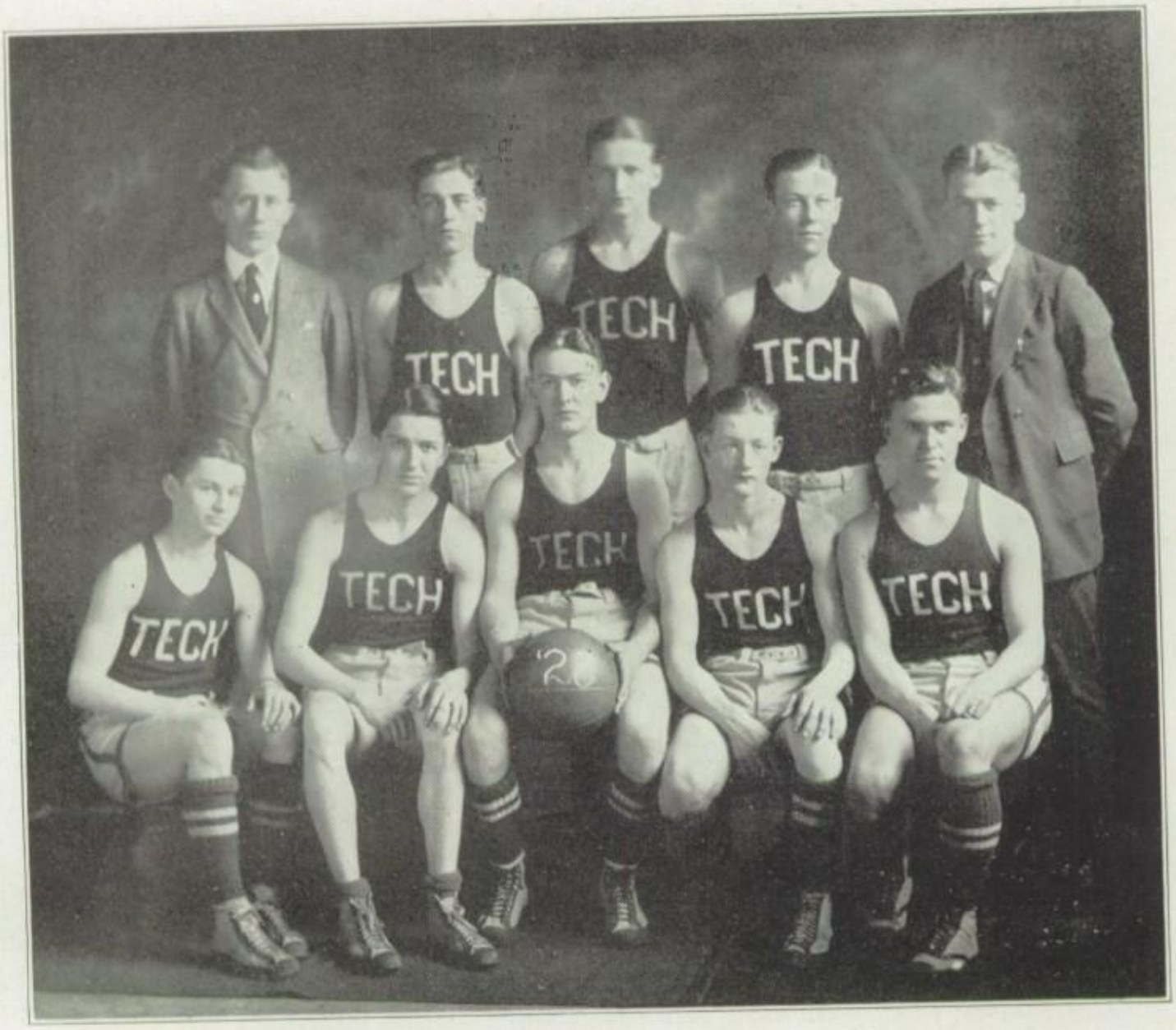
Name	Weight	Position
Hills	142	L. E.
Harrison	140	L. T.
Lewand	150	L. G.
Rutter	135	C.
Millhouse	149	R. G.
Green	145	R. T.
Coon	134	R. E.
Lehman	123	Q. B.
Brandes (Captain)	135	R. H.
Caves	136	L. H.
Walls	134	F. B.
Average	138	

Sack, R. H.; Barnes, R. G.; Paige, R. T.; Shapiro, C.; Kirk, L. E.; O'Hara, R. H.; Leininger, L. T.; Lathrop, Tackle; Sutherland, Guard; Heinisch, Tackle; Stewart, End; Hall, L. H.

RECORD

Woodward Tech	0	Elyria	25
Woodward Tech	86	Stryker	0
Woodward Tech	72	Wauseon	7
Woodward Tech	45	Willard	0
Woodward Tech	7	Det. So. Estn.	6
Woodward Tech	21	Bryan	12
Woodward Tech	6	Central	26
Total	237		76

Average Woodward 34—Opponents 11.



WEARERS OF THE VARSITY "W."
BASKETBALL

Brandes		Caves
Lehman		Larson
Boldt (Captain)	Rutter	Matheson

Woodward 21—Alumni 16

Woodward opened its basketball season by defeating the strong Woodward Alumni Team by a 21 to 16 score. The Alumni Team was composed of Abe Kipperman, Willmarth Paine, H. Straub, Keezer, Weisberg and Hackett. The Alumni were exceptionally strong at the start, but the timely Techers took the lead late in the first half and were never headed. Etter put a good squad of basketball players on the floor and for the first game did remarkably well.

WOODWARD 34—ARCHBOLD 21

Archbold, a veteran team, was next to meet Tech. Archbold had already won a dozen or more games. Woodward showed considerable development from the week before and had an easy time winning. Brandes and Rutter proved to be the shining lights of the Archbold game, scoring between them 12 field goals.

WOODWARD 28—Springfield 25

In the following week Woodward traveled to Springfield and were guests of Wittenberg College. While at Springfield, Tech defeated the strong Spring-

field quintet by a 3 point score. The game was one of the greatest basketball exhibitions ever staged in a High School gym. It was a see-saw affair with one team forging ahead by 2 points and then the other. The first half ended with Springfield in the lead by a 16-10 score. Tech came back in a whirlwind fashion and in the final minutes of the game, Rollie Boldt pulled the "hero" stunt and caged five points in less than two minutes, saving the game for Tech.

Woodward 22—Canton McKinley 20

Canton McKinley, one of the greatest teams in Ohio went down to defeat at the hands of Woodward in one of the most thrilling contests of the season. The McKinley quintet had won eight straight before meeting Tech. They were all crack shots at the basket, and in the opinion of many had the best team in the early stages of the game and battled their way to a 12-10 lead during the first half. Both teams came back exceptionally strong and played a neck to neck race for victory throughout the entire game.

Woodward 24—Akron South 18

The following week another crack High School quintet from Akron South came to meet the fast-stepping basketball cagers of Woodward Tech. It was a thrilling battle to witness. First one team would take the lead and then the other. The first half ended with Woodward claiming a 12 to 10 lead over the downstaters. Both teams came back strong in the second half, and the brilliant floor work of Lehman and Boldt made it possible for Tech to pile up a profitable score on Akron. Brandes proved to be the leading point getter for Tech, while Boldt featured on the defense.

Woodward 2—Detroit Western 0

Detroit Western, the best High School quintet from Detroit came to Toledo and handed Woodward their first defeat on the "Y" floor, but later it was proven that Western was playing ineligible players and the Detroit Senate ordered all Western's games forfeited. The game was one of the hardest fought games of the season. The big Detroit players were crack shots at the basket and their defense was air-tight. The first half ended with Detroit leading 12 to 6. The second half was a thrilling affair both teams battling furiously for the lead. With the final crack of the gun Detroit was leading 29-24. Without the player that was declared ineligible Detroit would never have won the game so Woodward feels justified in claiming the victory.

Woodward 19—Scott 25

For the first game with Scott, Woodward traveled to the Collingwood floor and put up one of the greatest battles of the year. The struggle at Scott gym was wittnessed by a howling mob of 1700 fans who will long remember the great exhibition that Rollie and his team mates put up for Tech. The Woodward quintet outplayed, outguesed and outclassed their opponents but fell down miserably at the foul line, and from this point of the game, Tech were the losers. Woodward scored the same number of field goals as Scott, but were unable to put the ball through the hoop from the white line. Captain Rollie Boldt played a whale of a game for Woodward, while his rival Captain Hunt of Scott was the star for Scott.

Lineup and Summary of the Scott Woodward game:

Woodward (19)		Scott (25)
Brandes	R. F.	Lower
Barrick	L. F.	Hunt
Rutter	C.	Grimm
Boldt	L. G.	Merickle
Lehman	R. G.	Bechtol

Field Goals: Hunt 3; Lower 2; Grimm 1; Bechtol 1; Boldt 2; Lehman 2; Barrick 2; Rutterl 1; Fouls: Hunt 11; Boldt 4; Brandes 1; Referee: Hazelwood of Cleveland.

Woodward 25—Dayton Steele 19

One of the best quintets that Tech entertained during the basketball season was the crack High School team from Dayton. Steele, considered unbeatable, came here with a record of 10 straight victories over the best high school teams in southern Ohio. Tech was in tip-top condition for the struggle. Larson proved to be the leading point getter, caging four field goals. Brandes and Rutter, Tech's dashing forwards, looped 13 points between them, while Boldt and Lehman made an impressive showing on the defense.

Wodward 28—Highland Park, Detroit 14

Woodward traveled to Detroit for a two day trip, meeting Highland Park for their first game. The Highland Park game was a thrilling game to watch. The defense of the Tech outfit was air-tight. Highland Park found it impossible to break through the Woodward defense in the first half and the score ended 18—3 in Tech's favor. Etter took advantage of this big lead and put Caves, Barrick and Matheson in for Woodward. Highland Park came back stronger and piled up 11 points on Woodward. Boldt, Brandes and Rutter went back in the game and held the Detroiters scoreless the rest of the game. Rutter was the leading point getter with four field goals. Larson was close behind with three field goals.

Woodward 25—South Eastern 20

On the following night Tech bumped up against some real opposition when they tackled the crack South Eastern quintet. South Eastern had one of the leading teams in Detroit, and Tech was forced to fight with heads up through the entire game. South Eastern had Rutter, Boldt and Brandes spotted and kept these three stars well covered through the entire game. The game was played in a zi-boom fashion, with one team taking the lead and then the other. The winner of the contest was not known until the final minutes of the game. Capt. Boldt played a great game for Tech. Rollie made 9 out of 13 fouls and was responsible for the score being in Tech's favor. Brandes went wild and scored four field goals. Herb Lehman and Rutter were pitted against two all-Michigan stars. In holding the pair to four field goals, they showed superb class.

Woodward 30—Lansing 16

One of the greatest basketball games of the season was witnessed by a packed house when Lansing High quintet, Michigan's most dangerous basketball team went down to defeat at the hands of the fighting Techers. The Michigan outfit was a tall, rangy, combination that were crack shots at the basket and with a defense that would smother any ordinary basketball team. Brandes was the first to score when he dropped one through the hoops from mid-floor. Lansing slipped one through the straps a second later and tied the score. Larson, Tech's dashing center, sent one through from a difficult angle. In this manner the entire game was played. One team would claim the lead for a short time and then the other. In the third quarter Woodward opened up and in a whirlwind fashion stacked up a profitable score on the Michigan outfit. The entire Woodward squad got into the affair and displayed a creditable brand of basketball.

Woodward 19—Scott 31

Woodward closed their great basketball season by dropping the last and greatest game of the season to Scott. The game was filled with thrills from the beginning to the end of the third quarter. Captain Rollie Boldt, Tech's greatest floor leader, its general and its inspiration, was put out on personal fouls in the third quarter and the team crumpled in spirit and lost the contest. Tech was the leading team up until this time. The dazzling team work of the Techers completely puzzled Scott. The game was a thrilling contest with Tech claiming the lead most of the way. The fourth quarter proved disasterous to Woodward with their star captain out of the contest. Scott had things practically their way and easily won the game by a 19—31 score. Larson and Brandes were the leading point getters for Tech, while Rollie Boldt was the star for the defense. Captain Hunt of Scott played a whale of the game, while Lower caged five field goals for his team.

Lineup and Summary:

Woodward (19)		Scott (31)
Brandes	R. G.	Evans
Rutter	L. G.	Bechtol
Larson	C.	Grimm
Boldt	R. F.	Lowe
Lehman	L. F.	Hunt

Field goals: Hunt 3; Lower 5; Grimm 1; Sharer 2; Lauffler 1; Brandes 2; Larson 3.

Fouls: Woodward 9 out of 15; Scott 7 out of 14.

Referee, Stevenson of Ann Arbor.

VARSITY
BASKETBALL RECORD
1923

Woodward	21	Alumni	16
Woodward	34	Archbold	21
Woodward	28	Springfield	25
Woodward	22	McKinley	20
Woodward	24	Akron South	18
Woodward	2	Detroit Western	0
Woodward	19	Scott	25
Woodward	25	Dayton Steele	19
Woodward	28	Highland Park	14
Woodward	25	South Eastern	20
Woodward	30	Lansing	16
Woodward	19	Scott	31
Total	277		225

THE VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM

CAPTAIN ROLLAND BOLDT—Forward. Rollie has played on the Tech team for three years. Boldt possessed all the requisites of a successful basketball player; consistency, speed and brains. Through graduation Woodward will lose one of its mainstays but the name of Rolland Boldt will go down in athletic history as one of Tech's greatest athletes.

VERNON BRANDES—Forward. Red Brandes, that scrappy, sensational, little redhead, can be classed as another great athlete. Brandes has been on the team for four years and has won for himself the reputation of being one of the cleverest forwards in Toledo. Brandes is a clever shot and has won many a basketball game for the blue and white. Woodward will miss Red next year.

ERNEST RUTTER—Forward. Ernie has played on the Tech squad for two years. He proved to be reliable at all times and probably showed the greatest improvement of any member of the squad. Ernie is a good scrapper, a good passer and fast on his feet. The loss of Rutter will mean a lot to the team next year.

HERBERT LEHMAN — Guard. Herbie was changed from forward to guard position. Here he proved very valuable. He was the running mate to Rollie Boldt and was able to spoil many an opponent's try at the basket by his clever floor work. This is Lehman's second year on the squad and we must say that he was one of the cleverest players on the squad.

KENNETH LARSON—Center. Skin Larson played center and played the position in tip-top fashion. Larson was a little slow in getting started but before the season was over he proved to be one of the best shots on the team. Larson will be back next year and Etter is advancing great possibilities for him.

THOMAS CAVES—Guard. Tommy has played on the basketball team for two years. He knows basketball and has proved to be one of the best substitutes on the squad. Tom has another year in Tech and has great possibilities before him. Next year we will see Tommy playing one of the stellar positions on the squad.

ROBERT MATHESON—Guard. This is Bob's first experience on the Varsity team. He proved to be a ready learner and one of the hardest workers on the team. Bob did not have many chances this year to play, but when called upon he always did his share in fine style. Bob will be back next year.

RECORD OF RESERVE TEAM

Woodward	21	Lake Township	20
Woodward	20	Wauseon	22
Woodward	30	Waterville	12
Woodward	10	Scott	12
Woodward	26	Findlay	27
Woodward	16	Scott	22
Woodward	38	Rossford	11
Woodward	20	Lake Township	16
Total	181		142

Average, Woodward 22; Opponents 18.

OUR RESERVES

A reserve squad is an indispensable factor in the building and perfecting of a varsity combination. As a school for teaching and developing the fundamentals of the game, it functions as a builder; and as an ever present opponent for the rehearsals of the first team, it fulfills its mission as a perfector. To the reserve team in any sport, we must ascribe a high importance if we are to fairly evaluate the agents involved in producing a first team. Woodward recognizes this fact and in consequence, the school has a deep-seated appreciation of the part that our reserves group has played in making us a leader in basketball. We have attached more than ordinary interest to the thought that the safeguard of our eminent position in basketball circles is in our reserve squad.

A reserve team is always a variable quantity. The players come, the players go, but the squad goes on forever. The personnel of our reserve team this year was in a constant state of change. It was not until the final month of the season that we reached a somewhat stable condition. William Burwell, Carlton Hall, Arnold Warnke, Carl Clous, Meritt Green, Ned Hills, and Harold Harrison, the boys that Woodward is more than willing to grant some credit for their splendid season in basketball. Most of these boys will be seen on the varsity roll next year.

The success of the team is in a large measure due to Dan Matthaei, their efficient coach. Mr. Matthaei worked unceasingly to teach the fundamentals of the game. He knows basketball to perfection and was able to render splendid work on the basketball court.

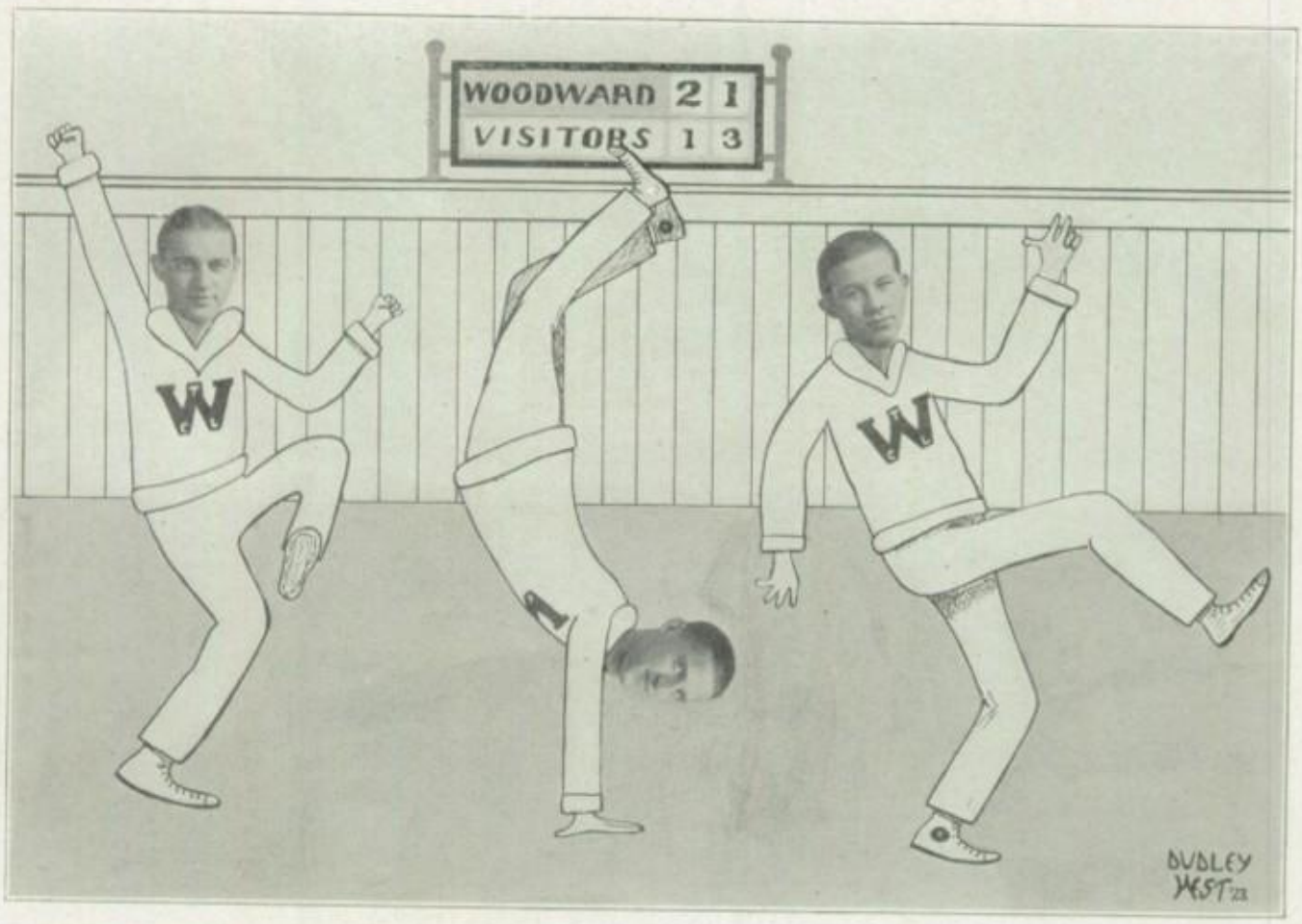
BASEBALL

Baseball is something new in the line of sport at Woodward, in fact in most of the high schools in Toledo. Early in the spring twelve of Toledo's most prominent business men got together and made it possible for the high schools in Toledo to have baseball teams. The business men furnished capital so that each school would be furnished with twelve uniforms, six bats, a catcher's glove, protector and mask, and a dozen baseballs. With this as an encouragement the high schools formed teams, and a very enjoyable schedule has been worked out.

The following business men have made baseball possible in Toledo High Schools: B. R. Baker, Toledo Blade, A. J. Heesen Jewelry Co., Athletic Supply, Simonds Drug Co., Henry Grocers, East Toledo Paint Shop, Damschroeder & Berry Co., Mecca Billiard Parlors, Sherlock Bakery Co., Reuben Realty Co., and the Acme Builders' Supply Co.

At Woodward the baseball squad is in charge of Wilbur Etter. Mr. Etter was captain of his baseball team in College, and has proven to be a very efficient coach. Dan Matthaei and George Lawson assisted Mr. Etter in developing the baseball squad. Both of these men have had a wide experience in baseball while attending college.

MEMORIES OF SCHOOL SPIRIT



"Bern" Cousino, John Rietzke and "Chuck" Gainer as Yell Master and Leaders respectively, have directed the organized cheering throughout the year's activities in a very satisfactory manner. No rally, contest or celebration would be complete without them and in return for their faithful services and answering loyalty the Techennial tenders them this slight recognition.

OUR Y. M. C. A. FRIENDS

At the heart of Woodward's athletic activities is the Y. M. C. A. Without this institution and its loyal directors, our wonderful teams would be impossible. Every week four hundred Junior High boys and one hundred fifty Senior High boys are given instructions at the Y. These classes are instructed in calisthenics, apparatus work, basketball, indoor baseball and many other games.

To Mr. Coughlin, physical director of the Y, Woodward owes an unpayable debt of gratitude. From the earliest of days of our existence, Mr. Coughlin has always been the quiet booster and friend of our school. He has always given us his help and advice and has thrown wide open to us the gymnasium of his institution.

To Mr. Gould, Mr. Coble, and Mr. Crouse, Woodward doffs its hat and offers its humble thanks. These men have been our physical directors and have labored hard to make our class work, our athletic meets, our games, and our exhibitions successful. A large measure of our success has been due to these Woodward pals.

ASA LONG,
CHECKER CHAMPION OF THE UNITED STATES

Woodward through its splendid basketball team combined with its clean sportsmanship and fine spirit has established a name for itself throughout the middle west. But it is also surpassingly fine to know that Tech has among its students one who had attained a magnificent achievement for himself and for his school.

Asa A. Long is today proclaimed the American checker champion, this honor having been bestowed upon our friend as the result of a victory over Alfred Jordan of Great Britain on the afternoon of October 25, 1922. Forty of the country's best were assembled in Boston to determine the greatest player of the land, and it was Asa that surpassed the checker artists by his marvelous ability.

He was a youth of but eight years when he watched his father and grandfather move little round pieces of wood in a zig-zag fashion over a checker board. With his lessons for the next day finished and his school books laid aside for the night, he would watch his father and grandsire spend the long wintry evenings at their favorite pastime, checkers. Although he knew practically nothing what it was about, he would stand idly by watching until it was time to go to bed. There was something about the game that seemed to thrill and fascinate him. As the days rolled by, he was taught the game by his father. This formed the beginning for a boy who would be a star of the first magnitude in the checker world.

His aim was accomplished in the fifth United States checker tournament held at Boston. One by one of the contestants were eliminated until only Long and Jordan remained to battle for the title. A crowd gathered around to watch the deciding game. It was not long until it was evident that Asa was to be the victor.

When Jordan saw that he was defeated, he arose from the table and every eye was turned upon the dramatic scene.

"Young man, you win, I resign," declared Jordan.

Later Jordan paid the Tech boy a tribute which should make every one in Woodward proud that such a noble boy is among us.

"I have played checkers in almost every part of the world and I have won and lost, but in this case I must say of my own accord that I never played with a man displaying the skill that Mr. Long held throughout the tournament.

"Naturally I came over here to win, but I am not ashamed to go back defeated—defeated by a youth. He has my heartiest congratulations for the clean sportsmanship and courtesy displayed."

HUMOR

So many girls are going around with dirty faces, you don't know whether they forgot to wash or whether they're just using beauty clay.

It's mud just the same.

Why spend money to put mud on your face when you can get it for nothing by standing near a curbstone on a rainy day.

Any girl can easily use beauty clay; they do so much mud slinging anyway.

Clay is quite in demand now and it looks as if there will soon be another "Free Soil" movement.

But there is one thing we can't understand. The clay comes from volcanos, yet it's guaranteed to keep eruptions away.

It's not only used as a beautifier; it's used for making vases. Sometimes the men have some put on their faces too.

One woman used so much clay on her face, her husband said she had a muddy complexion.

Of course we don't like to tell any more dirty stories so we'll close, wishing you a Messy Christmas.

Louie: Here's a good story for you—about bread.

Blouie: "Oh, that's stale."

"Let us drop the subject," said the sheriff at the hanging.

Ashes to ashes
And dust to dust
If algebra doesn't flunk us,
Geometry must.

Wanted—man to milk a cow with a good voice accustomed to sing in the choir.

"Gosh, and they call them the fair sex!"

"Why, what's the matter now?"

"Last night while playing cards, I discovered two aces up a girl's sleeve."

Don Killian: Last year I was knocked senseless with a baseball.

Alice Braunschweiger: That's too bad. Do you think you'll ever recover?

An artist was employed to retouch some old paintings in a church in Belgium, and his itemized statement read as follows:

For correcting the Ten Commandments	$5.00
For renewing heaven and adjusting the stars	7.00
For brightening up the flames of hell, putting a new tail on the devil, and doing odd jobs for the damned	10.00
For mending the roof of Noah's arc	2.00
For pouring oil on David's head	3.00
Total	27.00

Please remit.

Dad: Who was here with you last night?

Florence Hengel: Only Myrtle, father.

Dad: Well tell Myrtle that she left her pipe on the piano.

"Have you ever heard anything about a machine for telling when a man is lying?"

"Sure," said the man.

"Have you ever seen one?" asked the chap.

"Seen one? By gosh, I married one!"

Judge: "It seems to me that I've seen you before."

"You have, your honor; I gave your daughter singing lessons."

Judge: "Thirty years."

Senior hops keep us all on the jump.

Wanted—Assistant to Club Manager.

The Best thing going is an unwelcome guest.

He: I could die waltzing with you.

She: You will if you don't keep off my feet.

"What do you charge for rooms?
"Five Dollars up."
"But I'm a student."
"Then it's Five Dollars down."

"It's too deep for me," said the absent minded professor as he fell in the well.

Dumb: Say, where did you get your idea, anyway?

Bell: I got it out of nothing. Where did you get yours?

Dumb: Out of my head.

Bell: Oh, well that's the same thing.

Teacher (to disorderly Freshman): When you boys quit acting like fools, I'll begin.

"Did you see my new sunburst at the banquet last night?"

"No, but I was afraid he was going to eat too much."

Lives of Seniors all remind us
We should strive to do our best
And, departing leave behind us
Notebooks that will help the rest.

Harold Shapiro: What are you going to wear to the dance tonight?

Lucille Thorley: Well, so far, I've decided on nothing.

Sing a song of high school,
A locker full of books,
Some of which we carry home,
Just for the sake of looks.

SOME TONGUE TWISTERS

A glowing gleam growing green.
The black breeze blighted the bright blossoms.
Flesh of freshly frying fish.
Six thick thistles stick.

Little Girl: She's my oldest sister.

Young man: And who comes after her?

Little Girl: You'n another guy.

Miss McLaughlin (in History): What do you know of the age of Elizabeth?

Ralph P. (dreamingly): She'll be seventeen next week.

He: Mademoiselle, Je t'adore!

She: Shut it yourself. You're closer to it than I am.

He: For two cents I'd kiss you.

She (absent mindedly): Got change for a nickel?

Yes, money talks. There's a woman on the face of every coin.

The tailors of the U. S. are to have a convention at Toledo. Some very pressing matters will be discussed.

President Monroe wore American made shoe strings. Just keeping away from foreign entanglements.

Ain't that the grasshopper's antennae?

Old Gentleman: Well, Sonny, how is your step-mother standing the heat?

Small Boy: I didn't know she was dead.

Student: Can you help me out with this problem?

Math. Prof: I could, but I don't think it would be right.

Student: I don't suppose it would, but take a crack at it any way.

This is our oldest joke on record:
"Yes, I'm married," said he.
"Whom did you marry?"
"I married a woman."
"Fool! Did you ever hear of anyone who did not marry a woman?"
"Yeh, my sister. She married a man."

Latest fashion news from New York says that the young ladies of 1924 will wear their hair a la divorce. Parted, we suppose.

Mr. Petree: Have you prepared for this class?
Harold Shapiro: Yes, Sir.
Mr. Petree: What have you done for it?
Harold: Brushed my hair and shaved.

Rudyard Kipling once wrote that a woman was "a rag, a bone and a hank of hair." Now the rag has almost entirely disappeared, the hank of hair has been bobbed and the bone is confined to the head.

"Johnny, shut the shutter!"
"Shutter's shut, ma, I can't shut it any shutter.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder
So the people say,
So we love our teachers better
On the days they stay away.

I wish I was an angel,
A brave young junior cried.
He played a game of football—
His wish was gratified.

Fair One: I'd like to try that hat on over there.
Salesman: Sorry, but that's the lampshade.

Mother: James, you must not use such language.
James: Shakespeare used it.
Mother: Then you must not listen to him.

INITIATION AT THE "Y"

The boys had gathered in the gym,
For initiation of applicant Tim;
They stood in line attired in white,
Poor Tim looked, then shook, with fright.
At a signal from the leader's hand,
Five boys advanced from out the band.
They seized poor Tim, and bound him fast.
I guess he thought it was his last.
He struggled, he fought, he jerked in vain,
The boys just hung him on a chain,
They swung him out right o'er the pool,
Then dropped him in the water cool.
He sank, and then he rose again,
And right there's where the fun began.
They pulled him out and let him dry,
Then placed a bandage on his eyes.
They made him ride a bucking horse,
He fell upon his head, of course.
They picked him up and made him climb
A long hemp rope, while they kept time.
He climbed, and climbed, and climbed some more,
Until his hands and arms were sore.
And when he thought he'd reached the top,
They told him that he'd have to drop.
Poor Tim held on as long as he could,
He then let go and hit the wood.
He sat quite still, white as a sheet,
He only fell a short two feet.
But finally he was brought around,
And on his head was placed a crown.
He made the club, he passed the test,
Now he could mingle with the rest.

Glen Brown: Some terrible things can be caught from kissing.
Byrum Bucklew: Yes, you ought to see the poor fish my sister caught.

Stranger (to boy fishing): Caught anything, sonny?
Youngster: No, but I expect to when I get home.

To the small boy life's great whirl is on the merry-go-round.

Fair one at the wheel: How do you like our motor roads?

He (dustily): Best I ever tasted.

Captain: (sharply) Button up that coat.

Married recruit: (absently) Yes, my dear.

Dr. (breaking in on engrossed Dean): My dear sir, I am happy to report that a little boy just arrived.

Dean (from force of habit): Tell him I shan't be able to see him for a few days at least.

Many an oil can puts grease on his hair.

Our idea of fun is watching two Eskimos having a heated argument.

Harold Sivers in a melancholy voice:

I sit alone in the twilight,
Forsaken by women and men,
And murmur over and over,
I'll never eat onions again.

Ain't that the oyster's elbows?

Teacher: If I cut a beefsteak twice, what do I have?

Freshie: Quarters.

Teacher: Cut them twice again, then what?

Freshie: Sixteenths.

Teacher: Twice again?

Freshie: Hamburger.

"It's the little things in life that teil," said the girl as she dragged her kid brother from under the sofa.

"This certainly is a great shock to me," said the prisoner as the executioner pulled the switch.

"This is a stiff piece," remarked the organist at the funeral.

Freshman: Milk Famine—not fed.
Starvation—he's dead.

Sophomore: Conceited—Swelled head.
Burst cranium—he's dead.

Junior: Girl stung him—hope fled.
Heart broken—he's dead.

Senior: Long lessons—no bed.
Brain fever—he's dead.

He tried to cross the railroad track,
Before the rushing train,
They put the pieces in a sack,
But they didn't find the brain.

MORE EPITAPHS

Lies slumbering here
One William Lake;
He heard the bell
But had no brake.

This monument's
For Jackson Druck
His Liz was lighter
Than the truck.

Please toll the bell
For Thomas Earl,
For as he drove
He hugged his girl.

Rest in peace
Poor Henry Slicker;
You were quick, but
The train was quicker.

He: Dearest, when I look into your eyes it sets my brain on fire.

She: I thought I smelt wood burning.

"Why do you call the sapphire ring a relic of war?" he said,

And gazed upon the glistening thing as blue as the sky overhead.

She pressed the gem to her lips and sighed, as though it were dear

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Mirandy: "I am glad to see by John's letter that he's doin' something with athletics at college."

Hiram: "He sez here thet he got a beautiful lamp for boxing."

As the hobo said of the barbed wire fence, "There's no getting around it."

Proud Father: My daughter sprang from a long line of peers.
Suitor: Well, I jumped off a dock once myself.

Office Boy (nervously): P-please sir, can I have tomorrow afternoon off to go to m-my grandmother's football match?

Junior: What is the Faculty?
Freshie: The Faculty is a body of members that assist the Seniors in running the school.

Class Stones

Freshman ---------- *Emerald*
Sophomore ---------- *Soapstone*
Junior ---------- *Grindstone*
Senior ---------- *Tombstone*

Same old seats to sit in,
Same old books to read,
Every day we come here
Same old folks to heed.
Same old lessons learning,
Same old kids we see
Ever since we came here,
And always so 'twill be.
Same old teachers teaching
Same old children teached,
Same old goal to strive for
That never will be reached.
Same old poems to study,
Same old songs to sing
Same old superintendent
Same old everything.

Drama

Both: 'Is 'oo ever did 'at be'fore?

Customer: I want a fan to match my complexion.
Salesman: Here's a hand painted one.

It's all right to sleep like a log, but for heaven's sake don't sleep like a sawmill.

Teacher: How do you spell oligarchy?
Bob M.: O-l-i--
Teacher: Robert! Stop swearing this minute.

Perfectly well meaning old lady: Thank you so much for your song, my dear. It took me back to my childhood days and my father's farm, and when I shut my eyes and listened to your singing I seemed to hear the dear old gate creaking in the wind.

A certain neighbor lady said her husband's average income was about mid-night.

Here is our list of records that we recommend for the barber shop phonograph:
"Shall we Lather at the River?"
"The Curl I left behind Me."
"Singe Me to Sleep."
"Selections from "Chin, Chin."
"The Old Gray Hair It Aint What It Used To Be."
"Hone, Sweet Hone."

"Here's where I pull a good one," said the dentist as he fixed his pliers on a sound tooth.

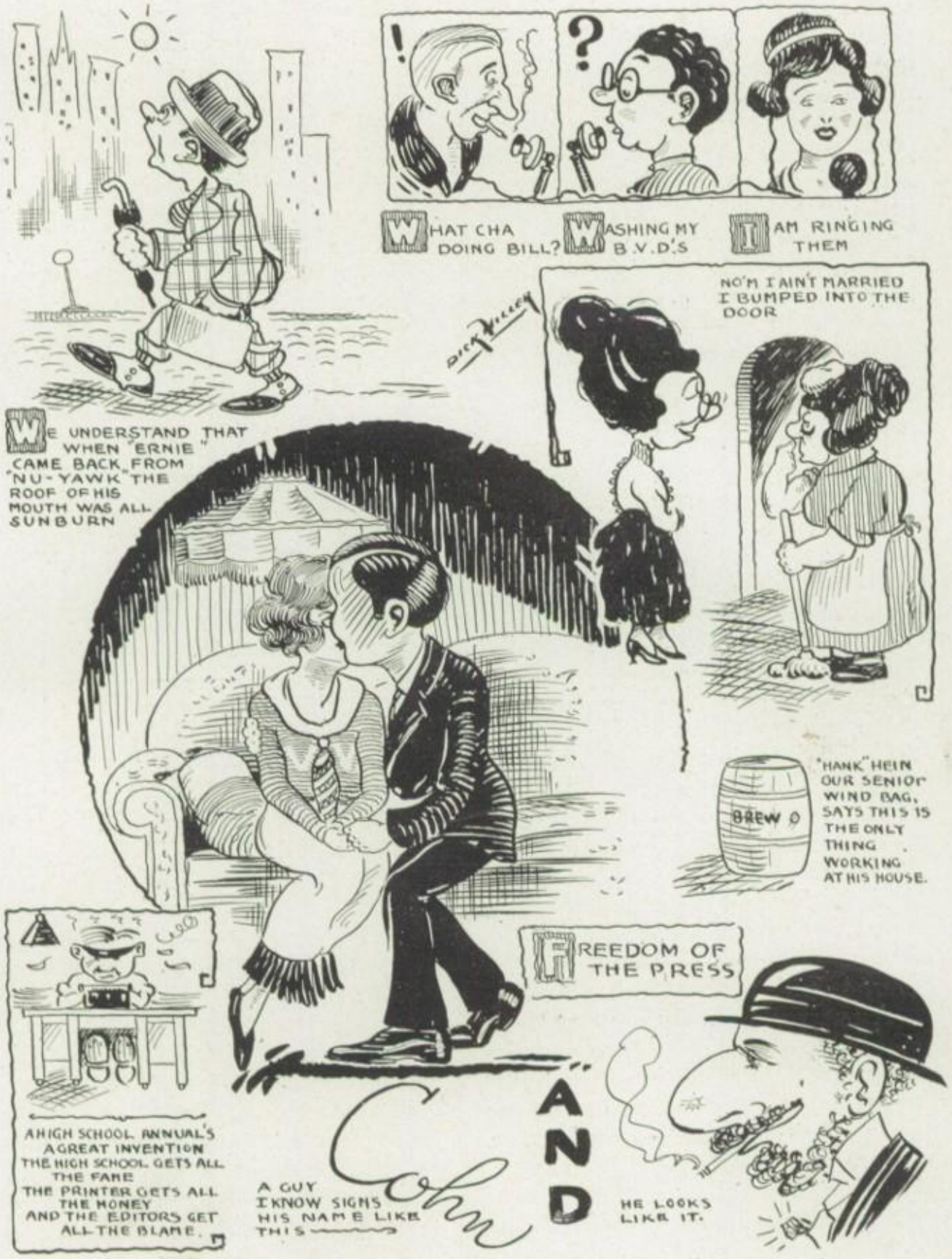
"Sale on Window Shades" says one advertisement. A blind bargain, we call it.

Yes, your saxophone may be a good instrument, but that's nothing to blow about.

The life of an engine is very short. Probably because it smokes so much.

A pair in a hammock
Attempted to kiss
When all of a sudden
They landed like this.

First Private: Can you imagine anything worse than having cooties?
Second Private: Yes, suppose you had them and they chirped?


WHAT CHA DOING BILL?
WASHING MY B.V.D.'S
I AM RINGING THEM
NO'M I AIN'T MARRIED I BUMPED INTO THE DOOR
DICK HEGGEY
WE UNDERSTAND THAT WHEN "ERNIE" CAME BACK FROM "NU-YAWK" THE ROOF OF HIS MOUTH WAS ALL SUNBURN
"HANK" HEIN OUR SENIOR WIND BAG, SAYS THIS IS THE ONLY THING WORKING AT HIS HOUSE.
BREW
FREEDOM OF THE PRESS
A HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL'S A GREAT INVENTION THE HIGH SCHOOL GETS ALL THE FAME THE PRINTER GETS ALL THE MONEY AND THE EDITORS GET ALL THE BLAME.
A GUY I KNOW SIGNS HIS NAME LIKE THIS
John
AND
HE LOOKS LIKE IT.

EXCHANGE COLUMN

The Liver Pill,
Wet Sheet, Iowa.

Your annual would be decidedly improved by annexing a staff. As soon as convenient please publish the picture of the Editor-in-Chief so we may comment.

The Gufus City Snort,
Large Mouth, Ind.

Your annual is the bunk. School activities are about as popular there as horse tracks in a garage. Please tell your exchange editor to wash his hands before mailing the next issue.

"She reminds me of the sea."

"Howzat?"

"She looks green—but sometimes she is awful rough."

How distinctly I remember,
'Twas in the month of chill December,
As I staggered down the street
In all my manly pride,
With my heart all a-flutter,
I fell into the gutter
And a hog came and lay down by my side.
As I lay there in the gutter
With my heart all a-flutter,
A lady passing by was heard to say,
"You can tell a man who boozes
By the company he chooses,"
And the hog got up and slowly walked away.

Our definition of a blush:

A temporary rythema and calorific effulgence of the physiognomy, aetiologized by the preceptiveness of the sensorium when in a predicament of unequilibrity from a sence of shame, anger, or other cause, ventuating a haresis of the vasometes filaments of the facial capalaries, whereby, being divested of their elasticity, they are suffused with a radiana effeninating from an intimidated hercordia.

Now, what does it mean in English?

Conductor: "'Sall right lady, you can ride on your face."

She: "Thanks, but I much prefer to sit down."

How sweet is love,
Yet how bitter
To love a girl,
And not to git 'er.

For
He knows what I know;
He knows what I owe;
He may be a friend,
He may be a foe.
He camps on my trail,
And he reads all my mail;
He cusses me out
Each day without fail.
There's only one thing
That makes my heart sing—
I took out his girl—
She's wearing my ring.

Ralph S.: What is the height of your ambition, Lehman?

Herb.: I don't know her name yet; she's a blonde.

"So this is Paris," said the leg to the garter.

Sweet Young Thing (Calling up clerk from Hotel room): Say my room is full of flees.

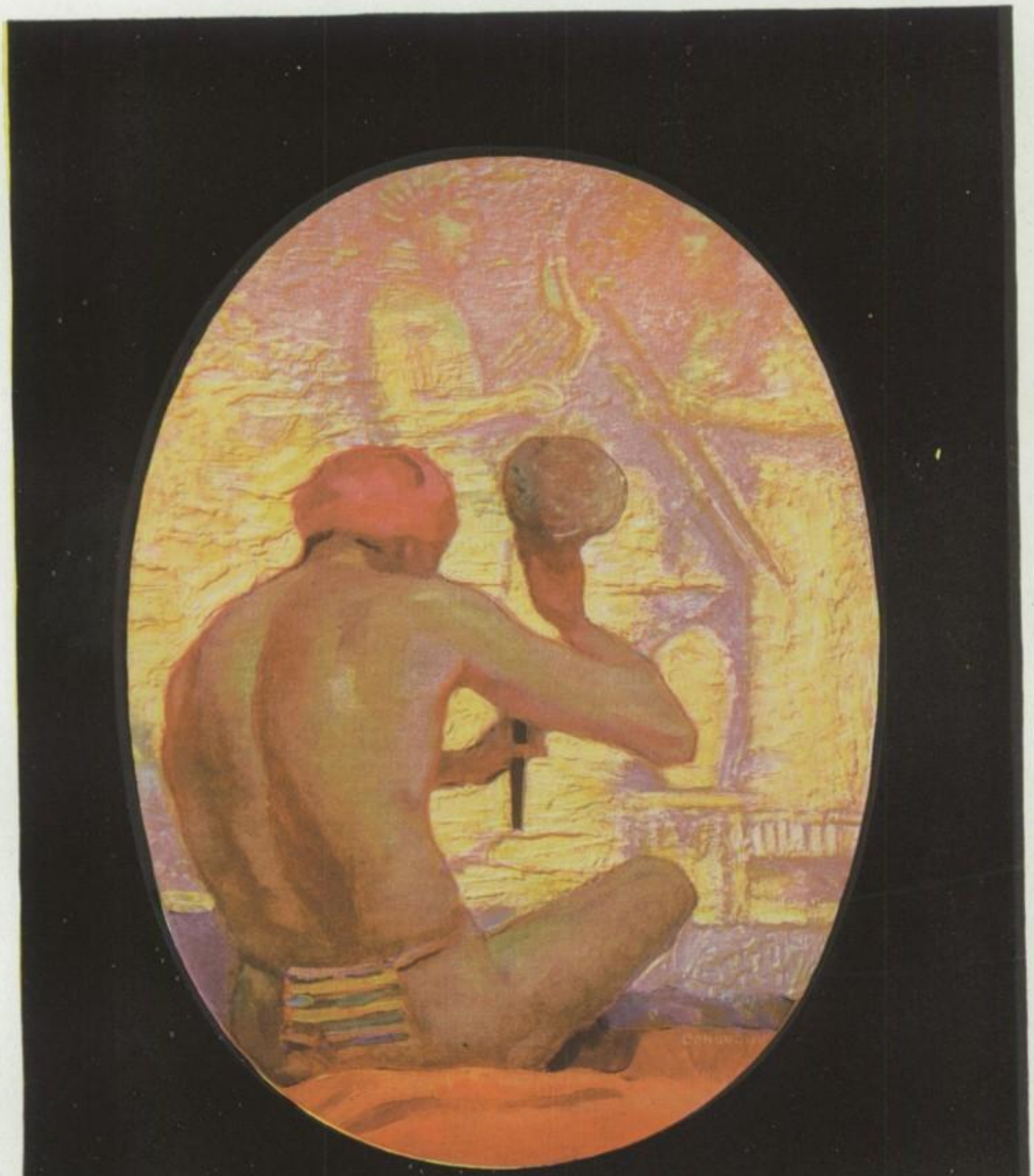
Clerk: Zatso? Well, whatya want for two bucks—peacocks?

Byron B.: "That fellow has a shady past."

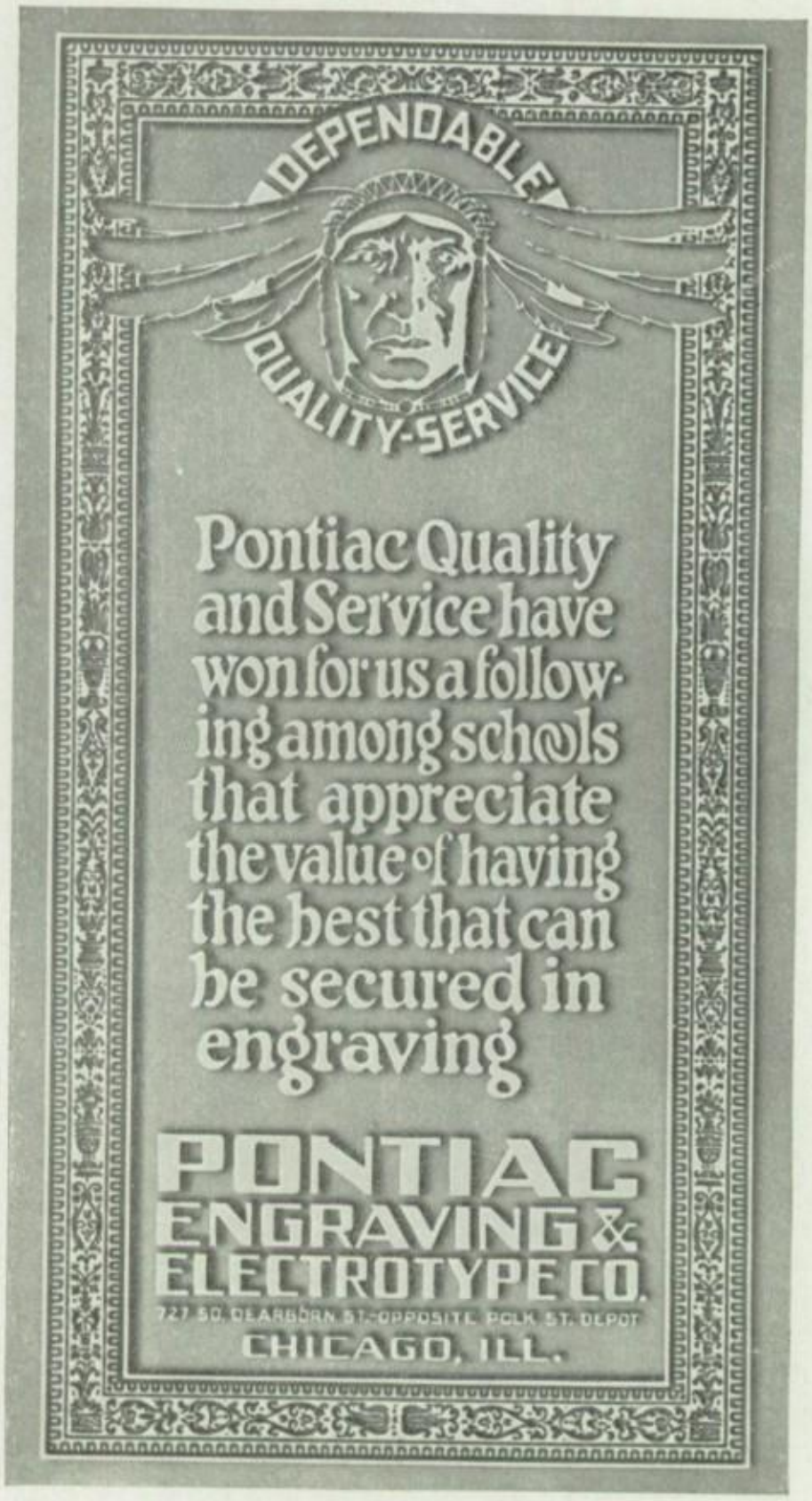
Glen B.: "Was he a forester?"

This is the story of Johnny McGuire,
Who ran through the town with his trousers on fire.
He went to the doctor's and fainted with fright
When the doctor told him his end was in sight.

They sat on the porch at midnight,
And their lips were tightly pressed;
The old man gave the signal—
The bull-dog did the rest.



OUR ADVERTISERS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With No Schooling
Of 5 Million, Only 31 Attained Distinction

With Elementary Schooling
Of 33 Million, 808 Attained Distinction

With High-School Education
Of 2 Million, 1,245 Attained Distinction

With Technical Training
Of 1 Million, 5,768 Attained Distinction

The man with no schooling has one chance in 150,000 of performing distinguished service; with elementary education, he has four times the chance; with high-school education, 87 times the chance; with technical training, 800 times the chance.

To the I. C. S.

By Mrs. Estella B. Fisher

Here's to the grand old I. C. S.
As it sends abroad its knowledge
To women and men throughout the land
Who cannot go to college.

If it's in the forest regions
Or on the western plains,
The man who goes the farthest
Is the man who has the brains.

Let the I. C. S. supply you,
Teach you things you need to know;
Guide, correct and educate you
That your earning power may grow.

I. C. S. turns dimes to dollars,
Teaches men to stand alone,
Trusting in their own sure knowledge
Gained from the I. C. S. at home.

Thirty years of endless teaching
Written on the sands of time;
Students satisfied and happy,
Climbing on to heights sublime.

Let us clasp your hand, dear stranger,
Hand in hand with us to climb;
Let us be your Alma Mater,
Growing thus—a Master Mind.

DISTRICT OFFICE

C. S. Palmer, Supt.

950-51-52 OHIO BUILDING TOLEDO, OHIO

Spring breezes spring spring sneezes.

There is going to be a new Forestry University. We wonder if they'll have any branch universities.

"You'll swing for this," said the prize fighter as he presented his prominent jaw.

Marjorie L.: "Does Deacon love you very much?"

Opal F.: "Everytime I give him the opportunity."

Gentleman, escorting lady (to Roadhouse Proprietor): "Have you any good mushrooms?"

Proprietor: "Waiter, show this gentleman to one of our private dining rooms."

"I beg your pardon," said the convict as the Governor passed his cell.

Old Lady (to newsboy): "You don't chew tobacco, do you, little boy?"

Newsie: "No, mum, but I kin give yer a cigarette if you want one."

He: It's dark
She: Yes
He: And Gloomy
She: Well—
He: Isn't it?
She: You say it is,
He: Yes. I do.
She:——Well——course ——it's up to you——.

The girls tell us that Rollie Boldt is so cafeteria like. He takes what he wants when he wants it.

Joe J.: What did she say when you kissed her last night.

Tommy O.: She said I should come on Friday hereafter, as that is amateur's night.

America won't suffer so much from a forest famine as long as it has us saps.

A Toledo pastor will speak upon "Departed Spirits." He evidently had his cellar robbed.

"Why was the crepe over the sink?"

"Crepe? Oh! That's a towel."

"Is this the Lyceum?"

"No, this is the undertaker."

Dr. Grenfell's lecture on the north brought out many cold facts.

"Say Doc, when I eat pie before retiring it makes me dream. Why only last night I dreamed of a bunch of beautiful beauties. What would you advise?

Medical Adviser: "Keep on eating pie."

Gruff: "Gimme a cigarette?"

Ruff: "Go to the devil. You can smoke there without a cigarette."

Bill E.: "Lenore says distance makes the heart grow fonder."

Ed. D.: "She must love me. I went pretty far last night."

Street car conductors are the most polite people in the world. Now you tell one.

"Hello! I want to order a box for tomorrow."

"What size?"

"There will be six in the party."

"But they only come in single sizes; we'll have to have it made special."

"How much do they charge out at the beach to swim?"

"Twenty-five cents with a bathing suit, fifty without."

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When you finish High School, take a Bookkeeping or a Shorthand course at this old reliable school and fit yourself for a good position. All departments open all summer. Students may enter any time. Send for catalogue.

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HOME PHONE, Prospect 35

1105-1109 DORR STREET

Isn't it strange that a girl never gets a cinder in her eye unless there's a fellow around?

'Tis a strong stomach that has no turning.

A man from the East boarded a street car in the South.

A Southerner got up to give a lady his seat.

The Easterner beat the lady to it.

He leaves a wife and seven children.

Onward, still onward,
Oh Time, in thy flight;
And please make that bell ring
Before I recite.

"I'd walk a mile for a camel," said the Arab as he staggered alone through the desert.

She: I say, dear, where do all these burst tires go to in the end?

He: I don't know, but if they go where most people consign them, there must be a terrible smell of burning rubber somewhere.

Embarrassment—Having your best girl catch you smiling at yourself in the looking glass.

Stude: Where are you going?

Hostess: To the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Asylum.

Stude: What for?

Hostess: A couple of chaperones.

Tommy: Teacher's sick in bed today.

Dick: Thasso? What's the complaint?

Tommy: No complaint. Everybody's satisfied.

The Eucalyptus School of Undertaking is to auction off some precious articles. Probably a dead give away.

Maid: The garbage man is here, sir.

Prof. (from deep thought): My! My! Tell him we don't want any.

College Freshie filling out entrance questionnaire:

Born—Yes.

Father's name—Same.

Father's business—Rotten.

Weusedtowonderwhyanyonewould befoolenoughtodecipherthisbutnowwe justknowthathehasn'tanybettersense.

FAMOUS WORDS

Famous Words of Famous Women:
"It's your own fault."
Famous Words of Famous Men:
Know a girl I can get for my friend?"
Weak Moments of Strong Men:
"Does oo love daddy, honey?"
Famous Words of Famous Spinsters:
"I had all kinds of chances when I was young, but I turned them down."
Famous Words of Famous Bosses:
"Get a new alarm clock."

Nothing will make dress goods go up quicker than a mouse.

Angry Junior: Keep off my feet. They weren't made to walk on.

Calm Senior: Kindly take them outside so I can get by.

"Tell me," said the lady to the old soldier, "were you cool in battle?"

"Cool?" said the veteran, "why I shivered."

Mother: Jimmie, take the baby into the other room and put him to sleep. (one minute later)—I see you're back; how long did it take you to put him to sleep?

Jimmie: Only one round.

We recommend Wood's Hair Tonic for all blockheads.

Insure to-day; to-morrow may be too late

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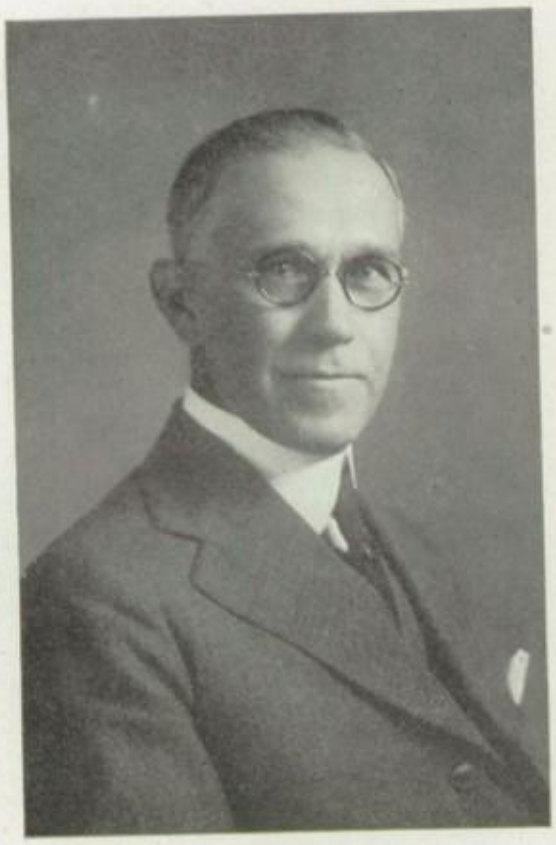
A DOZEN SMILES

Both Phones, Main 1945

THOMAS J. CHILCOTE

The Automobile and Fire Insurance Man

334-5 Nicholas Building TOLEDO, OHIO



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First Class Groceries and Meats

751 DORR ST. CORNER EWING

New York announces the new "elevator dance." No steps in it, we suppose.

Dick Miller: "I'm leaving town tomorrow night. Are you coming to see me off?"

L. M.: "That's the only way I ever see you."

Teacher—Now Willie, what is the meal that we eat in the morning called?

Willie—Oatmeal.

A green little Freshman in a green little way
Mixed up some chemicals for fun one day.
The green little grasses now tenderly wave
O'er the green little Freshman's green little grave.

Disarm as much as you like, but Private Stock will always have a few shots left.

He struck her, but she uttered not a sound. He struck her again but no word escaped her lips. Once more he hit her on the head, brave thing that she was, she did not even whimper. Then enraged beyond all reason at her unconcern of his actions the brute uttered a low oath and began striking blow after blow on her pretty little red head, even scratching her in madness. Even through this she remained silent. But finally, not being able to stand it any longer, she heaved a reluctant sputter and burst into a flame.

For she was only a match.

M. Beat: "I had a smashup in the machine last night."

Peggy L.: "Hard luck."

M. Beat: "No, hard cider."

Ever since prohibition, trouble has been brewing.

She: "Reginald, you remind me of Venus de Milo."

He: "But my dear, I have arms."

She: "Oh! Have you?"

With a loving look her dimpled arms
Around my neck she did entwine
And raised her rosy, roguish lips
Up temptingly, quite near to mine;
Who could resist such proffered bliss?
I could and did. Her age was three,
And her wee mouth was too stuck up
with candy to be kissed, you see.

People are just dying to ride in a hearse.

In ward school the students skip grades.

In high school they skip classes.

He: "My that is a beautiful arm you have."

She: "Yes, I got that playing basketball."

He: "Do you ever play football?"

Edythe Hoag: "Last night Don tried to put his arm around me three times."

Dana: "Some arm."

Puer Ex Jersey

Puer ex Jersey
Jens ad school;
Videt in meadow
Infestum mule.
Ille approaches
Oh magnus sorrow!
Puer it skyward
Funus tomorrow.

Moral

Qui videt a thing
Non er well known
Est bene for him
Id relinqui alone.

Tim—"They call my girl "Spearmint."

Jim—"Why? Is she Wrigley?"

Tim—"No, but she's always after meals."

Home Phone, Prospect 291 Bell Phone, Forest 658

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513-515 JACKSON AVENUE

Mrs. A.—I hear that your son is very much inclined toward study.

Mrs. J.—Yes; he inclined so far that he slid to the bottom of his class.

Man is somewhat like a sausage
Very smooth upon the skin.
But you can never tell exactly
How much hog there is within.

Chickens duck from gay old birds.

Never take a chance on falling asleep in class. You don't always wake up before the teacher does.

A maiden entered a crowded car,
And firmly grasped the strap;
But every time it hit a bump,
She sat in a different lap.
The bumps came more, and going worse,
Until she cried with a smile,
"Can someone kindly tell me please,
How many laps to a mile?"

Sap: You get your girl and I'll get another wild woman and we'll go on a party.

Wit: Sorry, old boy, but I don't think your sister would go out with me, if you were along.

Chicago Headline—"Girl runs away; flees in father's pants."

Father—My son is reckless, careless, and indifferent of consequences.

Friend—Good heavens! I didn't know you had made a taxi driver out of him.

A Matter of Time

1910

She—My ankles get so cold during the winter.

1920

She—My knees get so cold during the winter.

1930

She—? ? ? ?

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EAT
PAGE'S
KLEEN--MAID
ICE CREAM

You Will Be Satisfied

States off Younited,
Septober, da 10

Mine deal Hans,

I take me up mine ink und pen und rite you mit a led pencil. Ve do not liff vere ve moved. I am so offfully sorry since ve are separated together und wish ve were closer apart. Ve are having more vether up her than ve had last year.

Mine dear aunt Katrinka is dead. She died of new monis on New Year's day, fifteen minutes in front of five. Her breath all leeked out. De doctors gave up all hopes of saving her ven she died. She leaves a family of two boys and two cows. Her sister is having de mumps und is having a svell time. She is near death's door. De doctors tink dey can pull her through. Hans Brinker vas also sick de other day. De doctor told him to take something so he vent down town mit Ikey Coen und took his watch. Ikey got him arrested und got a lawyer. De lawyer took de case und vent home mit de vorks.

Mine brudder yust graduated from de cow college. He is an electrocution enginere und stenografter. He got a job in a livery stable estonografting hay down to the horses. De other day he took our dog up to de saw mill. De dog got in a fight mit a circular saw und only lasted vun round. Ve haf a cat und three chickens. De chickens lay eggs und de cat lays by de radiator. De college vas cold de other day so called up de janitor and made it hot for him. I am making money fast. Yesterday I deposited a hundred dollars und today I vent down town und write myself a check for a hundred dollars und deposited it so now I haf two hundred dollars.

I am sending your overcoat by express. To save charges, I cut off de buttons. You will find dem in de inside pocket. I can think of nudding more to rite. Hope dis finds you de same.

Your cousin,
Fritz.

P. X. If you don't get this letter, rite und I vill send another.

Each failure is a stepping stone
To higher things they say;
If that were true I stand alone,
At the top of the world today.

There is a Cocoa High School in Florida. We wonder if the students are nuts.

The dictionary tells that marriage is a noun. We think it's a mistake.

Dentist (prodding patient's gum in search of a fragment of a tooth)—"That's funny, I don't seem to feel it."

Patient: "You are lucky."

Sing a song of licker
Prices very high,
Four and twenty jail birds
Selling rotten rye!
When the rye was opened,
When the hootch was tried
Four and twenty customers
Took a drink and died.

"Do you like sports?"

"Yes, but father won't let them stay long."

Dr. (to patient): "It's nothing to worry about—just a boil on the back of the neck, but you will have to keep your eye on it."

Of Course Not.

Lady (to small boy scrubbing the front door steps)—"Is your mother in?"

Small boy—"Do you think I would be scrubbing these steps if she wasn't?"

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HUDSON LUNCH
QUALITY SERVICE

Isn't Dolly a perfect picture?"

"Well, she has a pretty good frame."

Nicknames of Toledo Street Cars.

Bancroft Belt—Jewish Merry-go-round.

Indiana—African central.

Nebraska—Polish local.

Ironville—Hard boiled express.

My Room Mate.

I wear all his clothes
And watch where he goes,
Know all his secrets
That no one else knows.
I know what he thinks;
I know what he drinks;
I borrow from him
When my pocketbook shrinks.
I steal his smokes,
And laugh at his jokes;
But if he betrays me
I hope that he chokes.

Wrigley—What would you take for a voice like mine?

Edith—Poison.

Boldt—Did you hear about Red winning the loving cup?

Francis—Yes, isn't he good at it.

Ye old Time Baseball Game.

Eve stole first and Adam second,
And Peter umpired the game,
Rebecca went to the well with the pitcher,
While Ruth in the field won fame,
Goliath was struck out by David,
A base hit was made on Abel off Cain,
The prodical son made one home run
And Brother Noah gave out checks for the rain.

Friend (from the next street): I hear you have a youngster at your house.

Father: Great Scott; Can you hear him that far?

1st Stranger: Beastly weather, isn't it?

2nd Stranger: Yes—raining cats and dogs.

He (breathing in the intoxicating perfume of her presence): Djer Kiss?

She: Naw, watcha take me fer?

Whichever way you want to take it—"Dear me, I just can't keep the chaps off my lips."

"There's something funny about Elizabeth, lately."

"Yes, she's been going with him three weeks already."

Excited Voice (over the phone to physician)—"Doctor, my mother-in-law is at death's door. Please come and see if you can pull her through."

A Chicago physician claims that the nostrils are the cheapest looking things we have on our face.

Two for a scent, we suppose.

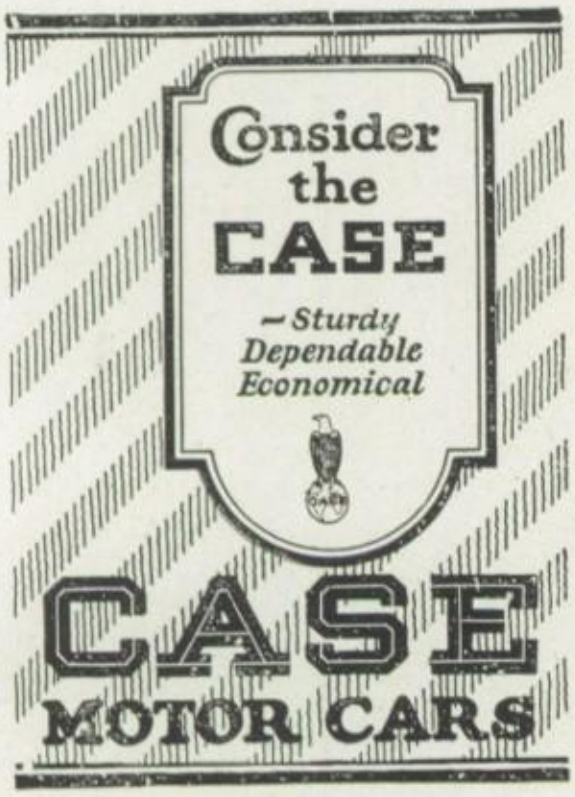
Stude: Where did you get the black eye?

Stewed: I was trying to drink out of a slipper.

Stude: Well?

Stewed: She had her foot in it.

I called on Dot
I stayed till late.
(Her father swings a number eight).
I called on May,
Left just in time.
(To avoid her father's number nine).
I called on June
Never again!
(Her old man swings a number ten).
I called on Flo,
And I have said
That's where I'll stick.
(Her father's dead)!



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Away off, beyond your immediate control, are the people whose good-will you seek. Whatever you have printed must have readers before it can be effective. People don't read unless the reading *looks* interesting—one of the tasks which we perform well, is that our printed matter is easily read and gets results.

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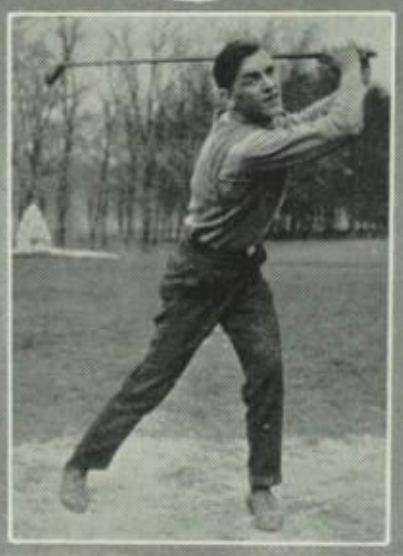
GOOD SPORTS



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AND EAT

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Six O'clock Dinner
After Theater Parties a Specialty

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Brownie Shriver's Orchestra
6 to 8 10 to 12

Toledo Has Changed Its Mind About Newspapers

When this season's graduates were sixth graders, The Blade had 50,000 subscribers, and ranked second in circulation among Toledo papers.

About that time, The Blade set out to become a great active service institution.

As a result, The Blade's circulation *doubled* in six years and now exceeds 102,000. It has over 34 per cent more subscribers than any other local paper. Practically everybody reads it.

THE BLADE
First in Toledo

We will now sing a ballad entitled, "Take back your heart, I ordered liver."

Some Favorite Songs.

Wishing (for the period to end.)
Angel Child (when he's, she's asleep).
How many times (have I flunked).
All by myself (when I'm singing).
Stealing (naps in class).
Stumbling (through the halls).
On my Heart, On my Mind (home-work).
My Mammy Knows (where I am when I'm out).
Granny (name bestowed on some of our teachers).

She—I'd like to see something cheap in a spring hat.

Salesman—Try this on. The mirror is on your left.

She—Do you mind my singing?

He—No, I used to work in a saw-mill.

Judge: Who are you and what are you charged with?

Prisoner: My name is Sparks, I'm an electrician, and I'm charged with battery.

Judge: Jailer, put this man in the dry cell.

Senior: No use crying over spilt milk.

Junior: 'Tain't milk.

Suppose girls grew whiskers! Would we hear a line like this?

"Oh, you know, I just washed my mustache, and I can't do a thing with it!"

"Did you see Mildred's beard? She has it bobbed—and, you know, I'm just crazy about bobbed beards!"

"Don't you think she has an open face?"

"You said a mouthful."

Stew: What's that funny thing there?

Stewed: Why that's a jackass.

Stew: Yes, I know, but what is he riding on?

Della K. Tesson: What did you and George do last night?

Katherine: Oh, nothing to speak of.

There was a young nurse
Of fifteen and ten
She gave her charge
A bad fountain pen.
The cap flew off,
The ink went wld.
Now she is nursing
A colored child.

Cholly: The dentist told me I had a large cavity that needed filling.

Dolly: Did he recommend any special course of study?

There are three words, the sweetest words,
In all human speech—
More sweet than are all songs of birds,
On pages poets preach.
This life may be a vale of tears,
A sad and dreary thing.
Three words, and all the roses bloom,
The sun begins to shine;
Three words will dissipate the gloom
And water turn to wine.
Three words will cheer the saddest days—
"I love you!" Wrong, by heck!
It is another sweeter phrase,
"Enclosed—find check."

Disarmament.

The President: "Where's the army?"

The Sec. of War: "He's gone out rowing in the navy."

"Oh girls! Katie has just bleached her whiskerettes." etc. etc. etc.

STUDENTS:

Do you know that right here in your own city there is a concern that makes a complete line of:

Medals, Class Pins,
Rings,
Fraternity and
Sorority Pins,
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WE put into our goods the best to be had in styles, materials and workmanship. Our goods stand out distinctively the best.

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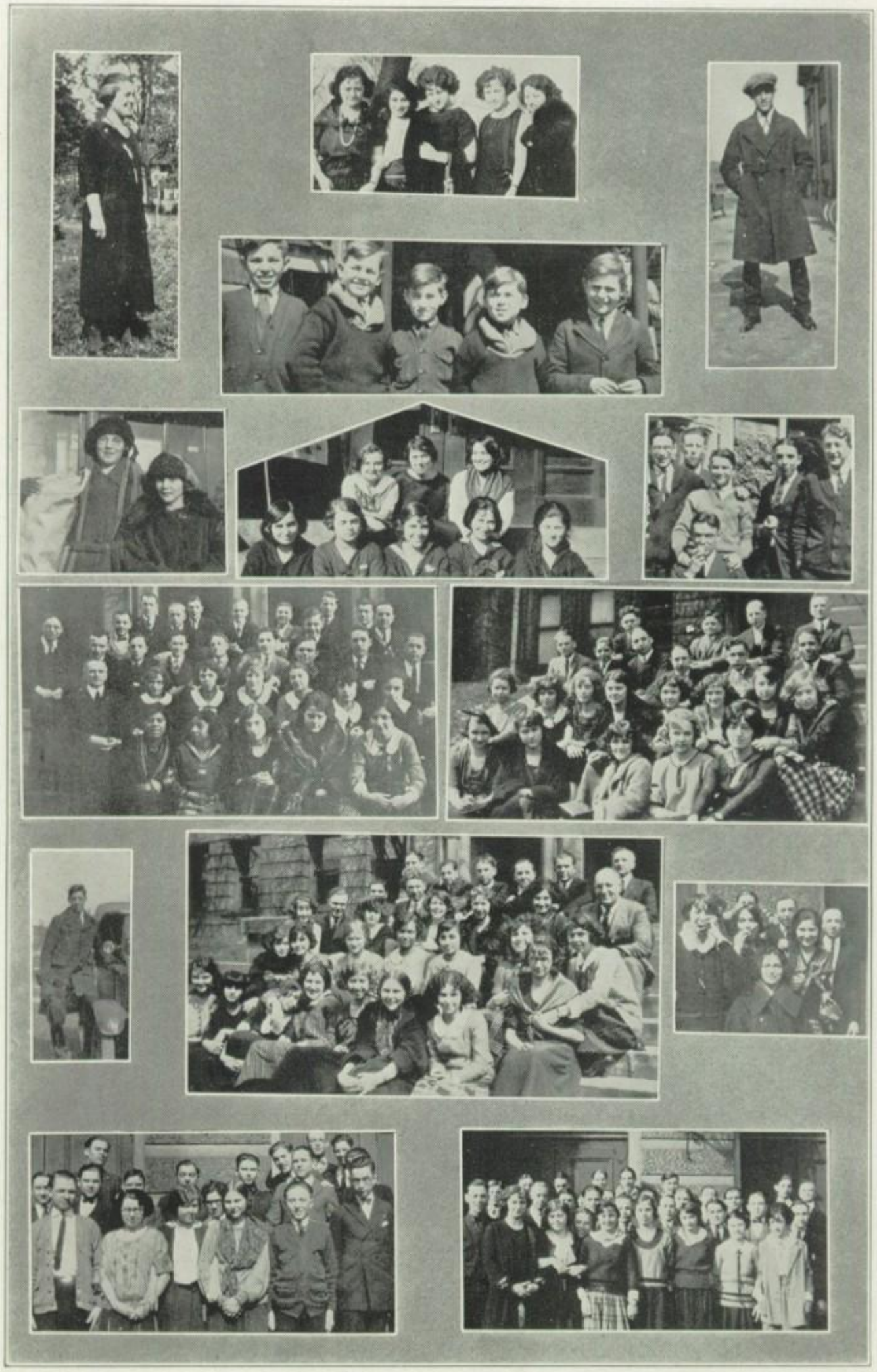

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Compliments
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Friend

It Pays to Advertise.

Enter—Mr. Lionel Stronghead—"Good evening, Mr. Addison Sims, is your daughter Halitosis at home this evening?"

"I see you don't know how to make a hit with influential people," remarks Mr. Sims, noting the brazen manner of the above dumbbell.

"Don't shout, I can hear you perfectly," replied our hero, adjusting his Morley Phone in his left ear.

Noting the appearance of Halitosis, Stronghead remarked, "Do you suffer from weak lungs?"

"Why no," replied the heroine, "but let me tell you how I lost 30 pounds in a week. Do I look old at forty?"

"No," replied Stronghead, "but if your friends were frank with you they would tell you to keep that school girl complexion, overcome defects, your skin is what you make it."

"Mum's the word," gasped Halitosis breaking out the Djer-Kiss, "my motto is save the surface and you save all."

"What a beautiful gown you have on," remarked Lionel, "but how do you keep it up?"

"Oh!" artfully replied the heroine, "I wear Kelly Springfield Kant slips."

The hero obeying that impulse grabbed Halitosis in his mighty arms and whispered, "I got the job—it's come at last— now we can have that house up on the avenue. Will you marry me, darling?"

"Oh!" she cried, "This is the thrill that comes but once in a lifetime—it satisfies."

"Then will you marry me?"

"Ask Dad, he knows," responded the heroine, whereupon Lionel went to ask the man that owns one. Upon confronting Sims, our Lionel had a head full of brains and a throat full of gurgles.

"I have come to ask for your daughter's hand," finally gasped Lionel.

"Do you know the mistake to be avoided at a wedding?" inquired father.

"Yes," replied Stronghead, "but the wedding—well, I am a poor man."

"It's a shame that you are not earning $10,000 a year," replied Sims, "Let me tell you how we stopped the leaks that kept us poor. Enroll now in the I. C. S. No other brand will do."

"Then I may have your daughter?"

"Yes, three dollars down and it's yours," replied the happy father.

"Thank you, sir," said Stronghead, "now that it's settled, I guess its time to retire."

Helen: I'm eating a cake of yeast every day now.

Blazes: Does it do any good?

Helen: Well, I rise early every morning.

Operator: Did you get your party?

Senior (slightly Volsteaded): Sure did; having a great time. Come on out.

Drunk One: Gimmie a horse's neck!

Drunk Two: Make mine a 'orshe's tail—ain't no use killin' two 'orshes.

"Rastus, is my bath warm?"

"Yassuh, the wahmest ah was ever in."

"Mrs. Jiggs is dying to have me marry her daughter."

"Any other inducements?"

"Don't you like to dance when they turn out the lights?"

"Naw, I'd rather not."

Hubby: "I sure do miss that cuspidor since it has gone."

Wifey: "Well, you did that before."

Tri State
BUSINESS UNIVERSITY

The Final Score Decides

As it is in games in athletics, so it is in the game of life. A Tri-State Business University training prepares one so well for the most intricate clerical situations that its possessors enter the services of the best business houses with the confidence that his services will be appreciated, and they are as a survey of the banks and business houses of Toledo will reveal. Tri-State graduates everywhere occupying the most prominent places, assures the future Tri-State graduate that graduation means success. Enter the Tri-State any day for a course. See our beautiful and desirable school apartments.

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University Junior College
of
The University of the City of Toledo

Courses In

ARTS and SCIENCE COMMERCE
ENGINEERING PHARMACY

Our next song will be entitled, "I call Her Discord Because She's a Little Off."

Florence H.: "I looked through the window last night when John called on Gertrude."

Myrtle H.: "What did you find out?"

Florence: "The electric lamp."

Rollie McMaster will now speak upon "The Banana and Its Value as a Food." We hope he doesn't slip up on his subject.

At The Theaters

Temple—Iva Paine starring in "The Secret of the Wooden Toombstone," a screen adaptation from the gripping novel, "The Revenge of the Greasy Doughnut."

Valentine—William Farmer in the thunderous masterpiece, "The Wolf's Hollow Tooth at Bar X Ranch."

Special music. Two extra trombones.

Pantheon—"The Woman Who Wouldn't Pay." A tale of France with all of its vivacity, Violet Milo cigarettes and champagne. It is taken from the popular novel. "The Crooked Pretzel."

The science department of North Central High, Spokane, Washington has a fish hatchery. They ain't got nothin' on us.

Free Verse

Roses are red
Violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet,
I like mashed potatoes.

This dope should not be absorbed with a needle.

Were it not
For this sweet verse
There'd be a joke here
Ten times worse.

While passing through my own private club I had to smile to right and let the bowing throngs.

I sent away reporter after reporter, yea, even the mighty Bernard Cousino, I cold shouldered with a frigid glance. Who was I, that should be bothered by every reporter who came along? I was no common mortal, I was the justice of the Supreme Court—just then the alarm clock rang.

The Senior hop gave way to a "spring" vacation.

Prof: "Gentlemen, this talking has got to stop. Every time I open my mouth some idiot has to talk."

You can never get ahead of your teacher. How can you when she hasn't any herself.

She may know a good deal. Who can't when they see one?

Dad: I just got a note from your teacher.

Glen Brown: That's all right, Pop, I won't tell anyone.

The wages of gin is breath.

Bank Inspector—"Where is the Cashier? Gone for a rest?"

President: "No, to avoid it."

"This is a dirty trick," said the frog as he turned a flip in the mud.

George Washington never told a lie, but the presidents in those days knew nothing of golf.

"What makes Bill look so rattled?"
"His girl shook him."

The baseball season is here and the small boy wonders if there are any knot holes left.

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Possibly that is why they ARE
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Charles Gainer '24
Cheer Leader.

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Harold Sivers "23½"

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"Rosie"

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Asst Abraham Kigel

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Ernie Rutter '23.

Paul Fearing "29"
Eventually why not now

Vernon "Red" Brandes

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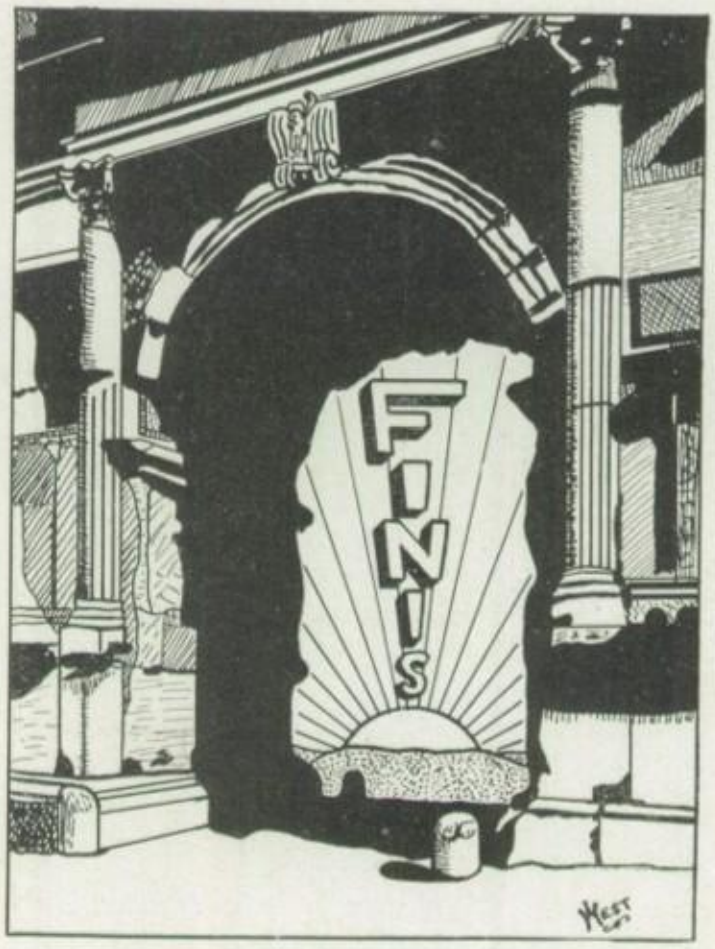
Morris "Pete" Herman

Morris Jack Stall

Autographs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